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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES

10

2000AD PROGS
474 - 522
YEAR:
2108 - 2109

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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 10

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YEAR: **2108 - 2109**

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Alan Grant
Art by
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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 10

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 10

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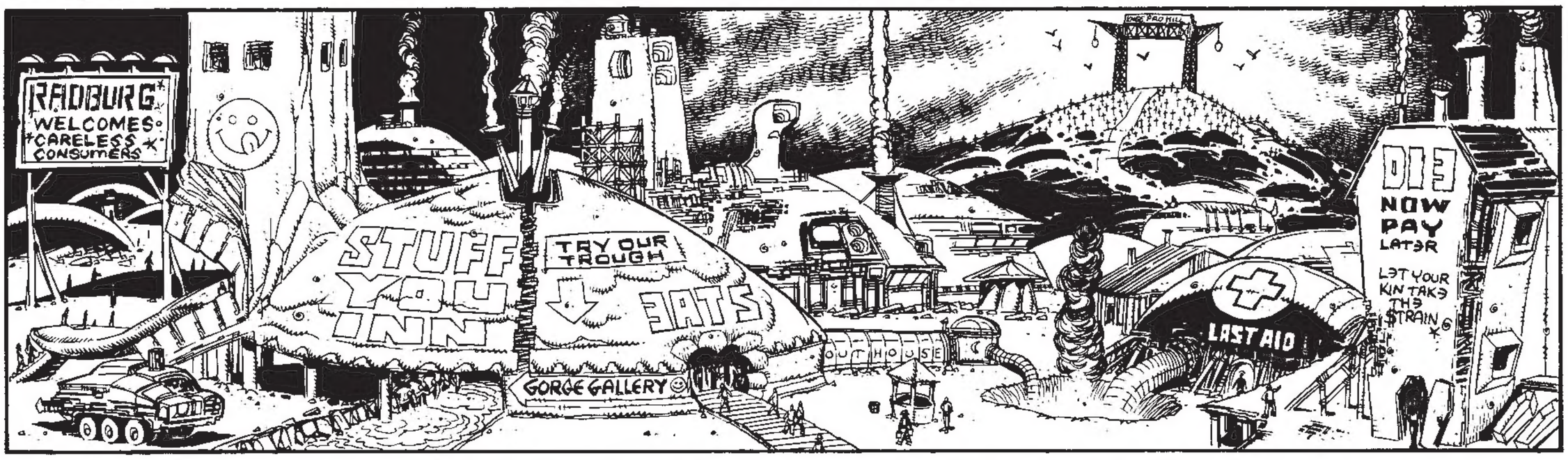
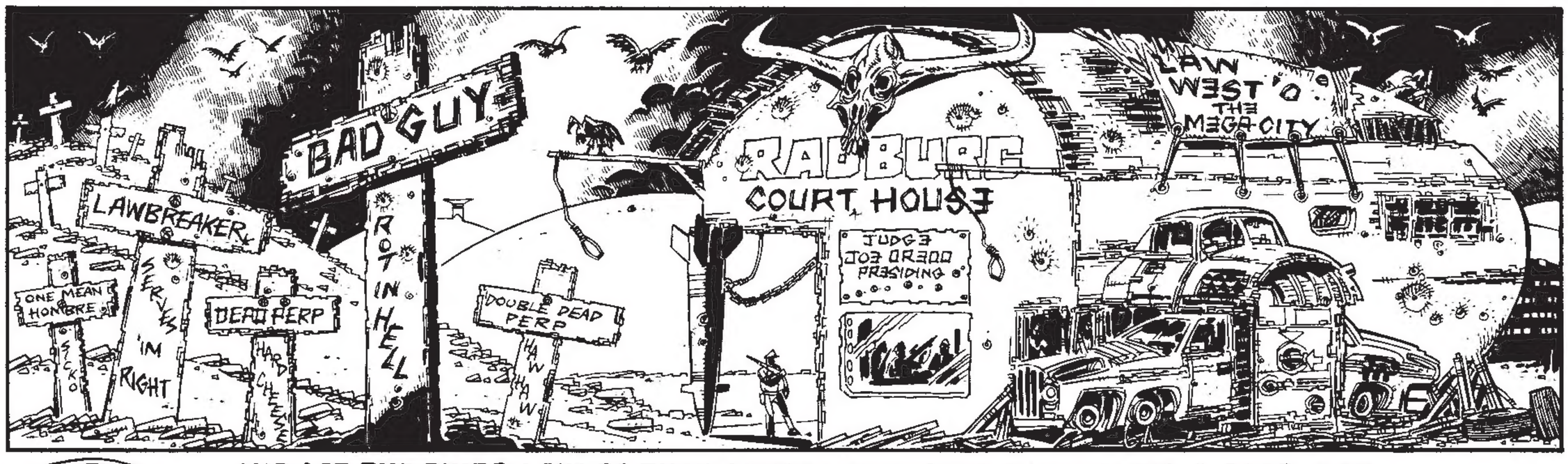
THE LAW ACCORDING TO JUDGE DREDD

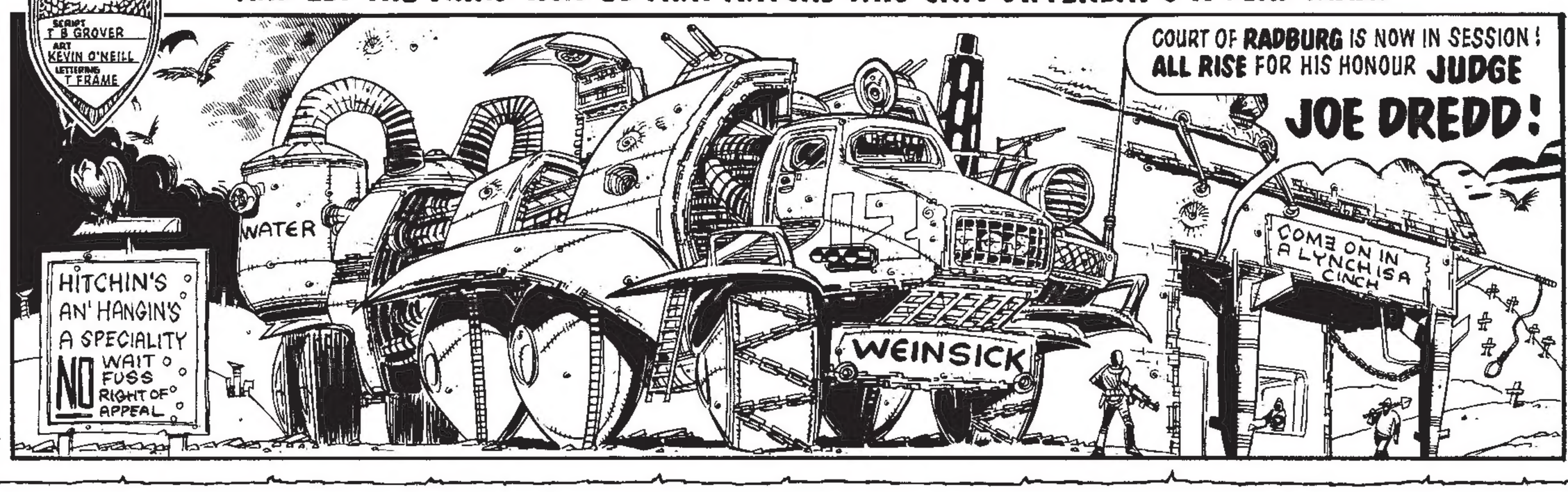
LET THE FIRST LAW BE THAT I AM THE LAW.



AND LET THE SECOND LAW BE THAT WHAT I SAY GOES.



AND LET THE THIRD LAW BE THAT ANYONE WHO SAYS DIFFERENT'S A DEAD MAN.



SPI

Y-YOU'RE NOT JUDGE DREDD!

THAT'S HANGIN' TALK! OFFICERS — SUBDUE THAT LITTLE RUNT!

SPIT

ZOK!

THUD!

MAKE MY DAY

THIS HERE'S MY COURT AN' IF I SAY I'M JUDGE DREDD, THEN BY GRUD I AM!

DROKK IT! YOU GOT ME SO ALL FIRED-UP ANGRY I AIN'T GONNA **WAIT** FOR NO HANGIN'! YOU'VE COMMITTED A CRIME SO EVIL — SO DOWNRIGHT **HAYNESS** — IT'S MY SWORN **DUTY** TO WIPE YOU OFFA THE FACE O' THE EARTH WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY!

BADAM!

CREEP!

NOW LET'S SEE HERE... YOU OTHERS ARE **CHARGED** WITH "**JUST PASSIN' THROUGH**". WHAT YOU GOT TO SAY TO THAT?

WHAT KIND OF COURT IS THIS?

MAKE MY DAY

W-WE GOT SEPARATED FROM OUR **HELLTREK** IN A RAD-STORM! WE ONLY STOPPED TO ASK FOR DIRECTIONS!

SHOTTY – WHAT'S THE **LAWBOOK** SAY 'BOUT ASKIN' FOR DIRECTIONS?

UH... NOTHIN', JUDGE.

OKAY, TAKE A LAW –

MA FIRST LAW BOOK

LET THE **944**TH LAW BE THAT ASKIN' FOR DIRECTIONS WITHIN THE ENVIRONS OF RADBURG IS HEREBY A **CRIME** PUNISHABLE BY **CONFISCATION** OF ALL **GOODS** AND **CHATTELS** –

AN' **DEATH**, OF COURSE.

R I P

DEATH! BUT YOU CAN'T! IT'S NOT FAIR!

I'LL DECIDE WHAT'S FAIR, LAWBREAKER – AN' YOU'RE FAIR GETTIN' ON MY **NERVES** WITH YOUR WHININ'!

YDPY

TAKE 'EM UP TO KNEEPAD HILL! LET 'EM DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES! NO SENSE **US** WORKIN' UP A SWEAT!

PIT

UP ON KNEEPAD HILL –

BIKE RIDER COMIN' IN!

PERP

PIT

HEY! GEDDA LOADA THAT UNIFORM!

HOT DAMN!

SOMEBODY GO TELL JUDGE DREDD -

IT'S JUDGE DREDD!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WE AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN' ILLEGAL, JUDGE! THESE CREEPS BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH FAIR AN' SQUARE.

ON **WHOSE** AUTHORITY?

WEINSICK

MINE!

JUDGE DREDD, SIR! THIS IS AN HONOUR! YOU'RE SOMETHIN' OF A **HERO** TO ME! 'FACT, YOU MIGHT SAY I **MODELLED** MYSELF ON YOU!

JUDGE DREDD! OH, THANK GOD!
ABNER AND GABNER WEINSTOCK?
YES!
YOU LEFT THE CITY WITHOUT PAYING YOUR **EXIT TAX**. YOU'RE GOING **BACK** FOR **SIX MONTHS**.
OH, YES! PLEASE! JUST GET US AWAY FROM THIS MANIAC!
HE'S GOING TO KILL US FOR ASKING DIRECTIONS! AND POOR MR SULSA — HE SHOT HIM FOR...FOR ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!
THIS TRUE?
WASN'T FOR NOTHIN'. HE BROKE THE **LAW**. HE DIED LEGAL. THESE OFFICERS'LL BACK ME UP.
TOO TRUE, JUDGE!
LAW 944!
THAT SULSA WAS ONE MEAN PERP!
DREDD CHECKS OUT THE COURTHOUSE -
IT MAY BE ROUGH AND READY, BUT IT'S THE ONLY **LAW** WE **GOT** ROUND HERE!
YES SIR, WHEN I FIRST DRIFTED INTO THESE PARTS THERE WAS NO LAW AT ALL WEST O' THE MEGA-CITY. NOT THAT I CARED A DAMN, MIND YOU.
THEN I FOUND ME THIS HERE **MAGAZINE**! HAD A BIG PULL-OUT POSTER O' YOU AN' A LOTTA FINE WORDS -
NEW! THERMAL KNEE PADS
JD SPECIAL No 1 50¢
IT SAID HOW YOU WAS KEEPIN' THE CITY STREETS CLEAN AN' SHOOTIN' UP FOLK AN' BREAKIN' HEADS AN' DOIN' WHAT YOU DANG WELL PLEASED! AN' I THOUGHT, WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED AROUND THESE PARTS -
- SOME GOOD OLD FASHIONED **LAW'N'ORDER**!
MAKE MY DAY

LAW 27 - BROWN SHOES DON'T MAKE IT. PENALTY, DEATH.

LAW 28 - COUGHING IN THE COURTHOUSE AND/OR CLEARING OF THROAT IS A HAYNESS OFFENCE. PENALTY, DEATH...

MA FIRST LAW BOOK

PRETTY NEAT LAWS, HUH? MAKE 'EM UP TO SUIT THE SITUATION. **NOBODY** ESCAPES JUSTICE IN MY COURT!

MAK'S MY DAY

NOW YOU'RE HERE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE US A **CELEBRATION!** BOYS - GET OUT THERE AN' **SCOUR** THE RADLANDS! ROUND US UP SOME PERPS!

WE'RE GONNA GIVE 'EM **DOUBLE JUSTICE!**

YEEHAA!

RIP

HOLD IT!

SPIT

YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF JUSTICE, CREEP! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR TINY MIND - A CERTIFIABLE **MANIAC!**

AND AS LONG AS YOU AND YOUR COHORTS ARE LOOSE, YOU CONSTITUTE A DANGER TO ANYONE PASSING THIS WAY...

...THEREFORE IT IS MY DUTY TO **EXTERMINATE** YOU LIKE THE **DERANGED VERMIN** YOU ARE!

BLAM!

AAHHH!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

WHY, THAT DIRTY LOWDOWN **IMPOSTOR!** HE **CAN'T** BE NO JUDGE, SHOOTIN' AT ME! REAL JUDGES DON'T TURN ON THEIR OWN!

PLACE HIM UNDER **ARREST!**

MAKE MY DAY

FWSSHHHH!

CRUNK-K-K!

NEXT PROG:

JUDGEMENT BY FIRE!

THE LAW ACCORDING TO JUDGE DREDD

LAW 945 : THERE IS ONLY **ONE** TRUE JUDGE DREDD. ALL OTHERS ARE IMPOSTORS. PENALTY FOR IMPOSTORATING — **DEATH.**

YOU HAVE **SHOT** AT ME! YOU HAVE **MURDERED** THREE OFFICERS OF MY COURT! BUT **WORSE** - YOU HAVE COMMITTED THE MOST **HAYNESS** CRIME OF ALL -

-YOU HAVE **BESMIRCHED** THE GOOD NAME O' JUSTICE BY IMPOSTORATIN' THE **LAW** AN' I DULY **SENTENCE** YOU TO **DEATH!**

BURN, JIMP! BURN!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART KEVIN O'NEILL
LETTERING T FRAME

IN THE CURSED EARTH **DREDD** HAS CHANCED UPON A DERANGED MUTANT WHO BELIEVES **HE** IS JUDGE DREDD —

GET HIS FANCY GUN!

BIKE! TO ME!

COME ON IN A LYNCH IS A CINCH

AAAGH!

GRUD!

GRASH!

DIRTY LAWBREAKER! NO **BIKE** ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD!

THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!

BAKKA BAKKA BAKKA

KADOOM

WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE, JUDGE DREDD?

TIE HIS HANDS!

YOU DIRTY LOWDOWN FAKE! ALL THEM THINGS I READ ABOUT YOU WAS LIES! YOU'RE JUST AS EVIL AND CORRUPT AS EVERYONE ELSE!

MAKES ME SICK TO THINK I ONCE LOOKED UP TO YOU!

WELL **NO MORE!**

RIPPPP!

YOU'RE NOT JUDGE DREDD! YOU NEVER WERE! THERE'S ONLY ONE DREDD – ME! I AM THE LAW! ME!

THAT'S RIGHT – YOU'RE THE IMPOSTOR! AN' YOU'RE GONNA DIE FOR IT, BOY! I'M GONNA SHOOT YOU RIGHT NOW – WITH YOUR OWN FANCY GUN! HOW D'YOU LIKE THEM ONIONS, EH?

FEEL FREE, MEATHEAD. I CAN TAKE IT!

OH, NO! WAIT A MINUTE! YOU DON'T TRICK JUDGE DREDD THAT EASY, CREEP! SHOOTIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU!

HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU AS WELL! DROKK! MAYBE EVEN BURNIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU – BUT WE'RE GONNA GIVE IT A TRY!

TAKE HIM OUT AN' LIGHT HIM UP! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BURN THAT BADNESS OUTA HIM!

SENTENCE IS DULY CARRIED OUT –

BURN, JIMP! BURN!

GETTING TOO HOT FOR COMFORT!

BOOTKNIFE...

...GOT TO REACH IT!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU! LET THIS BE A LESSON TO ANY OTHER CLOWN WHO THINKS HE CAN IMPOSTORATE ME!

SHOTTY! TAKE A LAW!

SNAP!

HE'S LOOSE!

SHUNNK!

UUHN!

BAKKA BAKKA BAKKA!

SKRANGG!

GOTTA DOUSE THESE FLAMES—

WATER

WATER

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

WHOOOSH

BOK!

YOU CAN **RUN**, CREEP, BUT YOU CAN'T **HIDE** FROM **JUSTICE! THE LAW** WILL **ALWAYS** FIND YOU OUT!

THE SENTENCE WAS DEATH! **DEATH IT WILL BE!**

FADOOM!

MY ARM!

AAAHH!

AAHHHHHH!

YOU GOT YOUR WISH, CREEP.

DREDD

A JUDGE'S LAWGIVER IS PROGRAMMED TO EXPLODE IF FIRED BY ANY UNAUTHORISED PERSON.

WHAT A SHOW!

YOU WIPED OUT A REAL VIPERS' NEST HERE!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR OPINION. GET IN THE RADWAGON. YOU GOT A LONG DRIVE BACK TO THE CUBES!

CREEP WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING... THERE **IS** ONLY ONE JUDGE DREDD...

WASN'T HIM, THOUGH.

THE END.

AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH
JUDGE
JUDGE DREDD
INCIDENT AT B.D. RICKENBACKER BLOCK —
ADELE DAHL, APARTMENT 70K —
SAVE IT. I KNOW HER.
SHE EITHER FELL OR WAS PUSHED THROUGH THE WINDOW. WE'VE CHECKED HER APARTMENT — NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE.
THERE WON'T BE ANY. AND YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT FINDING THE PERP TOO.
CREEP WHO DID THIS IS WAY BEYOND OUR REACH.
PAID WITH THANKS
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, JUDGE DREDD. I'M AT MY WITS' END. PEOPLE... PEOPLE JUST SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO GET AWAY WITH THINGS LIKE THIS!
B.D. RICKENBACKER BLOCK
SCRIPT T.B. GROVER ART Q. TWERK LETTERING RICH
FIRST THINGS FIRST, CITIZEN. NAME—?
DAHL — ADELE DAHL.
OCCUPATION, IF ANY?
BILLER.
BILLER?
I SEND OUT BILLS.
BILLS FOR WHAT?
JUST MY USUAL FEE.
FEE FOR WHAT?
FOR BILLING, OF COURSE.
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT... YOU BILL PEOPLE FOR NOTHING —
NOT FOR NOTHING. THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL. I BILL THEM FOR THE BILLS.
—AND THEY PAY UP?
OH, NO! I'D SAY 95 PER CENT OF MY CLIENTS JUST THROW MY BILLS IN THE BIN — AS THEY DESERVE.
BUT THE OTHER 5 PER CENT PROVIDE ME WITH A VERY COMFORTABLE LIVING, THANK YOU.

THE IDEA HAD COME TO HER IN A DREAM. SO SIMPLE – SO LUCRATIVE – THAT SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE THERE WASN'T A LAW AGAINST IT.

BUT SHE'D CHECKED. THERE WASN'T.

SHE HAD FORTHWITH FORMED HER OWN CORPORATION, PRINTED UP SOME IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING BILLS – AND FOR THE PAST SIXTEEN YEARS HAD BEEN LIVING THE LIFE OF RILEY.

ADELE DAHL
BILLING SERVICES
APT. 70K,
B.D. RICKENBACKER,
SECTOR 88.

ACCOUNTS DEPT.

"HAPPY TO SERVE YOU"

To: The Fyffe Corporation
STANDARD BILLING FEE Cr 750.00
City Tax 249.99
TOTAL DUE 999.99
Terms: 30 Days

EVERY NIGHT WITHOUT FAIL SHE TYPED UP 100 BILLS. SHE COULD HAVE BOUGHT A ROBOT, OF COURSE, AND CHURNED OUT THOUSANDS. BUT ADELE DAHL WASN'T GREEDY.

BESIDES, SHE DID THINK HER CLIENTS APPRECIATED THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

AND WHO DO YOU SEND THESE BILLS TO?

OH, ANYONE. BIG COMPANIES, MAINLY. THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE MORE LIKELY THEY ARE TO PAY UP BY MISTAKE.

ANYWAY, IT WAS ONE OF MY BILLS THAT STARTED THE WHOLE MESS. I SENT IT TO THE **ESTATE** OF THE LATE **JASPER PECK**...

... DEATH IS SUCH A SAD, CONFUSING TIME FOR THE BEREAVED. I FIND MY BILLS CAN OFTEN SLIP THROUGH UNNOTICED.

NICE.

I'M JUST DOING MY JOB, JUDGE. SAME AS YOU.

"ANYWAY, I SENT THE PECK ESTATE MY STANDARD BILL. THE NEXT DAY A LARGE CONTAINER ARRIVED..."

POST

A-A CORPSE!

"WITH IT, A LETTER..."

Dear Sir or Madam,
Thankyou for your bill.
Please find enclosed the body of Jasper Peck in full payment.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

WHAT COULD I DO? IT WAS OBVIOUSLY A MISTAKE. I SENT THE BODY RIGHT BACK WITH A POLITE LETTER AND A BILL FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING...

...PLUS MY STANDARD RE-BILLING FEE, OF COURSE.

I SEE.

NO, YOU DON'T. THE NEXT DAY TWO LARGE CONTAINERS ARRIVED...

Dear Sir or Madam,
Thankyou for your revised bill for £2319.00. Please find enclosed the bodies of Jasper Peck and a close friend.

WELL, I HAD TO SORT THE MATTER OUT. THIS TIME I TOOK THE BODIES BACK IN PERSON.

YOU EVER CONSIDER REPORTING THIS TO US?

WELL, YES - BUT I COULDN'T, REALLY...

I MEAN, BY NOW THEY OWED ME QUITE A LOT OF MONEY.

"SO I WENT ALONG THERE. THE PECKS – HORRIBLE PEOPLE! – THE PECKS DENIED ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

"THEY CLAIMED THEY DIDN'T RECOGNISE **EITHER** OF THE BODIES.

"THEY CALLED ME A GHOUL AND A MONSTER AND THEY – THEY THREW ME OUT. BODILY!"

THUNK!

ANYWAY, WHEN I GOT HOME THERE WAS **ANOTHER** LARGE CONTAINER WAITING AT THE DOOR. IT WAS A **THIRD** BODY.

AND THIS IS THEM HERE, HUH?

OKAY, I'LL TAKE 'EM DOWN TO FORENSIC FOR ANALYSIS.

YOU BETTER COME ALONG TOO.

AT THE SECTOR HOUSE —

WE'VE GOT IDs ON YOUR STIFFS, DREDD. IT CONFIRMS THE PECKS' STORY. NONE OF THEM IS JASPER PECK.

ALL THREE RECENTLY DECEASED – LEGALLY CONSIGNED TO **RESYK.**

ACCORDING TO THEIR RECORDS, ALL THREE WERE DULY **PROCESSED.**

SOMEBODY MUST'VE STUCK 'EM BACK **TOGETHER** AGAIN.

WE'VE ANALYSED THE **SIGNATURE** ON THE LETTERS.

YOU READY FOR THIS–?

IT BELONGS TO **JASPER PECK.**

GRAPHOLOGY HANDBOOK BY U. RITE & I. REED

IT'S TIME WE CALLED IN **PSI–DIVISION.**

SEEMS LIKE A SIMPLE CASE OF **HAUNTING,** CITIZEN DAHL.

IT WOULD APPEAR THE **SPIRIT** OF **JASPER PECK** HAS TAKEN EXCEPTION TO YOUR BILL AND DECIDED TO PAY YOU IN HIS OWN WAY.

ARE YOU **SERIOUS**? A GHOST! UTTER POPPYCOCK!

I EXPECTED BETTER FROM JUDGES! THERE'S A PERFECTLY RATIONAL EXPLANATION – THE **PECKS!**

IF YOU CAN'T SEE THAT, YOU MUST BE BLIND OR JUST PLAIN STUPID!

WE'VE DEALT WITH TOO MANY HAUNTING CASES TO DISMISS THEM SO LIGHTLY, CITIZEN. I'LL RETURN WITH YOU TO YOUR APARTMENT AND CARRY OUT ANY NECESSARY EXORCISM.

YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING!

CONTROL! I WANT A **PSI** DOWN AT B.D. RICKENBACKER. APARTMENT 70K.

GOING TO BE REAL INTERESTING FINDING OUT WHAT WENT ON IN THAT ROOM.

GHOSTS! THE VERY IDEA!

AND THE JUDGES — OF ALL PEOPLE! IS THAT WHAT WE PAY OUR TAXES FOR?

I'VE A GOOD MIND TO SEND THEM A BILL!

AAH!

ADELE!

PAY UP, ADELE!

PAY UP!

PAY UP!

PAY!

K-K-K-KEEP BACK!

PAY!

PAY!

PAY!

CRASHHHHH!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

AAAAAAAAH!

SPLAT!

THE END.

THE ART OF KENNY WHO?.

THE **10.00 ZOOM** FROM THE **CALEDONIAN HAB ZONE** CLEARS THE **ATLANTIC TUNNEL** AT PRECISELY 08.45 MEGA-CITY TIME —

ALL PASSENGERS PROCEED TO **IMMIGRATION** CONTROL. HAVE YOUR DOCUMENTS AND MEDICAL CERTIFICATES READY. FAILURE TO DO SO MAY BE AN OFFENCE.

NO LOITERING IN THE FEEDWAY. KEEP MOVING.

HAVE ALL HANDLUGGAGE READY FOR INSPECTION.

TWELVE HOURS HE'S BEEN TRAVELLING. TIRED, WASHED OUT, AND THE **ZOOMLAG** ISN'T HELPING.

STILL, HE'S HERE. HE'S MORTGAGED HIS PAD, SOLD HIS POD. BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT. THIS IS WHERE **THE FUTURE** LIES.

I'M HERE AT LAST — AND THERE'S NO STOPPING ME NOW!

KENNY WHO?, HUH? THIS YOUR REAL NAME?

YES SIR.

PURPOSE OF VISIT?

I'M LOOKING FOR WORK.

WORK? WE GOT 98 PER CENT UNEMPLOYMENT HERE. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT ANYTHING **WE** WANT, **WHO?**?

I... I'M AN **ARTIST**.

ARTIST SCHMARTIST! SO WHAT? WE GOT PLENTY **ROBOTS** TO DRAW OUR PICTURES.

I'M **BETTER** THAN ANY ROBOT, JUDGE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THEY CAN NEVER HAVE — **TALENT!**

BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT THIS, DREDD.

THIS **YOU**, WHO?

YES, SIR. IT'S MY PORTFOLIO. MY BEST WORK.

WELL I DON'T LIKE IT!

BU-BU-BUT WHY?

'COS IT'S **FREAK-OUT, WEIRDO STUFF**, THAT'S WHY!

AND ANYONE WHO BRINGS FREAK-OUT, WEIRDO STUFF INTO MY CITY, I WANT TO KNOW THE REASON **WHY**.

TAKE HIM AWAY. GIVE HIM THE WORKS. LET'S SEE WHAT THIS SO-CALLED ARTIST IS MADE OF.

*THEY GIVE **HIM**? THE WORKS, ALL RIGHT. SOME WELCOME TO MEGA-CITY ONE!*

NO SPITTIN'
NO SHOUTIN'
DIRTY NAMES
NO RELIEF

STAND CLOSE TO WALL

DRINK THIS.

VOMIT INTO THIS.

YOU-YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M NOT A CRIMINAL – I'M AN **ARTIST!**

YEAH? WELL PAINT US A BAGFUL.

THIRTY MINUTES' INTENSIVE INTERROGATION. ANOTHER HOUR AND A HALF WAITING FOR TEST RESULTS –

OKAY, **WHO?**, GET YOUR CLOTHES ON. YOU'RE **CLEAN.**

YOU'RE FREE TO GO. BUT I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT YOU. YOU'VE GOT A **24 HOUR VISITORS PERMIT**, 3 HOURS OF WHICH HAVE ALREADY ELAPSED.

FINISH YOUR BUSINESS AND MAKE SURE YOUR BUTT'S ON THE MORNING **ZOOM** OR IT'LL BE WARMING A **CUBE.**

24 HOURS! THOUGHT I'D GET A WEEK AT LEAST!

CADOGE!

ACROSS CITY, SECTOR 66 —

BIG

HERE YOU ARE, BUB — BIG 1 PUBLISHING!

ROBO CAB

KENJI WHO? GAZES AROUND HIM, AWESTRUCK.

HE IS A NATIVE OF THE WILD CALEDONIAN HAB ZONE, A COUNTRY BOY. HE'S SEEN HOLOS OF THE MEGA-CITY... BUT NO HOLO COULD PREPARE HIM FOR THE SHEER ENORMITY OF IT.

AND RISING ABOVE IT ALL, LIKE A DEFIANT FINGER POINTING TOWARDS HEAVEN, THE MONSTER EDIFICE OF BIG 1 TOWER.

IT MAKES HIM FEEL... SMALL.

I'M A NOBODY NOW, BUT I WON'T ALWAYS BE. ONE DAY I'LL BE UP THERE WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

I'LL STAND AS TALL AS BIG 1 TOWER ITSELF! THE WHOLE CITY WILL KNOW MY NAME!

WHO? WHO? WHO? WHO? WHO? WHO? WHO? WHO? WHO?

LOOK OUT! BITER!
DISGUSTING! GET AWAY!
HUH?
AAAHH!
SNAP!
SOMEBODY GET THIS LUNATIC OFF ME!
HEAR THAT ACCENT? HE'S A DUMB BRITTO!
SIC 'IM, ROVER!
WOOAAAWEEAAOO
LET GO, CREEP!
GRRNT! DRRRRR JRWWS RROKKT!
WH-WHAT'S HE SAY?
I THINK HIS JAW'S LOCKED. GONNA HAVE TO TAKE YOU BOTH DOWN TO THE SECTOR HOUSE.
BU-BU-BU-BUT—
WE'VE CHECKED UP ON YOU, WHO?. HARDLY ARRIVED AND ALREADY CAUSING TROUBLE, EH?
66
BU-BUT I DIDN'T ASK TO BE BITTEN!
NO? FUNNY OUT OF THE 400 MILLION POSSIBLE VICTIMS, HE CHOSE YOU.
THE JACK'S READY.
HAMMER

SKREEE SKREEE

SHE'S COMIN'!

OKAY, CREEP — PSYCHO CUBES FOR YOU.

WELL, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING. NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND I'M IN A BIT OF A HURRY —

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? YOU GOT HALF A DOZEN **BITE SHOTS** TO GET. WAIT IN THE MED-BAY!

ONE HOUR PASSES...TWO...

EXCUSE ME...

VEIITCH

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING SOME BITE SHOTS.

GOOD FOR YOU.

BUT I'VE BEEN HERE **TWO HOURS.**

WHAT DID THE JUDGE TELL YOU?

WAIT IN THE MED-BAY, BUT—

THEN WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND PLAIN MEGA-SPEAK? WAIT MEANS **PARK YOUR BUTT AND WAIT!**

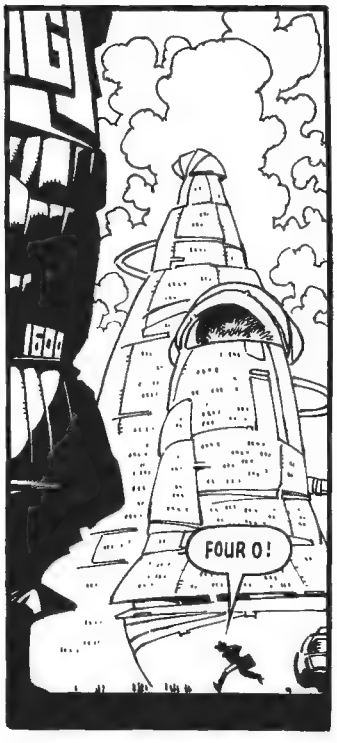
IT IS NEARLY **THREE HOURS** BEFORE KENNY WHO? IS FINALLY TREATED —

ANTI-RABIES...THAT'S THE LAST.

THANK IZZY!

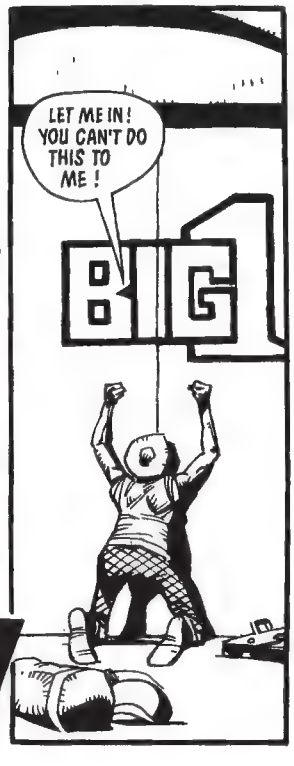
HELL! BIG 1 CLOSE AT FOUR! ONLY TWENTY MINUTES – I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

STEP ON IT, DRIVER!
I'LL DO THE DRIVIN', BUB.
YELLA-CAB


FOUR O!

STOP! DON'T CLOSE – WAIT FOR ME!

CLUNGG!!


LET ME IN! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
BIG

I'M AN ARTIST, DAMMIT – AN ARTIST!

THE ART OF KENNY WHO?

ARTIST **KENNY WHO?** HAS MORTGAGED HIS ALL TO COME TO MEGA-CITY ONE IN SEARCH OF THE FAME HIS TALENT DESERVES –

BIG

PLEASE, **DON'T CLOSE!** YOU'VE **GOT** TO LET ME IN! I'VE ONLY GOT A 24 HOUR PERMIT! I CAN'T COME BACK IN THE MORNING!

BIG

SCRIPT T. B. GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T. FRAME

PLEASE...!

SOB!

STENNESS HARRIERS

Cam. Kennedy

AND THEN – A **MIRACULOUS** MOMENT THAT COULD HAVE COME STRAIGHT OUT OF ONE OF **BIG** T'S OWN **TRASHZINES** –

CREEEEE

LOOK AT **THIS** – AND **THIS** – !

YES... I'LL SEE IF OUR SENIOR EDITOR WILL SPEAK TO YOU.

GOT AN APPOINTMENT?

NO, BUT **SOMEBODY'S** GOT TO SEE ME! YOU'LL REGRET IT FOREVER IF YOU DON'T! I'M AN **ARTIST** – I'VE GOT **TALENT**!

ALL THE WAY FROM **CAL HAB**, MR, ER...?

WHO?.

SENIOR EDITOR

JUDGE DREDD

WHAT?
WHO?.
THAT'S WHAT I'M ASKING YOU.
WHO? IS MY NAME.
NO – YOU SHOULD SAY "WHAT" IS MY NAME.
NO! WHO?! KENNY WHO?...I'M KENNY WHO?.
I'M TELLING YOU, I DON'T KNOW!
MY CARD.
KENNY WHO?
I SEE!
WELL YOU JUST SIT THERE AND DRINK YOUR CAF, KENNY, WHILE I LOOK THROUGH YOUR PORTFOLIO.
KENNY WHO? SITS BACK AND SIPS HIS STEAMING BREW – AND DREAMS OF THE FAME AND FORTUNE THAT SURELY AWAIT HIM.
KENNY! WAKE UP!
HUH? WHAT?
NO – WHO?! HA HA! I THOUGHT WE'D GOT THAT SETTLED.
GOSH – SEVEN O! MUST'VE DOZED OFF!
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY DRAWINGS?
I'M SORRY, KENNY...
YOU-YOU DIDN'T LIKE THEM?
I'M AFRAID NOT.
BUT THEY'RE GOOD! I KNOW IT!
OH, IN PARTS. AN ANGLE HERE – A LINE THERE. BUT IT'S NOTHING A COMPETENT ROBOT COULDN'T HANDLE, IN A THOUSANDTH OF THE TIME.
I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, KENNY. ART'S A TOUGH GAME THESE DAYS. NOT MANY HUMANS EVER MAKE IT. THEY'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING... TRULY SPECIAL. REAL TALENT. AND YOU, KENNY, JUST DON'T MAKE THE GRADE.
TAKE MY ADVICE. GO BACK TO CAL HAB. FIND OUT WHERE YOUR TALENTS REALLY LIE. BUILDING WALLS, PERHAPS.

CLUNGGG

!

KENNY WHO? DROWNS HIS SORROWS THAT NIGHT. HE TAKES THE LAST OF HIS FUNDS AND TIES ON THE BENDER OF HIS LIFE...

BOIL'S HEAD

APOC VET

ANOTHER TRIPLE RIPPLE, PAL!

HAPPY JUICE NOW

HEY! ANYBODY WANNA ARM WRESHLE?

COOL IT, MISTER! YOU'LL HAVE THE JUDGES IN!

THE BOIL'S HEAD A GOOD SPOT TO SQUEEZE IN

IT'S NOT EASY FOR A MAN WHOSE DREAM DIES. TO HAVE BELIEVED IN HIMSELF - IN HIS TALENT, HIS **ART** - FOR SO LONG...THEN TO HAVE HIS OWN INABILITY THRUST BRUTALLY IN HIS FACE.

TALENT! HE KNOWS NOW WHAT A SHAM IT'S ALL BEEN! HOW COULD HE HAVE DELUDED HIMSELF ALL THIS TIME? **HOW?**

AN ARTISHT - RUBBISH! I'M NOBODY. KENNY... KENNY NOBODY...

...AND FINALLY TONIGHT ON "THE VIZ ARTS" - NEWS FROM **BIG 1** ABOUT A MAJOR NEW TALENT POISED TO EXPLODE ONTO THE MEGA-CITY **TRASHZINE** SCENE.

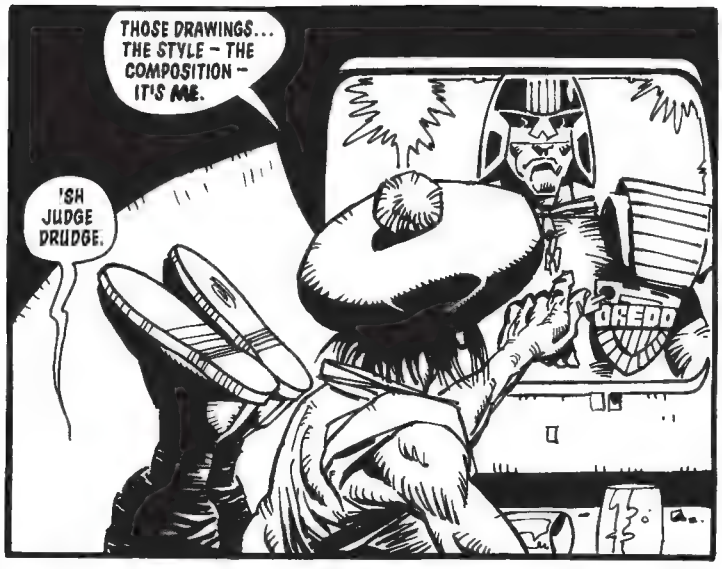
THE VIZ ARTS

THESE POWERFUL STUDIES OF THE CITY'S FOREMOST ACTION MAN AMPLY DEMONSTRATE A TALENT BOTH UNIQUE AND DRAMATIC.

TAKE IT FROM THIS REVIEWER, **BIG 1**'S NEW ART ROBOT **JIMMY WHO?** IS SET TO BE THE BIG NAME IN TRASHART FOR MANY YEARS TO COME.

HUH? JIMMY WHO??

DON'T ASHK ME, FRIEND. DIDN'T CATCH IT MYSHELF.


THOSE DRAWINGS... THE STYLE – THE COMPOSITION – IT'S ME.
'SH JUDGE DRUDGE.
DREDD

THE PICTURES ON THE SCREEN BRING KENNY WHO? ABRUPTLY TO HIS SENSES –
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND – THEY'RE MINE! I DREW THEM! BUT...
...BUT I DIDN'T DRAW THEM!
SOUNDSH LIKE ITSH TIME TO GO HOME, BUDDY.

BIG I HAS STOLEN MY TALENT!

HEY, COME BACK WITH THAT!

INTERESHTING FELLA.

A RED RAGE GRIPS KENNY WHO? AS HE RUNS ACROSS THE PLAZA –
BIG I

BIG

OPEN THIS DOOR!

CHUNKAA! CHUNKAA!

SKRAAK!

WHERE'S JIMMY WHO??

WHO?

RIGHT! WHERE?

WHERE'S WHO?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID! WHO?!

FORGET IT! I'LL FIND HIM MYSELF!

WHATEVER YOU LIKE.

I'M COMIN' FOR YOU, JIMMY WHO?!

THE ART OF KENNY WHO?.

ON MEGA-CITY ONE IN SEARCH OF FAME, BRITTO ARTIST KENNY WHO? HAS HAD HIS TALENT STOLEN BY BIG 1 PUBLISHING.

BIG 1

ALAN DONALDSON BLOCK

AND NOW –

I'VE GOT ONE QUESTION FOR YOU, JIMMY...

SENIOR EDITOR

CRAAASH!!!

WHERE'S JIMMY WHO??

JIMMY WHO?? I'M AFRAID I DON'T –

LIAR! YOU KNOW! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT BUT YOU STOLE MY TALENT! AN' YOU EVEN HAD THE CHEEK TO STEAL MY NAME AS WELL!

I'M GONNA ASK YOU ONE MORE TIME – AN' YOU BETTER COME CLEAN OR YOU AND YOUR HEAD ARE GOING TO BE APPLYING FOR SEVERANCE PAY –

WHERE'S JIMMY-FLAMIN'-WHO??

SOMETHING IN KENNY WHO?'S EYES – AND SOMETHING ELSE IN HIS RAZOR SHARP AXE – CONVINCES THE SENIOR EDITOR...

OKAY, 'NUFF SAID. IT'S TRUTH-TELLIN' TIME, TIGER!

COME WITH ME.

BIG BULLPEN

MEET OUR ARTISTS.
JUST FLIPPIN' BOXES!
OH, FAR MORE THAN THAT!
SCRIPTS ARE FED IN DIRECTLY FROM OUR RENASH BANKS UPSTAIRS.
TEK
THE ART ROBOTS CAN DRAW IN ANY STYLE – IN LINE, WASH, HALF-TONE, COLOUR – YOU NAME IT.
PAGES COME OUT IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, ALL FULLY-LETTERED, OF COURSE.
THAT'S NOT ART!
BUT IT'S CHEAP!
BUT WHY ME? YOU SAID MY WORK WAS NO GOOD.
A LITTLE WHITE LIE, KENNY. IN FACT, IT WAS BRILLIANT. A MAJOR NEW TALENT IF EVER I SAW ONE. QUITE UNIQUE...
...AT LEAST, YOU WERE. YOU SEE, YOU MADE THE MISTAKE OF DOZING OFF. ZOOMLAGGED, I SUPPOSE. UNDERSTANDABLE.
SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF FEEDING YOUR PORTFOLIO INTO ONE OF OUR MACHINES. WITH ENOUGH INPUT THEY CAN MIMIC ANY STYLE.
KENNY WHO? – MEET JIMMY WHO?.

IT'S **ME** - MY **ART** - CHURNED OUT BY A **MACHINE**!

IT'S OUTRIGHT **THEFT**! IT'S GOT TO BE **ILLEGAL**!

NOT AT ALL. WE STOLE NONE OF YOUR DRAWINGS, MERELY COPIED YOUR STYLE - AND ARTISTS HAVE BEEN DOING THAT SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME.

LEGAL OR NOT, IT'S NOT RIGHT! **JIMMY WHO?!**

I'LL GIVE YOU JIMMY WHO?!

DON'T BE A FOOL!

WHY DID I EVER COME HERE? IT'S COST ME MY **POD** - MY **PAD** - AND **NOW YOU'VE STOLEN THE ONLY THING I HAD LEFT!**

EEK! PHILISTINE!

CRUNG!

AND AS FOR YOU, YOU DIRTY LITTLE **CROOK** -

BAP!!

THE RED RAGE IS SUDDENLY GONE - AND **KENNY WHO?** *IS FACED WITH THE APPALLING CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACTIONS...*

OH MY IZZY! I'VE BROKEN THE LAW IN **MEGA-CITY ONE**! I'M DONE FOR!

COMPOUNDING HIS STRING OF CRIMES HE STEALS A POWERBOARD FROM COMPANY STORES.
HIS ONLY CHANCE IS TO FLEE THE CITY BEFORE HE IS REPORTED.
THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL! I'LL CATCH THE MIDNIGHT ZOOM! I CAN MAKE IT!
IMMIGRATION
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT! I WANT TO REPORT A MURDER...
THE MURDER OF A GREAT TALENT!
THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT A MAN RUNNING TO CATCH A ZOOM. YET THE KEEN EYES OF THE SENIOR JUDGE ON DUTY ARE DRAWN TO KENNY WHO? LIKE A MAGNET.
YOU!
IMMIGRATION
WHO?, ISN'T IT?
YES, SIR.
LEAVIN' EARLY, ARE YOU? BUSINESS A SUCCESS?
NO, SIR. THEY DON'T WANT ARTISTS HERE. NOT REAL ARTISTS.
I TOLD YOU THAT THIS MORNING.

THE MAN SEEMS FLUSTERED. MORE NERVOUS THAN HE OUGHT TO BE. TELL-TALE SIGNS THAT JUDGES ARE TRAINED TO SPOT...

CONTROL, WE GOT ANYTHING NEW ON ONE **KENNY WHO?**, CAL HAB RESIDENT, ENTERED THE CITY THIS MORNING?

LOOK, I-I'M IN A BIT OF A HURRY...

AFFIRMATIVE! CALL JUST CAME IN – CREEP RAN AMOK AT **BIG 1**. GOT HIM ON B&E, GBH, MALICIOUS DAMAGE, ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON – MORE CHARGES TO FOLLOW.

WHO?! HOLD IT!

WHO?

WHO?

C'MON, LEGS, YOU CAN DO IT!

WALK

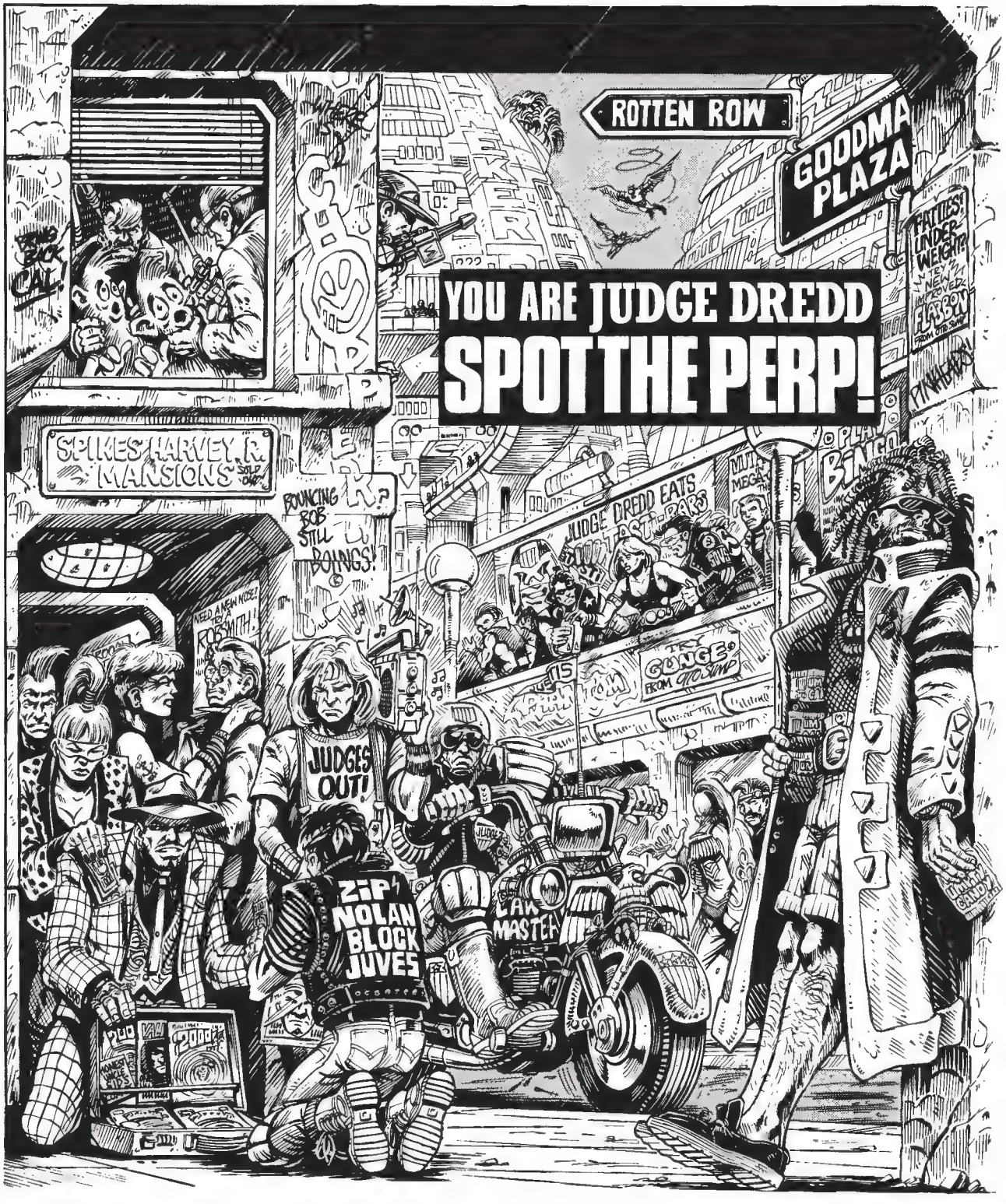
HE'S GOING TO MAKE THE **ZOOM**. CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT.

RICOCHET!

SPTANNG!

SPTANNGGG!

SPTANNNGG!
AAGH!
SPTANGG!
DOORS CLOSING! STAND BACK!
DOORS CLOSING! STAND BACK!
IT-IT'S ALL WRONG! WHY ARE YOU PERSECUTING ME? BIG I PUBLISHING STOLE MY LIFE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THAT?
IF THEY BROKE THE LAW, THEY'LL BE PUNISHED.
IF NOT YOU'LL BE DOING AN EXTRA YEAR FOR MALICIOUS ACCUSATION.
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M AN ARTIST!
YEAH, WELL COME WITH ME AND DRAW SOME TIME!


YOU ARE JUDGE DREDD
SPOT THE PERP!
ROTTEN ROW
GOODMA PLAZA
FATTIES! UNDER-WEIGHT? TRY NEW IMPROVED FLABBON FROM OTTO SUMP
SPIKES HARVEY R. MANSIONS
BOUNCING BOB STILL BOINGS!
JUDGE DREDD EATS
TRY GUNGE FROM OTTO SUMP
NEED A NEW NOSE? TRY A ROBSMITH!
JUDGES OUT!
ZIP NOLAN BLOCK JUVES
LAK MASTER

"Dredd to control: Send a pat-wagon to Goodman Plaza! The place is crawling with Perps!"

You are the law in Mega-City One. On patrol in Goodman Plaza, you stop your Lawmaster bike and scan the crowds. You spot several citizens breaking the law! The crimes may not be serious, but they must be punished.

Having summoned the pat-wagon, you now have to decide *how many* citizens you're going to arrest. Note down the crimes being committed, then turn to the page after this prog's Judge Dredd adventure to see how many you *missed!*

JUDGE DREDD

HEY, WIMP!

TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND? LIKE TO HAVE A BODY LIKE **MINE**? BELIEVE ME, THE BAD GUYS LEAVE YOU WELL **ALONE** WHEN YOU'RE **BUILT** LIKE **RUSSELL MUSCLE**!

'BUT HOW CAN I GET A BODY LIKE RUSSELL?' YOU SAY. 'I'M JUST A STINKIN' **WIMP**!'

I'LL TELL YOU HOW – **RUSSELL MUSCLE'S INFLATABLES!**

WE GOT 'EM ALL – BICEPS, TRICEPS, DELTOIDS, PECTORALS! IN EVERY SIZE FROM JUST PLAIN **BRAWNY** TO TOP-OF-THE-RANGE **ARNIE SCHWARZAMUSCLE SPECIALS!**

DELTOID
STERNO
BICEP
PEC
ABDO
FIGLEAF
ABDUC

YES, SIR! DETER MUGGERS – IMPRESS GIRLS – LOOK REAL SHARP – ONLY WITH RUSSELL MUSCLE'S INFLATABLE MUSCLES!

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN YOUR LOCAL RUSSELL MUSCLE FRANCHISE. SO **WIMP** ON DOWN THERE... AND **MUSCLE IN** ON SOME OF THE BIG BOYS' ACTION!

IN MEGA-CITY ONE A ***SUCKER*** *IS BORN EVERY MINUTE. THIS PARTICULAR SUCKER IS* ***WILLIS "WEED" WINCEY*** –

I'D LIKE A FULL SET OF INFLATABLES, PLEASE, SIR.

YOU SURE LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE 'EM, SCRAWNY!

WILLIS WINCEY *BEFORE* –

WILLIS WINCEY *DURING* –

***BEHOLD THE MAN* –**

LET'S JUST SEE THOSE ROUGH BLOCK JUVES PICK ON ME NOW!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T FRAME

ON THE WAY HOME, A CONFRONT –

HEY! THERE'S **WILLIS THE WEED!**

GET HIM!

YOU JUVES HAD BETTER BACK OFF! I'VE BEEN **BODY-BUILDING!** I'M NOT A **WIMP** ANY MORE!

GRILL

WOW! WHAT A BEEFCAKE!

PHSSH

BUT THEN – CALAMITY!

UH-OH! **BLOW-OUT!**

POP!

Fsssshhh!

HEY! **INFLATABLES!**

THE WEED'S WEARIN' **RUSSELL'S!**

POKE!

PROD!

MIKE REED PANEL

GET HIM!

POING!

MIKEREED

THAT NIGHT, AT THE ***MIKE REED BLOCK WIMPS' CLUB*** –

DID YOU REPORT IT TO THE JUDGES, WILLSY?

AND G-GIVE THOSE DRONGOS SOMETHING TO BEAT ME UP **FOR**? NO F-FEAR!

RUSSELL MUSCLE'S TO BLAME! ALL THAT MISLEADING ADVERTISING!

WHY, IF YOU HADN'T BEEN WEARING THOSE **INFLATABLES**, WILLIS, YOU'D HAVE PROBABLY GOT OFF WITH A **LIGHT DUFFING-UP!**

TOO TRUE, NANCE!

LITTLE BOYS

MIKE REED

NAUGHTY WORD SWEAR BOX

WOODY

VYVYAN "FOPSY" FITCH. IF THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A TOUGH WIMP, VYVYAN COMES CLOSE. ON A GOOD DAY.

I SAY WE'VE GOT A GENUINE GRIEVANCE AGAINST RUSSELL! WE OUGHT TO GO AND GIVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

OW!

PAF

W-WE COULDN'T DO THAT! WE'RE W-W-WIMPS!

YES – BUT THERE'S TEN OF US AND ONLY ONE OF HIM.

BESIDES, ALL THAT BRAWN OF HIS IS PROBABLY JUST INFLATABLES ANYWAY!

BUT JUST IN CASE IT'S NOT – WE COULD TAKE THESE LAS-KNIVES!

OOH! NOT ME!

WE MIGHT CUT OURSELVES!

AND SO IT IS THAT THE MIKE REED WIMPS' CLUB FIND THEMSELVES SQUEEZING THEIR STUNTED FRAMES THROUGH THE BARS OF MUSCLE MANSION –

ATLAS STREET

– AND JUDGE DREDD ENTERS THE STORY.

CONTROL TO DREDD! CITIZEN REPORTS NUMBER OF INTRUDERS, MUSCLE MANSION, ATLAS STREET.

ON MY WAY!

OH DEAR! HE'S HAVING A POOL PARTY!

LOOK AT ALL THAT BEEFCAKE!

I WANT MY MUMMY! I'M GOING HOME!

COME ON! WE CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!

WHY NOT?

JUST 'COS!

ROCK!

WELL, WELL! WHAT HAVE WE HERE? LOOKS LIKE A BUNCHA **SKELS** FROM THE BONEYARD!

NAH! THEY'RE TOO **SKINNY** FOR SKELS!

SPLOSH

B-B-BACK OFF, SISTER! OUR QUARREL'S WITH R-R-**RUSSELL**!

YEAH? YOU GOT A BEEF, LET'S HEAR IT!

OO-ER! THOSE MUSCLES ARE **REAL**! L-LET'S GO HOME!

N-N-NO! WE'VE G-GOT TO B-BE B-B-B-**BRAVE**!

IT-IT'S LIKE THIS, MR MUSCLE, SIR... MY F-FRIEND BOUGHT SOME OF YOUR **INF-FLATABLES**, BUT HE GOT **BEAT UP** W-WORSE THAN EVER! SO WE'VE C-COME TO B-B-BEAT Y-**YOU** UP!

OR AT LEAST GET A REFUND!

WELL, YOU WIMPS SURE GOT A LOTTA **PLUCK** COMIN' IN HERE MOUTHIN' OFF LIKE THAT. TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO –

I'M GONNA **BEAT THE LIVIN' DAYLIGHTS** OUTA YA!

SLAP

I'M GONNA **STRETCH** YOUR **NECK** LIKE A PIECE OF '**LASTIC**!

I'M GONNA **TIE** YA IN **KNOTS**!

I'M GONNA DO **THIS** –

KRACK!

AND **THIS** –

AN' **THIS**!

AN' **THIS**!

SPROING

ANYONE FOR BASKETBALL?

WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE, MEATBALL ?

JUDGE *CHOKE* DREDD! HURRAH! WE'RE *GLURK* SAVED!

THE WORKOUT ON THE WIMPS HAS DRIVEN RUSSELL INTO A RAGING **MUSCLE FRENZY –**

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SKINNY! **IT'S MUSCLE TIME!**

NOBODY MUSCLES **THE LAW**, CREEP! UNDER THE POWERS VESTED IN ME, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU –

–TO THIS!

AAAAH!

AND **THIS!**

U!

AND THIS!

UNNGHH!

AND THIS!

SPALOOOSH!

ANY OF YOU OTHER MUSCLEHEADS WANT A QUICK WORKOUT?

NO, SIR! NO WAY!

THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR **ONE** BULLY IN THIS CITY, CREEP – **ME!**

HOORAY!

GOOD OLD JUDGE DREDD!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WIMPS ARE CHEERING FOR. YOU'RE DOIN' **TIME** TOO!

NOT ALL STORIES HAVE A MORAL.

MOVE!

THIS HAS BEEN ONE OF THEM.

YOU ARE JUDGE DREDD
SPOT THE PERP!
ANSWERS

Left Hand Page

1. Stookie glander. 2. Sniper. 3. Bat-glider flying too low. 4. Illegal mutant. 5. Pickpocket. 6. Mugger. 7. Comic Dealer. 8. Noise pollution and wearing a banned T-shirt. 9. Purchasing banned comics. 10. Judge impersonator riding a bike which contravenes pollution laws. 11. Illegal mutant. 12. Tap gang working walkway. 13. Citizen making an illegal citizen's arrest. 14. Litterbug. 15. Aiding and abetting a litterbug. 16. Umpty pusher.

Right Hand Page

17. Boinger. 18. Biter (eyeing up fatty). 19. Fatty consuming food in a manner liable to offend. 20. Graffiti artist. 21. Umpty buyer. 22. Guard-O-Ped. 23. Suspicious behaviour (why does the man need a guard?). 24. Owning an illegal weapon. 25. Carrying a banned substance (sugar). 26. Denizen of undercity (illegal entry).

IT ALWAYS STARTS THE SAME WAY...
I'M IN A HALL OF MIRRORS... RUNNING... TRYING TO GET AWAY –
–FROM SOMETHING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT.
THE PASSAGES SEEM ENDLESS...
I CAN TASTE THE TERROR IN MY MOUTH... I CAN SMELL MY OWN FEAR...
DEATH IS BEHIND ME – I HEAR HIS HEAVY TREAD...
CLOSER...
CLOSER!
SPACK!

CRASHHH
I TURN, BUT HE'S ALL AROUND ME. THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
BDAM!
BDAM!
BDAM!
AAAAAAAAGH!
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART B KITSON
LETTERING T FRAME

I WAKE UP SCREAMING. ALWAYS SCREAMING.

AND YOU SAY YOU'VE HAD THIS DREAM EVERY NIGHT FOR THE PAST MONTH?

IT'S NOT A DREAM, DOCTOR, IT'S A **NIGHTMARE!**

IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! IT'S GOT SO THAT I'M AFRAID TO GO TO SLEEP!

I CAN GIVE YOU SOME PILLS FOR NOW, ROZ, BUT WHAT WE'RE REALLY LOOKING FOR IS A **CURE.**

CAN YOU THINK OF ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BE CAUSING THIS SUB-CONSCIOUS FEAR OF JUDGE DREDD?

YES! HE HATES ME!

WHY DOES HE HATE YOU, ROZ?

I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING!

OH, COME. EVERY-ONE BREAKS THE LAW IN SOME WAY.

KRASH!

DAMN RIGHT THEY DO!

ROZMARY HOLDER, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU CAN'T COME BARGING IN HERE LIKE THIS!

WHAK!

I MAKE THE RULES IN THIS CITY, CREEP!

UNNNH!

TAKE HIM AWAY! MOUTHING OFF - THREE YEARS!

WH-WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

WIRING YOU UP. JUST ROUTINE.

ROZMARY HOLDER, HUH? NAMED YOU WELL, DIDN'T THEY? YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON US, AREN'T YOU?
N-NO. I'M NOT...
SHE'S LYIN', DREDD.
EVERYBODY'S GOT SOME GUILTY LITTLE SECRET. WHAT IS IT, ROZ - LITTERING, MAYBE?
USING A LITTLE SUGAR?
LIE OR TWO ON YOUR WELFARE CLAIM?
NO, YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG! I WOULDN'T DO THESE THINGS!
ASK HER ABOUT THE JAM, DREDD.
THE STROBERRY JAM.
ALL RED AND YUCKY!
WHAT ABOUT IT, ROZ?
DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT DROP A PLASTIPAK OF STROBERRY JAM ON THE MEZZANINE FLOOR OF THE JAMES KIELER BLOCK THREE YEARS AGO?
AND DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT FAIL TO NOTIFY THE FLOOR SUPERINTENDENT AND DID THAT JAM NOT LIE THERE FOR TWO ENTIRE DAYS, CAUSING NUISANCE AND POTENTIAL HAZARD?
YES - NO! I MEAN -
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ROZ. TAKE YOUR TIME. WE'VE GOT ALL DAY.
TITUS - SEE IF YOU CAN JOG HER MEMORY.

VZZZZZZ

AAIEEEAAA

HHHH

ROZ! HONEY! SNAP OUT OF IT!

OH, MARV!

THAT NIGHTMARE AGAIN?

YES! JUST THE SAME AS ALWAYS. I'M IN THE SHRINK'S AND...

THERE THERE! IT'S OVER NOW.

YOU MUSTN'T TORTURE YOURSELF LIKE THIS. THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO FIND OUT.

BUT WHAT IF THEY -

THEY WON'T! IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS, ROZ. ANYWAY, IT WAS JUST A STUPID PAK OF STROBERRY JAM, FOR PETE'S SAKE!

A PAK OF STROBERRY JAM THAT YOU LEFT LYING ON THE MEZZANINE FLOOR! JAM THAT YOU COULD HAVE CLEANED UP – BUT **NO!** YOU TOOK THE EASY WAY – **YOU CHOSE TO BREAK THE LAW!**

CONTAINS NO NON-ARTIFICIAL STRAWBERRIES

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

PATIENT **ROZ HOLDING**... SCREAMS A LOT... WHIMPERS... OTHERWISE TOTAL WITHDRAWAL. SHE SEEMS TO BE TRAPPED IN SOME SORT OF **NIGHTMARE LOOP.**

PSYCHO-SCANS HAVE NARROWED THE PROBLEM DOWN TO A DEEP-ROOTED GUILT COMPLEX INVOLVING – AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL – **YOU** AND A PAK OF **STROBERRY JAM.**

SHE'S JUST A TYPICAL CASE. WE HAVE SEVERAL HUNDRED OF THEM HERE.

SOME MINOR MISDEMEANOR – IT CAN BE AS TRIVIAL AS A SIMPLE LITTERING OFFENCE – BECOMES MAGNIFIED OUT OF ALL PROPORTIONS.

AFRAID TO CONFESS TO THE LAW. AFRAID NOT TO. ALWAYS THE SPECTRE OF **RETRIBUTION** LOOMING OVER THEM. EVENTUALLY THE GUILT AND FEAR OVERWHELMS THEM – THEY LAPSE INTO A FULL-BLOWN **PSYCHOSIS.**

WE CALL IT **THE DREDD SYNDROME.**

YOU'RE SAYING **I'M** THE CAUSE OF THIS?

NOT YOU SPECIFICALLY. BUT WITH YOUR REPUTATION AS THE CITY'S MOST FEARED LAWMAN, IT'S NATURAL THAT YOU SHOULD BECOME THE **SYMBOL** OF THE LAW IN ALL ITS HARSHNESS.

TO THESE POOR TWISTED MINDS, YOU **ARE** THE **FACE OF TERROR.**

WE CAN DO LITTLE FOR THEM, I'M AFRAID. THE ONLY REAL CURE LIES IN **PREVENTION** – CHANGE THE SYSTEM THAT DRIVES THEM INSANE...GET RID OF THE JUDGES

NO CHANCE

WITHOUT US IT'D BE THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE OUT THERE. I GUARANTEE YOU, WITHIN 24 HOURS THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY INSTITUTIONS LIKE THIS TO **PUT** THE LOONIES IN.

NO, IF A FEW THOUSAND SCREWBALLS IS THE PRICE WE'VE GOT TO PAY FOR LAW AND ORDER, I'M FOR IT.

'SCUSE ME, DOC.

AAAAAAAAAA

JUDGE DREDD PSYCHO UNIT

BUT HOW DO WE KNOW? ONLY BECAUSE **YOU** SAY SO. IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE **TRIED** ANY OTHER WAY.

THAT'S DANGEROUS TALK, DOC.

KEEP AT IT AND YOU'RE LIABLE TO END UP AS ONE OF YOUR OWN PATIENTS.

NEXT PROG:
PERP AID!

JUDGE DREDD

THE URGE

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART PSMITH.
LETTERING T FRAME

LESS THAN AN HOUR AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM **ISO-BLOCK 8**, THE **URGE** HITS **SKID MULLARD** LIKE A PHYSICAL BLOW.

IT IS THE SHOP DISPLAY THAT SETS IT OFF. STANDING THERE, SO PRECARIOUS... SO INVITING.

ONE PUSH – ONE LITTLE PUSH – AND A THOUSAND CANS OF MUNCE PASTE COME CRASHING DOWN.

GREAT MUNCE EVENT!

HE CAN FEEL HIS FOOT SNEAKING OUT TOWARDS IT. GO ON! NO ONE WILL KNOW...

NO! I MUSTN'T!

BUT IT'S ALL AROUND HIM. THAT **WALL**, NEWLY PAINTED, PRISTINE WHITE –

NO SCRAWLING

– WITH ITS "NO SCRAWLING" SIGN, JUST **CRYING OUT** TO BE DEFACED.

THAT **WINDOW**, SO LARGE – SO BRAZEN. A **BRICK** WOULD SUIT IT DOWN TO THE GROUND!

A-GO-GO!

AND THAT **PHONE**! OH, MERCY, HE COULD ALMOST HEAR IT BECKONING HIM:

"OVER HERE, SKID! VANDALISE ME! SMASH ME USELESS!"

I'M COMIN'! I'M COMIN'!

SKID MULLARD IS A **PETTY CRIME ADDICT.**

AND THEN A STRAY SHAFT OF SUN CATCHES THE **NOTICE** ON THE BOOTH WALL IN A HALO OF LIGHT –

TEMPTED TO CRIME?
STOP!
DON'T SMASH THIS PHONE
CALL
PERP-AID
597-083

I WANT A GOOD TIME? ANOTHER TRY CITY

HELLO, **PERP-AID?**

Y-YOU GOTTA **HELP** ME!

SECONDS AFTER SKID MULLARD'S CALL A **PERP-AID RECOVERY VAN** IS SPEEDING TO HIS SIDE –

WALK

RECOVERY

EMERGENCY!

SCREEEEEEEE

RECO

CY!

STAND BACK, EVERYONE!

WE HAVE A **POTENTIAL PERP SITUATION!** RESCUE MISSION IN PROGRESS!

OV

ERY

SKID MULLARD! CAN YOU HEAR ME, SKID?

PHC

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, PAL? TALK TO US!

JANIS JOPLIN FLYOVER

I JUST COME OUT OF THE **CUBES**. I THOUGHT I'D GOT OVER IT – TH-THIS **URGE** – BUT IT'S COME BACK WORSE THAN EVER!

I WANNA **COMMIT** A **CRIME**! I'VE **GOTTA** COMMIT A CRIME!

OKAY, SKID. CALM DOWN NOW, BUDDY. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS EASY. STAGE BY STAGE. FIRST, LET'S GET YOU BACK TO THE RECOVERY VAN.

PERP AID

PERP AID

THAT'S IT, SKID. YOU'RE DOING GREAT!

STAND BACK, FOLKS! THIS MAN COULD **BREAK** THE **LAW**!

THAT JUVE ON THE **SCOOBER**! HE'S TRYING TO TAUNT ME! I'M GONNA **KNOCK HIM OFF**!

NO, SKID! YOU'RE NEARLY THERE! DON'T SPOIL IT!

OKAY, FOLKS! EMERGENCY'S OVER! THANKS FOR YOUR FORBEARANCE!

REMEMBER, IF CRIME EVER TEMPTS **YOU**, DON'T GIVE IN – CALL **PERP-AID**!

SKID MULLARD IS THEN RUSHED TO ONE OF THE MANY **PERP-AID MISSIONS** DOTTED THROUGHOUT THE CITY –

EMERGENCY!

I WANNA CONFESS! I WANNA **CONFESS!**

DO IT, BROTHER!

PERP AID

PAD

MY NAME IS **SLY WILKINS.** I AM A **POTENTIAL PERP.**

THAT'S A FACT!

MERCY! MERCY!

FOR THREE WHOLE DAYS BACK IN THE SUMMER OF '98 I EARNED MY LIVING BY CRIME. I ROBBED AND I STOLE.

FOR SHAME!

YOU WAS **BAD,** BROTHER!

I BEEN OUTA THE CUBES TWO YEARS NOW, AND THOUGH I STILL GET TEMPTED TO RETURN TO MY WICKED WAYS. WITH THE HELP OF YOU **BROTHERS** AND THE **STRENGTH** THAT **PERP-AID** GIVES ME, I HAVE MANAGED TO SAY **NO** TO **CRIME!**

HANG IN THERE, BROTHER!

THANK YOU FOR THOSE FINE WORDS, BROTHER SLY.

AND NOW WE HAVE A NEW BROTHER WITH US TODAY... HE'S JUST BEEN BROUGHT IN AND HE'S GOING TO NEED ALL THE HELP AND SUPPORT WE CAN GIVE HIM.

YOU GOT IT!

TELL IT LIKE IT IS, BROTHER!

ER... MY NAME IS **SKIDWELL MULLARD** AND I... I AM A **POTENTIAL PERP.**

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!

I'M A PETTY CRIME **ADDICT**, I GUESS. I-I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I GET THIS TERRIBLE **URGE** TO BREAK THE LAW, AND THEN I'VE JUST **GOT** TO DO IT.

NOTHING BIG.

ANYTHING'LL DO, AS LONG AS IT'S **ILLEGAL**.

'FESS IT RIGHT UP, BROTHER!

I'VE BEEN IN AND OUT OF THE CUBES LIKE A YO-YO. JUDGES SAY I'M ON MY LAST WARNING – NEXT TIME I OFFEND I'LL BE **LOBOTOMISED!**

BUT I CAN'T **HELP** IT! I SEE A **JUVE** AND I WANT TO **SLAP** HIM! I SEE **WET 'CRETE**, I WANT TO **STEP** IN IT! I WANNA KICK OVER TRASH CANS, SMASH WINDOWS, KNOCK ON DOORS AND RUN AWAY –

WHY, EVEN THE SIGHT OF YOU ALL SITTING THERE MAKES ME WANT TO DO SOMETHING BAD TO **YOU!**

YEAH, WHY NOT? **SPITTING'S** ILLEGAL! I COULD **SPIT** ON YOU ALL AND NOT EVEN HAVE TO MOVE!

BE STRONG, BROTHER!

I CAN'T! THE **URGE** HAS GOT ME! I'M GONNA SPIT! I'M GONNA SPIT!

FIGHT IT! **FIGHT IT!**

I...CAN'T...!

YOU **CAN!**

I-I **DID** IT!

GLUNGG!

THAT'S RIGHT, BROTHER SKID! YOU HAVE TAKEN THE **FIRST STEP** ON THE LONG ROAD TO A CRIME-FREE LIFE!

IT'S GOING TO BE HARD - IT'S GOING TO BE PAINFUL - BUT WITH THE STRENGTH OF YOUR BROTHERS IN PERP-AID **YOU CAN SUCCEED!**

YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN MAKE IT!

I **CAN** MAKE IT!

♪ HE'S SEEN THE LIGHT! ♪
HE'S SEEN THE LIGHT!
HE'S SEEN THE LIGHT! ♪

HALLELUJAH!

SKID MULLARD LEAVES THE MEETING WITH STRENGTH RENEWED...

I CAN MAKE IT!
I CAN MAKE IT!

7TH STREET MISSION

BIBLE CONTENDERS

...LITTLE DREAMING THAT HIS NEWFOUND RESOLVE IS ABOUT TO BE PUT TO THE SEVEREST TEST OF ALL.

I CAN MAKE IT!
I CAN MAKE IT!

NEXT PROG: ON THE SKID!

HABITUAL PETTY CRIMINAL **SKID MULLARD** HAS BEEN SAVED FROM HIS WICKED WAYS BY THE INTERVENTION OF **PERP-AID**. NOW SKID LEAVES THE **PERP-AID MISSION** WITH RENEWED DETERMINATION TO GO STRAIGHT -

I CAN MAKE IT! I CAN MAKE IT!

PERP AID

BUT -

HOLD IT, YOU!

JUDGE DREDD

THE URGE PART 2.

UP AGAINST THE WALL!

I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG! WH-WHY ARE YOU PICKING ON ME?

WHY ARE YOU WALKING ALONG **TALKING** TO YOURSELF? SEEMS PRETTY **SUSPICIOUS** TO ME.

CONTROL, GOT ONE **SKID MULLARD** HERE. **RELEASE SLIP** SAYS HE GOT OUT OF **ISO-CUBE 8** THIS MORNING. WHAT'S HIS FORM?

PETTY CRIME ADDICT, DREDD. 38 CONVICTIONS, SERVED A TOTAL OF **TWELVE YEARS** ENCUBEMENT. HE'S DOWN FOR A **LOBOTOMY** NEXT OFFENCE.

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART Smith
LETTERING T FRAME

ALL RIGHT, I KNOW I'VE BEEN BAD - BUT I'M TRYING TO REFORM! I'VE JOINED **PERP-AID**. THEY'RE HELPING ME. THEY'VE GIVEN ME THE **STRENGTH** TO **FIGHT** TEMPTATION.

FAT CHANCE.

I'VE SEEN THOUSANDS LIKE YOU, MULLARD.

LOOK AT YOU! QUIVERIN' ALL OVER - JUST **ITCHIN'** TO BREAK THE LAW. IT'S EATING YOU UP INSIDE. I'D GIVE YOU 24 HOURS MAXIMUM BEFORE YOU'RE OFFENDING AGAIN.

SO WHY DON'T YOU DO YOURSELF A FAVOUR, HUH? REPORT FOR THAT LOBOTOMY **NOW**. WE'LL BURN OUT ALL THOSE NASTY LITTLE URGES IN A JIFFY. SAVE US ALL A LOT OF TIME.

NO! **NO!** I **CAN** MAKE IT!

THE INCIDENT IS OBSERVED FROM THE ***PERP-AID MISSION*** -

BROTHER SKID'S IN TROUBLE!

HE NEEDS OUR HELP!

JUDGE DREDD, WE PROTEST! THIS IS A CLEAR CASE OF **HARASSMENT!**

I'M A **JUDGE**, LOUDMOUTH. HARASSMENT'S MY JOB.

WANT SOME?

ULP!

TAP TAP!

BUT THE LAWMAN'S WORDS WEIGH HEAVY ON SKID MULLARD –

WHY AM I KIDDING MYSELF? HE'S RIGHT! I'M **NEVER** GOING TO MAKE IT! GOING STRAIGHT – BEING GOOD – IT WAS JUST AN **IMPOSSIBLE DREAM**!

*AND AS RESIGNATION SETS IN, SO **THE URGE** COMES UPON HIM...*

WELL, IF I'M GOING TO LOSE HALF MY BRAIN, MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE OTHER HALF SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!

HEY! **DREDD**!

SKID – **NO**!

DON'T DO IT!

STINKIN' FASCIST PIG!

SO THERE!

KERRASH!

BOOTER

CONTROL! BETTER GET THE **BURNERS** ON — WE GOT A **BRAIN JOB** COMIN' IN.

FOR SHAME!

PENT-UP DESIRES AT LAST GIVEN RELEASE, SKID MULLARD GOES ON A **PETTY CRIME BINGE** —

SCOOT!

BAAM!

SALE

TAKE THAT, YA DRONGS! HA HA! HA HA HA!

I'M A PETTY CRIME ADDICT AND I DON'T CARE!

KLAK!

PHO

I DON'T CARE!

MME!

TRAS

A PHONE! GOODIE!

SPROING!

HELLO ? **PERP-AID?** IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME! HA HA! I'M GONNA GET A BRAIN JOB! HA HA HA!

KERRAKK!

THIS IS YOUR FAULT, JUDGE! SKID MULLARD COULD HAVE MADE IT. YOU DROVE HIM OVER THE EDGE.

HE WAS GOING ANYWAY. I JUST HURRIED HIM ALONG A BIT.

SKID MULLARD WOULD BE WELL TREATED. WITHIN A DAY HE WOULD BE RETURNED TO THE STREETS, ALL CRIMINAL TENDENCIES PAINLESSLY BURNT OUT. A MODEL - IF SLIGHTLY LESS HUMAN - CITIZEN.

*WHEN EVEN **PERP-AID** FAILS, BE SURE OF ONE THING -*

WHAT, ME OFFEND?

*-THE **JUDGES** WON'T.*

NEXT PROG: THE FISTS OF STAN LEE!

THE FISTS OF STAN LEE.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
BARRY KITSON
LETTERING
T FRAME

FOR WEEKS A **FEUD** HAS BEEN SIMMERING IN SECTOR 159 CLUBLAND. TONIGHT IT WILL BE SETTLED...IN **BLOOD.**

THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO DIE, SWEDE!

WELL, WELL - WHAT WE GOT HERE? THE YELLOW PERIL, UH? WE'RE GONNA SEND YOU BACK TO THE FUNGS IN A **BOX**, SLANT -

TAKE HIM, BOYS!

AAGH! **UUHNN!**

URRGH!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU MUNCEHEADS? **PERFORATE HIM!**

BLAM! **BLAM!** **BLAM!**

JUDGE DREDD

AAAHH!

ANY MORE FOR ANY MORE ?

THWAK!

CRACK!

AIEEE!

KRAAK!

KRAK!

AAAAGH!

AS I SAID – THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO DIE, SWEDE.

N-NO, PLEASE! GIMME A BREAK, PAL!

WITH PLEASURE.

KRAAAK!

IT IS PURE CHANCE THAT THE KILLER IS SPOTTED LEAVING –

CLIMBER!

SWEDES

YOU! STOP OR I SHOOT!

THOKK!

THOKK!

DREDD

UUH!

BLAM! BLAM!

DREDD

AAAH!

SECTOR 154
S. MOUNSEY ST.

NINJA STAR!

CONTROL! I HAVE AN ARMED PERP – PROBABLE **MARTIAL ARTIST** – MOUNSEY STREET! LOOKED LIKE HE CAME OUT OF THE SWEDE'S CLUB – GET A UNIT TO CHECK IT OUT!

BLOOD. I HIT HIM ALL RIGHT!

DROKK-!

KHUNK!

AAAGHH!

HY-AAAA!

HYAA YOURSELF!

YOU WANT **ROUGH**, CHARLIE CHAN?

ROUGH YOU'LL **GET**!

DROKK!

UUUNGH!

GRUD!

SO MUCH FOR MEGA-CITY LAW!

TWO HOURS LATER, SECTOR HOUSE 159 –

HE'S COMING ROUND.

CHARLIE CHAN – HE GET AWAY?

NO SIGN OF HIM, DREDD. WE CHECKED THE SWEDE'S CLUB – NINE DEAD, INCLUDING THE SWEDE.

THERE'S BEEN A FEUD GOIN' ON BETWEEN SWEDE'S MOB AND **THE FUNGS.** WE PICKED UP OLD HO LO FUNG – HE CONFESSED TO HIRING AN OUTCITY ASSASSIN.

CREEP LEFT YOU HIS CARD.

HIS NAME'S **STAN LEE** – A.K.A. **DEATHFIST**. THEY RECKON HE'S THE BEST MARTIAL ARTIST EVER TO COME OUT OF THE RADLANDS OF JI.

HE **MUST** HAVE BEEN GOOD. NOT MANY MANAGE TO GIVE **YOU** A WORKING OVER!

YEAH. HE SURE DID A JOB!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR **YOUR** COMMENTS!

I ASSUME YOU GOT AN A.P.B. OUT ON HIM? LET ME KNOW WHEN HE'S FOUND. I WANT THIS CREEP –

I WANT HIM BAD!

A WEEK PASSES, AND THERE IS NO FURTHER SIGN OF THE MYSTERIOUS STAN LEE.

JUDGES HAVE MORE IMPORTANT TASKS TO CONSIDER. IT IS ASSUMED THE ASSASSIN HAS LEFT THE CITY.

THE CASE IS PUT ON ICE...

...BUT NOT CLOSED –

I GOT A FEELING I HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THAT CREEP. HE'LL BE BACK. AND WHEN HE IS...

I'LL BE WAITING!

NEXT PROG: **THE SECRET OF ATLANTIS!**

JUDGE
JUDGE DREDD
IN
ATLANTIS
PART ONE

A MILE BENEATH THE BLACK ATLANTIC, MIDWAY BETWEEN MEGA-CITY ONE AND BRIT-CIT, LIES THE MASSIVE UNDERSEA CITY OF ATLANTIS –
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART B McCARTHY
LETTERING T FRAME
McCarthy '86

THE LARGEST OF SIX SERVICE PLEXES ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL, ATLANTIS HAS BECOME A TOURIST ATTRACTION IN ITS OWN RIGHT...
DESPITE THE GREAT DEPTH AND THE HIGH DEGREE OF POLLUTION, LADIES AND GENTS, MANY MARINE LIFEFORMS - BOTH MUTATED AND NORMAL - THRIVE HERE.
FROM THE SPINY NEON TURBOT TO THE DUCK-BILLED RAKFISH...
CENTRE-DOME WE HAVE A POISONOUS SPIDER STAR.
BUT THE REAL STARS OF OUR SHOW ARE NOT HERE YET. SOME MEAT SUBSTITUTE IS NOW BEING RELEASED TO ATTRACT THEM.
CAN YOU SEE IT!
THAT GLOWING - COMING THIS WAY!
AND HERE THEY ARE!
OVER 100 FEET FROM LANTERN TIP TO TAIL - COVERED IN LIVING, GROWING CORAL.
THE CORAL RAY'S JAWS ARE CAPABLE OF BITING THROUGH TWO INCH REINFORCED STEEL.

HEY, LOOK! AMONG THE MEAT SUBSTITUTE...
IT-IT'S A HUMAN BODY!
IN THE FAST LANES AND ON THE ZOOM TUBE IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE THE 3000-MILE JOURNEY FROM BRIT-CIT TO MEGA-CITY ONE IN JUST A FEW HOURS –
GET IN LANE
ZOOM TUBE
AAAWWOOOO
THIS IS GOMERY, BRIT-CIT MOBILE! ATTENTION ANY MEGA-CITY UNIT!

WE HAVE A LANE WEAVER, LEVEL THREE! NOW HEADING INTO YOUR JURISDICTION!
MEGA-CITY ZONE
DREDD HERE, GOMERY! I SEE HIM.
HONK! HONK!
WEEOOOAAWEE
BIKE, SWITCH TO AUTOMATIC AND FOLLOW...
NOW!
WILCO!

RAP! RAP!
PULL OFF AT THE NEXT EXIT!
ATLANTIS SERVICE PLEX
LIVE
24 HOUR EATS
GABARET
FABULUST
JUDGE POST IS SECOND ON YOUR LEFT.
SKREEEEEE
THE JUDGE POST ON ATLANTIS IS JOINTLY RUN BY THE FORCES OF MEGA-CITY ONE AND BRIT-CIT –
THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS! I'M AN EXPERIENCED DRIVER! I CAN WEAVE!
NOT FOR THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS YOU CAN'T!
YOU'RE WANTED OVER AT THE SHOWDOME, DREDD. SEEMS SOME JOKER GOT HIMSELF MIXED UP IN THE CORAL RAYS' LUNCH. LONSDALE'S ALREADY THERE.

DREDD PARKS...
THE SHARK TANK
SHOWDOME
INSIDE...
AT LEAST FIFTY PEOPLE SWEAR THEY SAW HUMAN REMAINS IN ONE OF THE RAYS' JAWS. I'VE SENT OUT THE REPAIR SUB TO BRING IT IN.
GOOD.
SUB TO CONTROL! TARGET SIGHTED - RANGE 0-NINE-0!
ELECTRO-CANNON READY...
FIRE!
FFZZAP!
THAT'S THE RAY WE WANT. HOW D'YOU RECKON THE BODY GOT IN ITS LUNCH BOX?
LET'S NOT SPECULATE TILL WE KNOW FOR SURE.

I'M GOING DOWN TO THE DOCKING BAY.
YOU CAN RELEASE THESE PEOPLE, LONSDALE. BUT SEE THAT NONE OF THEM LEAVES THE SERVICE PLEX UNTIL I SAY SO.
IN THE DOCKING BAY THE GIANT FISH'S GUT IS SLICED OPEN —
GOT SOME BITE, ALL RIGHT. ANCHOR CHAIN
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, DREDD...
DEFINITELY HUMAN!
NEXT PROG:
MEAL CRIMES!

JUDGE DREDD IN ATLANTIS

PART TWO

WE'LL PHONE OUR FOLKS WHEN WE GET TO BRIT-CIT. THEN THERE'LL BE NOTHING THEY CAN DO TO STOP US!
SO YOU HAVEN'T TOLD A SOUL? VERY WISE!
SHE ALWAYS PHONED ERIC BEFORE BRINGING "GUESTS" HOME -
WHAT?
I SAID, THE JUDGES HAVE FOUND BRIAN.
B-BUT HOW?
I DON'T KNOW. THE RAYS USUALLY TAKE THE BODIES AS SOON AS I PUT THEM OUT OF THE WETLOCK. HIS MUST HAVE BEEN CAUGHT BY A FREAK CURRENT.
ANYWAY, THE AUDIENCE AT THE SHOWDOME GOT A RINGSIDE VIEW AND OLD BRIAN WAS THE MAIN COURSE.
OH MY GRUD! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
DON'T PANIC! NOBODY CAN TIE ANYTHING TO US, AUDREY. WE JUST CARRY ON AS NORMAL.
WE CAN'T!
WE'VE GOT TO! DOC DUCKWORTH'S PAYMENT'S DUE. BRIAN STILL LEFT US A THOUSAND SHORT.
HE CHECKED EVERY DETAIL WITH HER CAREFULLY. HAD SHE FOUND SOMEONE? YES, A YOUNG COUPLE. NO ONE KNEW THEY WERE HERE. THEY'D COME ON THE BUS, SO THERE WAS NO CAR TO DISPOSE OF. THAT WAS IMPORTANT.
CASH?
SHE'D SEEN HIS WALLET. IT WAS BULGING.
I'LL GET EVERYTHING READY. PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER. GET ON WITH IT.
YOU LOVEBIRDS! I'VE BEEN TELLING MY HUSBAND ALL ABOUT YOU!

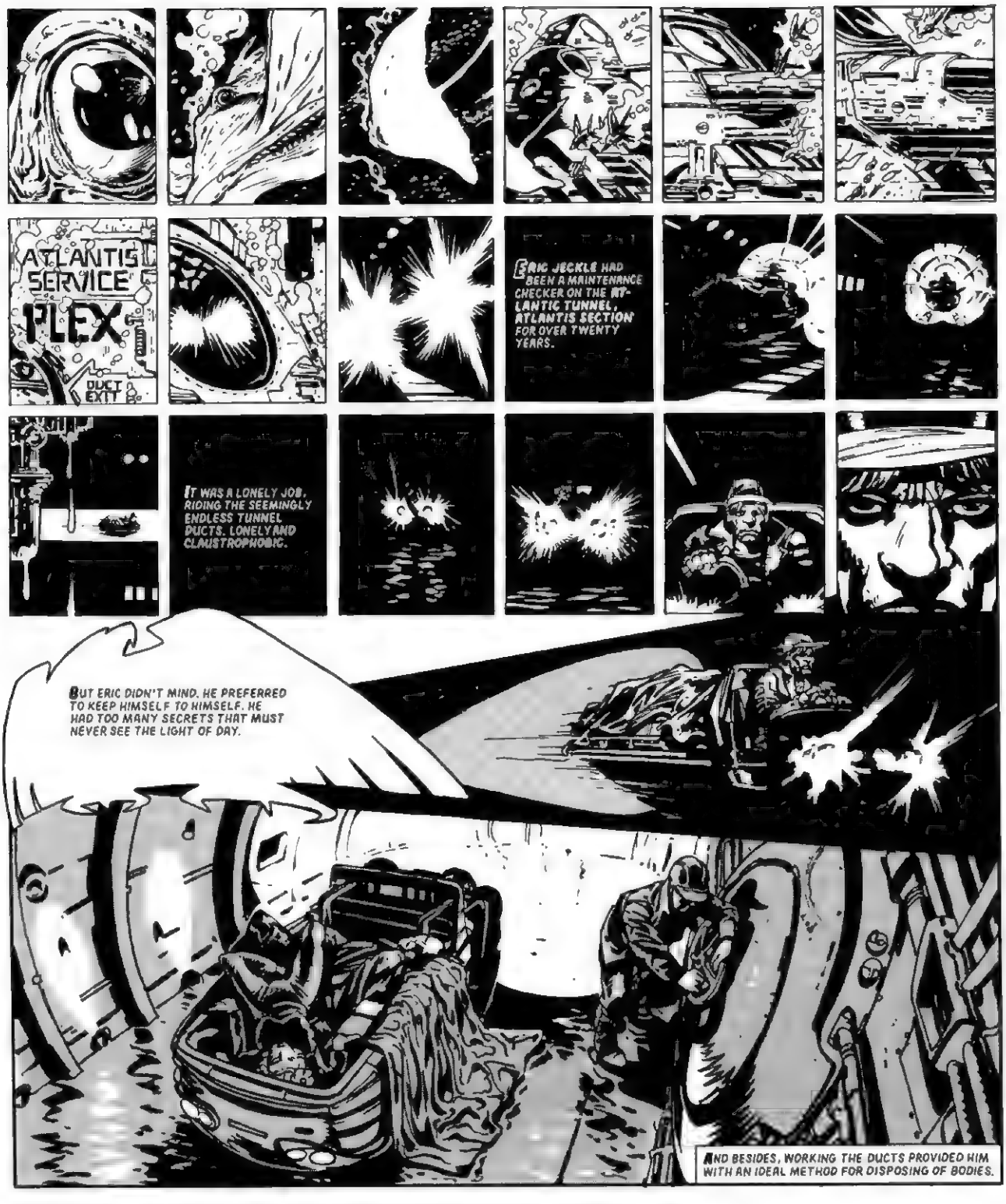
COPIES OF FINGERPRINTS TAKEN FROM THE BODY FOUND IN THE CORAL RAY'S GUT ARE FLASHED TO THE CENTRAL COMPUTERS IN BRIT-CIT AND MEGA-CITY ONE. WITHIN MINUTES THE I.D. IS MADE –
BRIAN ROWLEY, AGE 37. RESIDENT BRIT-CIT DISTRICT NW6.
REPORTED MISSING YESTERDAY. LAST SEEN BY A NEIGHBOUR LEAVING HIS APARTMENT.
AND SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO END UP AS FISH FOOD FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES AWAY...
OKAY, LET'S START INTERROGATING SHOWDOME STAFF.
COULD BE ROWLEY WAS ALREADY DEAD WHEN HE GOT HERE. THE FISH MEAT COMES PRE-PACKED FROM A BRIT-CIT SUPPLIER.
SOMETHING HERE, DREDD – AN ARTIFICIAL HIP!
ROWLEY'S?
NOT UNLESS HE HAD THREE LEGS.
SO BRIAN ROWLEY'S NOT THE FIRST BODY TO END UP ON THE MENU.
INTERESTING...

THEIR NAMES WERE JOHN AND MARY. SUCH A NICE YOUNG COUPLE. SO MUCH IN LOVE.
61
KLIKK!
IT WAS EASY TO LURE THEM BACK TO THE APARTMENT: HER SHIFT ENDED IN HALF AN HOUR – ERIC HAD A BOTTLE OF SHAMPAIGN ALL READY – THEY SIMPLY MUST COME!
AH! OUR ROMEO AND JULIET! COME IN, COME IN!
OF COURSE, LESLIE WAS IN ONE OF HIS DIFFICULT MOODS. HE WAS AT THAT AGE NOW –
NAARRH!
TH-THAT'S A CLEVER DISGUISE, YOUNG MAN
'SNOT A DISGUISE! I'M A MUTIE! ALL HAIRY AN' HORRIBLE!
LESLIE!
THOSE DRINKS ARE POISONED, YOU KNOW! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE AND MUM AND DAD'LL STEAL ALL YOUR MONEY AND FEED YOU TO THE FISH!
HA HA! WHAT AN IMAGINATION! OFF YOU GO NOW AND PLAY IN YOUR ROOM.
AW, I'LL MISS ALL THE FUN!

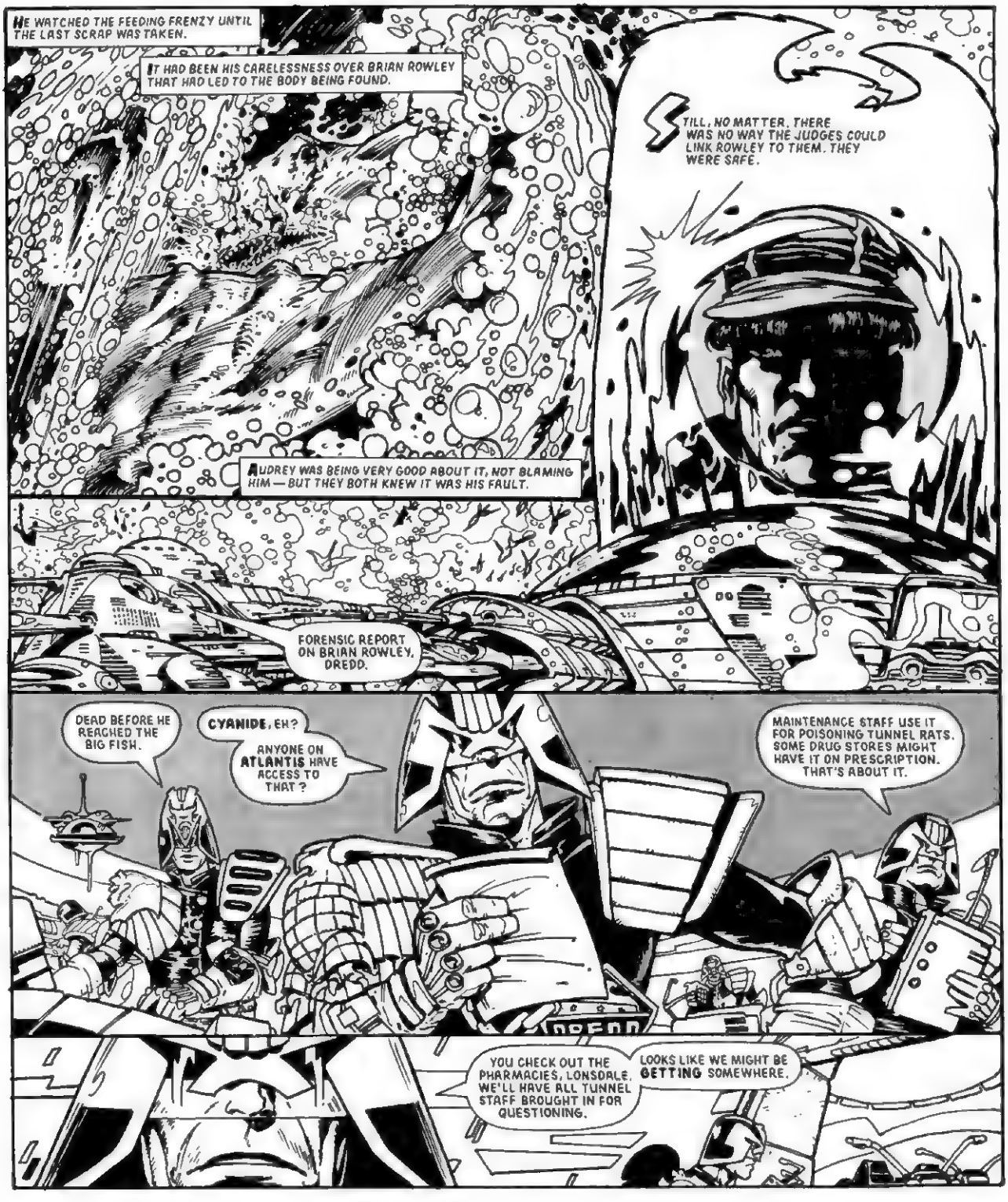
NYAH! HA HA!
TAKE NO NOTICE OF LESLIE. HE GETS...CARRIED AWAY SOMETIMES.
JUVES WILL BE JUVES!
WELL, HERE'S TO YOUNG LOVE!
UURRRH!
IT HAD DISTRESSED THEM BOTH AT FIRST, THE KILLING. SHE STILL FOUND THE ACT DISTASTEFUL... BUT AFTER 73 POISONINGS SHE HARDLY NOTICED THE DEATH AGONIES OF THEIR VICTIMS ANY MORE.

SHE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED IT, OF COURSE, IF LESLIE HADN'T BEEN THERE. IT COULDN'T BE GOOD FOR THE BOY.
BETTER GET THE TOWELS, MUM. SHE'S FROTHIN' !
ERIC WAS VERY GOOD WITH THEM. SO KIND AND PATIENT...
WHY... WHY ?
NOTHING PERSONAL, JOHN. IT'S OUR DOCTOR. HE'S BLACKMAILING US
LESLIE REALLY IS A MUTANT. YOU SEE. FOR NINE YEARS WE'VE KEPT HIM HIDDEN HERE. IF WE DON'T MAKE OUR MONTHLY PAYMENT, OLD DUCKWORTH WILL TELL THE JUDGES.
ANYWAY, SORRY IF THAT'S HURTING A BIT. ONLY POISON I COULD GET HOLD OF.
TRY TO RELAX — GO WITH IT. IT'LL BE OVER SOON.
MUST BE SIXTEEN HUNDRED CREDS CASH HERE. WAY TO PICK 'EM, HON !

DREDD'S INTERROGATION OF THE STAFF OF THE SHOWDOME REVEALS NOTHING. SIX ARRESTS ARE MADE ON MINOR CHARGES. BUT NONE OF THE STAFF CAN BE LINKED TO THE ROWLEY DEATH.
WE CHECKED OUT THE FISH MEAT SUPPLIER – NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. WE DID TURN UP SOMETHING THOUGH –
– BRIAN ROWLEY TOOK THE INTERCITY ONE-STOP FROM BRIT-CIT VICTORIA YESTERDAY MORNING. HE NEVER PASSED THROUGH CUSTOMS CHECKS ON YOUR SIDE OF THE TUNNEL.
TAK-TIK-TIKKA-TAK
TAK
THEN THE KILLING HAPPENED HERE – IN ATLANTIS.
NEXT: COME IN, ERIC JECKLE, YOUR TIME'S UP!


ATLANTIS SERVICE
PLEX
DUCT EXIT
ERIC JECKLE HAD BEEN A MAINTENANCE CHECKER ON THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL, ATLANTIS SECTION FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS.
IT WAS A LONELY JOB, RIDING THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS TUNNEL DUCTS. LONELY AND CLAUSTROPHOBIC.
BUT ERIC DIDN'T MIND. HE PREFERRED TO KEEP HIMSELF TO HIMSELF. HE HAD TOO MANY SECRETS THAT MUST NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY.
AND BESIDES, WORKING THE DUCTS PROVIDED HIM WITH AN IDEAL METHOD FOR DISPOSING OF BODIES.

JUDGE DREDD
IN
ATLANTIS
PART 3
SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
B. McCARTHY
LETTERING
MARK KING
THERE WERE TWO THIS TIME. THE MOST HE AND AUDREY HAD EVER HANDLED WAS A FAMILY OF FIVE. THE SMITHS. THEY'D BEEN ON THEIR WAY TO DO THE GRAND EURO-CIT TOUR.
FIVE PEOPLE AND THEY'D ONLY HAD SEVENTY-NINE CREDS IN CASH! WHAT A FIASCO!
HE LACERATED THE BODIES AND OPENED THE SEA DOOR JUST A CRACK THIS TIME, LETTING THE BLOOD TASTE SEEP OUT INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS. THEY COULDN'T AFFORD ANOTHER MISTAKE LIKE ROWLEY.
ONLY WHEN HE WAS SURE THE CORAL RAYS HAD CAUGHT THE SCENT DID HE FULLY OPEN THE WETLOCK—


HE WATCHED THE FEEDING FRENZY UNTIL THE LAST SCRAP WAS TAKEN.
IT HAD BEEN HIS CARELESSNESS OVER BRIAN ROWLEY THAT HAD LED TO THE BODY BEING FOUND.
STILL, NO MATTER. THERE WAS NO WAY THE JUDGES COULD LINK ROWLEY TO THEM. THEY WERE SAFE.
AUDREY WAS BEING VERY GOOD ABOUT IT, NOT BLAMING HIM — BUT THEY BOTH KNEW IT WAS HIS FAULT.
FORENSIC REPORT ON BRIAN ROWLEY, DREDD.
DEAD BEFORE HE REACHED THE BIG FISH.
CYANIDE, EH?
ANYONE ON ATLANTIS HAVE ACCESS TO THAT?
MAINTENANCE STAFF USE IT FOR POISONING TUNNEL RATS. SOME DRUG STORES MIGHT HAVE IT ON PRESCRIPTION. THAT'S ABOUT IT.
YOU CHECK OUT THE PHARMACIES, LONSDALE. WE'LL HAVE ALL TUNNEL STAFF BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING.
LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT BE GETTING SOMEWHERE.

THEY CALLED ERIC ON THE TUNNEL CIRCUIT. HE RUSHED STRAIGHT HOME —
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, AUDREY!
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STAND UP TO QUESTIONING. THE JUDGES ALWAYS GET THE TRUTH!
OH, I KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS!
WE'VE STILL GOT DUCKWORTH'S MONEY. HE CAN WHISTLE — DIRTY BLACKMAILER!
WE'LL STEAL A CAR —
NO! THAT WON'T WORK. THE JUDGES WILL BE ON TO US BEFORE WE REACH EITHER END OF THE TUNNEL!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY — THE REPAIR SUB.
STEAL THE SUB?
WE'VE NO CHOICE!
WHAT ABOUT LESLIE?
HE'LL COME TOO, OF COURSE.
WOW! YOU MEAN I'M GETTING TO LEAVE THE APARTMENT?
I MEAN HE'LL BE SEEN. HE'LL DRAW ATTENTION TO US.
HE CAN HIDE IN THE SUITCASE. I'LL CARRY HIM.
YOU'VE GOTTA BE JOKING!
YOU'VE KEPT ME LOCKED UP IN THIS ROTTEN APARTMENT FOR NINE YEARS! NOW WHEN I DO GET OUT I HAVE TO GO IN A ROTTEN SUITCASE! WELL I'M NOT DOING IT! I'M NOT!
THIS IS SERIOUS, LESLIE.
NO!
YOU WANT US TO GO TO THE CUBES, LESLIE? YOU WANT TO END UP ON YOUR OWN IN THE CURSED EARTH? MMM?
THEY DON'T ALLOW MUTANTS IN THE CITIES, YOU KNOW. YOU WANT THAT TO HAPPEN TO YOU?
N-NO...

THEN GET IN THAT CASE, HAIRBAG!
ERIC! THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU!
I...I KNOW. I'M SORRY, AUDREY. IT-IT'S THE PRESSURE.
SOB! SOB!
SORRY, SON. YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN THAT...
I LOVE YOU.
ONE OF THE TUNNEL STAFF IS STILL MISSING, DREDD. ERIC JECKLE, ONE OF THE CHECKERS.
BEEEP BEEP!
HE BEEN TOLD?
FOREMAN CALLED HIM IN HALF AN HOUR AGO.
COULD BE WE'VE FLUSHED OUT OUR KILLER.
LOOKS LIKE.
LET'S GO!
McCarthy
VROOOO.............OOOM!!

HURRY UP, ERIC!
IT'S LESLIE — HEAVIER THAN I THOUGHT! WHAT'VE YOU BEEN FEEDING THE BOY?!
LOOK OUT!
SMAK!
THIS IS STAFF ONLY, JECKLE! WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING BRINGING —
HOLY ANNA! THE KID —HE'S A MUTIE!
HE'S MY KID! AND WE'RE TAKING THE SUB! AND ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP US IS DEAD!
NEXT: FLIGHT FROM ATLANTIS!

JUDGE DREDD IN ATLANTIS

FINAL PART

PRESSURE EQUALISED. OPEN DOCK GATES.
WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO WITH **HIM**, DAD? **KILL** HIM?
NO. THERE'S NO NEED FOR KILLING ANYMORE, LESLIE. WE'RE **FREE** NOW.
WE'LL START AGAIN. WE'LL FIND A NEW PLACE TO LIVE. A PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE TOGETHER AS A FAMILY – WHERE MUTANTS AND NORMS LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE AND HARMONY.
SOUNDS MARVELLOUS, ERIC! WHERE IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT WE'LL FIND IT.

WE'RE TOO LATE!
WE HAD TO LET THEM GO – THEY TOOK COMMANDER GILL!
ERIC JECKLE!
THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! I'M ORDERING YOU TO RETURN TO ATLANTIS IMMEDIATELY AND GIVE YOURSELVES UP.
THERE IS NO PLACE YOU CAN HIDE. WHEREVER YOU GO, WE'LL TRACK YOU. WHEN YOU SURFACE, YOU WILL BE PICKED UP!
I REPEAT – THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
HE'S RIGHT – WE'RE FINISHED!
OH, ERIC, THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
MY FAULT?
YES! IF YOU'D BEEN MORE CAREFUL ABOUT DISPOSING OF BRIAN–
OH, BRIAN, IS IT? I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BRING THAT UP!

ONE MISTAKE IN NINE YEARS – AND ANYWAY, WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT ABOUT YOUR MISTAKES?
ME?
YES! THE SMITHS, FOR INSTANCE! FIVE PEOPLE WE POISONED, AND FOR WHAT? SEVENTY-NINE LOUSY CREDS!
DAD! DAD!
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, LESLIE! YOU'RE NOT ENTIRELY BLAMELESS!
NO, DAD! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
OH MY –
CRUNCH!

THE INRUSH OF WATER UNDER IMMENSE PRESSURE INSTANTLY CRUSHES THE LIFE OUT OF THE JECKLES –
BLOOD SEEPS INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS –
– ATTRACTING THE CORAL RAYS.
POOR DEVILS!
IT'S THEIR HOSTAGE I'D WORRY ABOUT.
FOR LITTLE LESLIE, ON HIS FIRST TRIP OUT INTO THE WILD WORLD, THERE IS SADLY NO HAPPY ENDING.
BY THE SOUND OF IT THEY WERE DOING A ROARING TRADE IN STIFFS. LET'S CHECK OUT THEIR APARTMENT.

AUDREY JECKLE'S DIARY REVEALS THE FULL EXTENT OF THE COUPLE'S ACTIVITIES. SEVENTY-FIVE POISONINGS OVER NINE YEARS – THE LAST TWO ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE...
SHE'D PICK UP THE VICTIMS AT HER WORK. HE'D DISPOSE OF THEM IN ONE OF THE DUCT WETLOCKS. THE PERFECT ARRANGEMENT.
I MAKE IT ALMOST 300,000 CREDS PASSED THROUGH THEIR HANDS – ALL TO PAY THIS DOC DUCKWORTH'S BLACKMAIL DEMANDS. AMAZING!
WHAT'S AMAZING IS SHE WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO KEEP A RECORD OF IT.
SNIFF SNIFF
-McCURDY 86-
LONSDALE – GET DOWN TO THE CLINIC, PICK UP ONE DOCTOR FRANKLIN DUCKWORTH.
CHARGES?
BLACKMAIL, ACCESSORY TO SEVENTY-FIVE COUNTS OF MURDER.
AND ALL FOR THE LOVE OF WOLFBOY, HERE.
YEAH, LOVE...
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST IT.
The End.

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART ROBINSON
LETTERING RICH

HEAVY TENSION IN OLD TOWN TONIGHT. THE JUDGES ARE OUT IN FORCE.

OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS TENSION IN OLD TOWN, BUT TONIGHT YOU COULD CUT IT WITH A KNIFE. AND ALL WEEK THERE'S BEEN A BUZZ ON THE STREETS...

"SATURDAY"...
"CRIPPEN AND TURK"...
"SATURDAY"...

THE FIGHT IS TONIGHT, ALL RIGHT. QUESTION IS — WHERE?

THEY MEET IN A RUSTING CHILDREN'S PLAYPIT, WHERE THE STEPPED SLAB FORMS A NATURAL ARENA AND THE WALLS OF THE TWIN TOWERS SHIELD THEM FROM UNWELCOME EYES...

ANDREW RIDGELEY BLOCH

TWO STRONG MEN SO EVENLY MATCHED THAT ONLY A FOOL WOULD TRY TO PREDICT THE OUTCOME.

ONE CALLED CRIPPEN. THE OTHER, TURK.

ONE FROM RIDGELEY. ONE FROM MICHAEL.

THEY FACE EACH OTHER, KEYED-UP, NERVOUS — BUT NOT AFRAID. TWO MEN CONFIDENT OF THEIR OWN POWER.

EXCITEMENT CRACKLES THROUGH THE GATHERING CROWD LIKE ELECTRICITY.

THEN THE FIRST BLOW IS STRUCK!

HIGH ABOVE OLD TOWN, A JUSTICE DEPT H-WAGON MONITORS —

WE'VE GOT A PATTERN DEVELOPING.

TWO HUNDRED PLUS INDIVIDUALS GATHERED OR CONVERGING ON GRID REF 413/890.

DREDD HERE. WE'LL CHECK IT.

MURGY! QUICK! IT'S THEM! CRIPPEN AND TURK – IT'S STARTED!

WORD SPREADS THROUGH THE TWIN TOWERS —

CRIPPEN FOR RIDGELEY!

TURK! TURK! TURK!

TURK'S DOWN!

FINISH HIM, CRIP!

IN WITH THE BOOT!

KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

CRIPPEN OF RIDGELEY IGNORES THE HOWLING MOB. THIS COMBAT IS NONE OF HIS CHOOSING. IF HE MUST FIGHT, THEN HE'LL DO IT FAIRLY.

SOMEHOW, HE SENSES THE SAME OF TURK.

NO WEAPONS, NO TRICKS.

JUST MAN AGAINST MAN.

AT LEAST THAT WAY THIS SAVAGE **BLOCKRITE** CAN RETAIN... A KIND OF HONOUR.

THAT'S IT!

HOLD UP, ROMERO.

DREDD TO CONTROL! BLOCK FIGHT IS ON, ABANDONED PLAYPIT OFF WHAM PASSAGE.

SURROUND WHOLE AREA, BUT INSTRUCT UNITS TO MAINTAIN DISTANCE. AWAIT MY CALL.

YOU'RE LETTING THEM FIGHT ON?

ATTABOY, TURKY!

DUMB CRIP! SHOULDA STOMPED THAT PRETTY BOY WHEN YOU HADDA CHANCE!

GET UP, CRIP!

I CAN'T WATCH!

CRIPPEN FOR RIDGELEY

THERE HAD BEEN A LOT OF BAD FEELING BETWEEN **RIDGELEY** AND **MICHAEL**, THE TWIN BLOCKS WHICH ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS. IT HAD TO BE SETTLED.

GRUD KNOWS WHAT FACELESS BLOCK COMMITTEE HAD CHOSEN THIS METHOD, OR WHY IT SHOULD BE CRIPPEN AND TURK. THEIR REPUTATIONS AS FIGHTERS? MEN WHO KNEW HOW TO STAND UP FOR THEMSELVES?

BUT SOON EVERY RESIDENT OF THE TWIN TOWERS KNEW. IT HAD BECOME A MATTER OF BLOCK HONOUR. THERE WAS NO BACKING OUT.

CRIPPEN'S GOT GUTS!

TURK'LL TAKE HIM!

AND SO THEY FIGHT, WITH THE WEIGHT OF THEIR BLOCKS RESTING ON THEIR SHOULDERS. MEN OF HONOUR...

STRANGE HOW TWO SUCH AS THEY SHOULD HAVE COME TOGETHER AMIDST THIS SEA OF SAVAGERY.

BUT IN THE END, EVEN AMONG MEN OF HONOUR, THERE MUST BE A VICTOR.

OUT COLD.

FOR BOTH WINNERS AND LOSERS THERE IS A SUDDEN, PALPABLE RELEASE OF TENSION.

CRIPPEN FOR RIDGELEY!

OH! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LOOK A RIDGELEY IN THE EYE AGAIN!

AT LEAST IT'S OVER, MURGY!

DREDD HERE! YOU'RE CLEAR TO MOVE IN. ARREST THEM ALL!

JUDGES!

SCATTER!

BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE.

DREDD

YOU OKAY, TURK?

YEAH... RECKON.

TURK WILLIAMSON – ANTHONY JEDRICK CRIPPEN – I'M SENTENCING YOU TO 18 MONTHS APIECE.

TAKE 'EM AWAY.

WHY DID YOU LET THEM GO ON, DREDD?

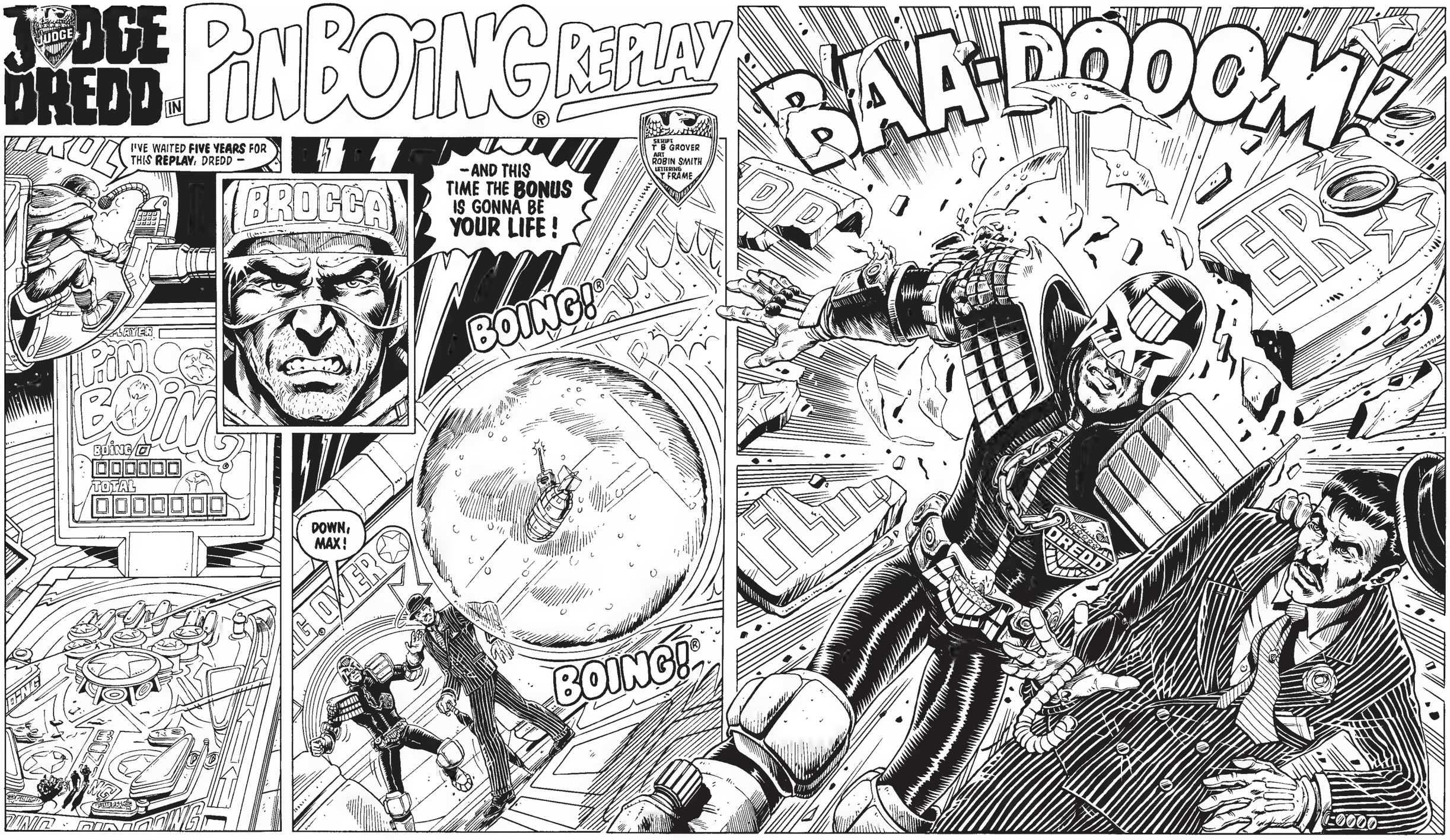
BECAUSE IF I'D STOPPED THEM, THE POT WOULD HAVE GONE ON BOILING. THIS WAY THE MATTER'S SETTLED. THERE'LL BE NO MORE TROUBLE BETWEEN GEORGE MICHAEL AND ANDY RIDGELEY – NOT FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST.

DREDD

BESIDES, YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO ENJOY A GOOD FIGHT.

ROMERO

NEXT PROG: PINBOING!®


JUDGE DREDD IN PINBOING® REPLAY
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME
I'VE WAITED FIVE YEARS FOR THIS REPLAY, DREDD –
BROCCA
– AND THIS TIME THE BONUS IS GONNA BE YOUR LIFE!
BOING!®
PLAYER
PIN BOING
BOING
TOTAL
DOWN, MAX!
BOING!®
BAA-DOOOM!
DREDD

HALF AN HOUR EARLIER –
HEY, J.D.! HEY, JOE-BABY! IT'S ME – THE MAIN MAN FROM MEMORY LAND!
MAX? MAX NORMAL? I THOUGHT YOU'D RETIRED.
MAX NORMAL, DREDD'S ONETIME TOP INFORMER –
YEAH, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY – YOU CAN'T KEEP A SHARP NARK IN THE DARK! CAN YOU DIG IT?
LEND A LOBE – I GOT SOME HOT GUFF ON SOME REAL BAD STUFF!
MEET ME A.S.A.P. AT THE BOINGARAMA®!
I'LL BE THERE!
JOE-BABY? EVEN A SMARTMOUTH LIKE MAX KNOWS BETTER THAN TO CALL ME THAT!
IT'S A SIGNAL. SOMETHING'S WRONG!
CONTROL. JUST GOT A CALL TO THE BOINGARAMA® – SUSPECT IT'S A TRAP. REQUEST BACK-UP.
BIG JUVE CONFRONT UP WEST SECTOR. COULD BE 30 MINUTES.
BOINGARAMA®
BOUNCING BOB BINGLEY BOINGS!
CLOSED
THIS WEEKEND MASS BOING-IN
NG®
BALLY ALLEY
TOO LONG. I'LL HANDLE IT.
DOOR'S OPEN!

SINCE THE INVENTION OF **BOING®**, THE MIRACLE PLASTIC, **PINBOING®** HAD BECOME THE CITY'S FAVOURITE SPECTATOR SPORT –

THE ENTRY GULLEY, NOW DEAD AND LIFELESS. DURING A GAME HUMAN PINBALLS SHOOT UP HERE AT 300 KPH!

MAX! **MAX NORMAL!**

THERE!

BUT BEFORE DREDD CAN REACH THE PINSTRIPE FREAK –

WELCOME, DREDD!

FIRE ONE, POOCHY!

SPROINGG!

RECOGNISE MY VOICE, LAWRAT? NO – I BET YOU DON'T, NEITHER!

THE NAME'S **BROCCA.** YOU SENT ME AN' **POOCH RAYMER** TO THE CUBES FIVE YEARS AGO – AN' NOW YOU'RE GONNA **PAY** FOR IT!

BROCCA AND RAYMER! I CORNERED THEM HERE IN THE BOINGARAMA® – NOW THEY WANT A REPLAY!
BOING!®
I TRIED TO WARN YOU, J.D.
I KNOW!
BOING!®
ARMED
DETONATE!
BAA-DOOM!
YOU OKAY, MAX?
HOLY SMOKE! MY ARM – IT'S BROKE!
TAKE COVER BEHIND THE AUTO-FLIP!
HERE COMES NUMBER TWO, DREDD!
SPROINGG!

I'LL GIVE YOU EXPLOSIONS, CREEPS—

BAADOOM!

CONTROL

HE'S UP IN THE CONTROL DOME—

BIKE CANNON—MAXIMUM ELEVATION!

AAAGHH!

CREM! HE'S COMIN' FOR ME!

SPROINGG!

709

TOO CLOSE TO SHOOT – GOTTA USE THE BIKE!
SCREEEE
OZ-OB
AAAHH!
BOING!®
DREDD CALLS A MED-SQUAD –
TOO LATE FOR THESE TWO!
DANGEROUS STUFF, BOING®!
DREDD
APOLOGIES FOR ACTING AS BAIT, J.D. – BUT THE GOONS WITH THE GUNS DIDN'T LEAVE ME MUCH OPTION!
THIS MEAN YOU WON'T BE COMING BACK FULL-TIME?
NO WAY! YOU DO YOUR THING – BUT FOR MAXIE, ONE REPLAY IS ENOUGH!
NEXT PROG: THE PEEPER!

WATT LE FUNG IS A PEEPER.

HYMIE GOERING BLOCK

CHARLIE SIM

FROM HIS WINDOW ON THE 48TH FLOOR OF THE **HYMIE GOERING** BLOCK HE HAS A PERFECT VIEW OF THE SOUTH FACE OF NEIGHBOURING **CHARLIE SIM.**

12 VIABLE FLOORS – 96 PEEPABLE APARTMENTS.

WATT LE FUNG KNOWS EVERY ONE OF THEM. HE KNOWS THEIR NAMES, THEIR DAILY ROUTINES, THEIR HABITS – THEIR ENDEARING LITTLE FOIBLES.

HIS 'SCOPE IS SO POWERFUL HE CAN EVEN READ THEIR MAIL.

Dear Mr and Mrs Kibble
Many thanks for your enquiry concerning a place for your mother in our luxurious forced labour camp for the over eighties. Please be patient, a vacancy will doubtless arise shortly.
Yours, Crippen (Dr.)

AND HE DOES.

NOT THAT WATT EVER DOES SO WITH MALICIOUS INTENT. HE ISN'T **THAT** KIND OF PERVERT.

HE'S WATCHED THEM FOR SO LONG NOW; HE KNOWS THEM SO WELL, HE THINKS OF THEM AS HIS **FRIENDS** – LIKE THEY'RE ALL PART OF ONE BIG FAMILY.

THERE'S BIG **ELSIE SEUSS** IN **50b.** EATING AGAIN! SHE REALLY OUGHT TO CUT DOWN – ESPECIALLY ON THE MUNCE FATS.

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART B KITSON
LETTERING T FRAME

THERE'S **PIERS PIERSON, 48d** – LEAVING FOR WORK. MUST BE 8:46. YOU CAN SET YOUR CHRONOMETER BY HIM.

THERE'S OLD **MRS KRATZ,** OFF TO THE VACUUM POT AGAIN. TUTS! TERRIBLE PROBLEMS THERE!

JUDGE DREDD

THERE ARE **THE MUNDYS, 46c,** ARGUING AS USUAL. THEY NEVER SEEM TO DO ANYTHING ELSE. **WATT** WOULD LIKE TO DO SOMETHING FOR THEM, BUT HE NEVER INTERFERES. THAT'S HIS RULE.

OH DEAR! WHAT IS THAT IN **ELRICK'S** HAND? A **HAMMER!** HE-HE-

ELRICK! STOP IT!

STOP!

MY LORD, ELRICK! WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE**?

SH-SHE'S **DEAD**!

TIBIA... OH, TIBIA!

IN HIS MANY YEARS OF PEEPING, WATTLE FUNG HAS SEEN SEVERAL DEATHS... BUT NEVER A **MURDER**. IT SHAKES HIM TO HIS VERY CORE.

TIBIA... HE HAD WATCHED HER SO OFTEN — HAD SHARED SO MANY PRECIOUS MOMENTS WITH HER... NOW SHE LIES LIFELESS ON THAT FLASHY SHAGPILE THEY'D BOUGHT AT **RUGGOLAND** ONLY LAST MONTH...

IT SEEMS ALMOST AS IF ONE OF HIS OWN CHILDREN HAS BEEN SNATCHED BRUTALLY FROM HIM.

HOW **COULD** YOU, ELRICK? YOU'RE **WICKED** — **WICKED**!

NEVER BEFORE HAS HE INFORMED ON ONE OF HIS FAMILY. IT MAKES HIM FEEL DIRTY — CHEAP.

BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE. ELRICK MUST BE PUNISHED.

JUSTICE DEPT? I...I WANT TO REPORT A MURDER!

LE FUNG

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE HAVE AN ANONYMOUS TIP-OFF —

GO TO APARTMENT **46C**, CHARLIE SIM. CALLER REPORTS HUSBAND HAS MURDERED WIFE.

JUDGES TREAT ANONYMOUS TIP-OFFS WITH SUSPICION. TOO OFTEN THEY TURN OUT TO BE HOAXES –

46

RAP RAP!

OPEN UP! THIS IS THE LAW!

RAP RAP!

NO! BUT **HOW**–?

THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR...HE'S STARTLED. IT MUST BE THE JUDGES!

HE'S GOING TO A DRAWER...WHAT'S HE DOING...?

HIS OLD RIVETTING GUN!

NO, ELRICK! PUT THAT GUN AWAY! TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT LIKE A MAN! THEY'LL KILL YOU!

THEY'LL KILL YOU!

I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE, CREEP!

46

RIVVA RIVVA RIVVA!

BADAM!
BADAAM!
UHHH!
UNNNH!
CRASHH!
HANG ON, ELRICK! **HANG ON!**
ELRICK!
AAAA

DREDD TO CONTROL – I'M AT THE MUNDY PLACE. GET FORENSIC DOWN HERE. GOT A STIFF IN THE LIVING ROOM – PROBABLE PERP SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE PLAZA.

SO THE TIP-OFF WAS RIGHT. THING IS, HOW DOES ANYONE WITNESS A MURDER 46 FLOORS UP?

UNLESS...

RECKON WE GOT A **PEEPER.**

DREDD PERSONALLY MAKES THE BUST –

AT THE LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE WATT LE FUNG UNDERGOES INTENSIVE INTERROGATION –

WHAT'S YOUR GAME, LE FUNG – **BLACKMAIL**?

OH NO! I COULD NEVER DO THAT! THEY'RE LIKE A **FAMILY** TO ME!

NO, I JUST WATCH – AND TAKE AN INTEREST IN THEM GENERALLY. IT'S MY HOBBY – MY **LIFE**.

BEEN AT IT A **WHILE** THEN?

OH, YES – NINETEEN YEARS NOW, EVER SINCE I MOVED IN.

PICKED UP A FEW JUICY SECRETS, HAVE YOU?

YES INDEED! EVERYTHING FROM FLOORS 39-50... I KNOW IT ALL!

LET'S HEAR IT THEN
OH NO – I COULDN'T! I ONLY TOLD ON ELRICK BECAUSE... BECAUSE IT WAS SUCH A WICKED THING HE DID!
ALL CRIME IS WICKED, LE FUNG. YOU'LL TALK, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
ULP!
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WATT LE FUNG DOES TALK –
CREEP'S A GOLDMINE. WE'VE GOT OVER 700 ARRESTABLE OFFENCES HERE.
WE'VE GOT YOU COLD, LE FUNG. ONE CHARGE FIRST DEGREE PEEPING – 732 CHARGES WITHHOLDING INFORMATION. LET'S BE CHARITABLE AND CALL IT FIFTEEN YEARS.
OH MY LORD!
THERE'S ONE WAY OUT.
WHAT?
FROM NOW ON, YOU PEEP FOR THE CITY.
AND SO IT IS THAT WATT LE FUNG JOINS THE SECRET ARMY OF CRIMINALS SANCTIONED BY JUSTICE DEPT TO PLY THEIR TRADE.
ONLY TROUBLE IS, THESE DAYS HIS "FAMILY" HAS AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF GETTING BUSTED.
NEXT PROG: ATTACK OF THE 50FT WOMAN!

JUDGE DREDD
My dearest Belisha,
I'm sorry. Truly I am. I didn't mean it. I just made a stupid mistake...
It was meant to be such a nice surprise for you too, a great way to start a great birthday--
BELISHA BECK? SPECIAL DELIVERY!
UNI.BIO - IT'S FROM FRANK!
HE REMEMBERED. THE DARL!
I WONDER WHAT..?
BIO LAB
CANDY!
"CONCGROHOR"- MUST BE A NEW BRAND!
MMMMMMM! IT'S DELICIOUS!
I guess it was a surprise, too, eh!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

I mean it's not every day somebody eats several dozen grammes of Concentrated Growth Hormone. In fact, to the best of my knowledge, you were the first...

I-I-I'M G-GROWING!

SMAAASH!

SWEET MOLEY!

I-IT'S BELISHA BECK FROM DOWNSTAIRS!

WHAT THE DEVIL DOES SHE THINK SHE'S PLAYING AT? CAN'T SHE COME TO THE DOOR LIKE NORMAL FOLK?

JUMPIN' JEHO!

A G-G-GIANT!

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART G LEACH
LETTERING G.LEACH

ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN!

Sure works fast, that Conc-Gro Hor, doesn't it? It must have come as a real shock to suddenly find yourself so hot high like that. Embarrassing, too, I bet!

EEEEEEEK!

GEORGE FOBBS! AVERT THOSE EYES AT **ONCE!**

PORTNOY BLOCKER

All in all, I'm not surprised you got a little hysterical--

WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO ME, FRANK? WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE?**

I'll give you a laugh, though. You know Prof Toker-he's head chemist over at Agri-Expers, the one who *would've* had got the hormones if I hadn't goosed with the labels. I imagine the look on his face when he got *your* birthday present--

?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BEAUTIFUL!

Sorry. I don't suppose it's a laughing matter is it? Not considering what's happened...

YOU WAIT, FRANK PERFLEY! I'LL **KILL** YOU FOR THIS!

HELP! JUDGE! TH-THERE'S A GIANT NAKED WOMAN AFTER US!

YOU SHOULD BE SO LUCKY--

YOU HEAR ME, FRANK? I'LL **KILL YOU!**

DROKK...

CONTROL! I WANT BACK-UP, DIANA PRINCE APPROACH! I GOT A FIFTY-FOOT **INDECENT EXPOSURE** HERE!

GET OUT OF MY WAY!

STOMP

ALL RIGHT— THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! HOLD IT!

I know it's easy to be wise with hindsight, but you really should have listened to the Judge. It would have saved us both an awful lot of bother--

HAVE IT YOUR WAY! LEG SHOT!

Still, you have my sympathy. It must have hurt, getting shot like that--

AGH!

AAAAH!

AAAGH!

I guess that's why you got so mad--

FRANK! I WANT FRANK!

YEAH? WAY YOU'RE GOIN' ON, WHAT YOU'RE GOIN' TO **GET** IS THIRTY YEARS!

UNNNGH...

FRANK!

UUH!

SMASH

WOMP!

FRANK!

MY LAWGIVER...

LEGS ARE...BUSTED! GOTTA CRAWL FOR IT--

YOU HEAR ME? I...WANT... FRANK...

FRANK... PERF-

BADDAM!

SHE'S COMIN' DOWN THIS TIME- HI-EX!

I thought that was a bit thick, using explosive on you. But I guess you don't need me to tell you that...

SPLAT!

GRUD!

I understand Dredd was trapped for several minutes before his back-up arrived--

WHAT A WAY TO GO!

HE'S STILL BREATHIN'!

CONTROL! GET AN H-WAGON AND LIFTING GEAR TO DIANA PRINCE APPROACH! MED-SQUAD ALSO REQUIRED!

ON SECOND THOUGHTS, BETTER MAKE THAT **SEVERAL** MED-SQUADS!

I explained it all to them, of course. I mean, anybody can make a mistake, especially a new trainee in a busy Despatch Department.

SEE SA

Gross culpable negligence... provoking indecent exposure, massive damage to city property, death and injury to a dozen citizens, serious assault on a Judge. Kind of hard to believe it was me responsible for all those crimes.

Guess it must have been, though. It's me that's doing the ten-stretch.

Well, Belish, I'll finish now. I... I'd like to think you still love me - that you'll maybe be waiting for me when I get out of here...

The ConcGrotlor will have worn off long since, and all this will just be a bad memory--

MEDBAY

SHE TOOK TOO MUCH, TOO FAST, DREDD. HER THYROID - HYPOTHALAMUS - HER ENTIRE ENDOCRINAL SYSTEM - THEY'RE ALL SCRAMBLED INTO MUNCE!

SHE'LL STAY THAT SIZE TILL SHE DIES.

Is it too much to ask? Will you wait? Yours in hope Frank XXX

MOTOR BIKE 5%

UNIT 10A INFLATACAST

INFLATACAST

BEATS ME WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO WITH HER.

PATCH HER UP - GET HER CLOTHES THAT FIT - AND OPEN THE **WEST GATE**!

THIS CITY'S NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US!

P.S. Happy Birthday.

END

JUDGE DREDD

IT HAD BEEN THREE YEARS NOW AND **ROALD JARRICK** HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN...

THE FEAR...THE CONSTANT NIGGLING SUSPICION THAT SOMEONE **KNEW** – THAT HE'D MADE A MISTAKE – THAT SOMEHOW, SOMETHING WOULD GIVE HIM AWAY...

SAVE THE SNAIL!

BUT THREE YEARS WAS A LONG TIME AND HE'D GOT AWAY WITH IT SO FAR. WHY SHOULD ANYONE EVER FIND OUT WHAT HE'D DONE?

DONNY...?

DONNY! IT'S YOU!

LET ME GO, WOMAN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

YOUR VOICE – IT-IT **IS** YOU!

DONNY! COME BACK!

DONNY!

STOP HIM! STOP THAT MAN!

THAT'S MY SON!

YOU'RE **SURE** THIS MAN WAS YOUR SON, MRS MOOMIN?

OF COURSE I AM! YOU THINK A MOTHER DOESN'T KNOW HER OWN BOY?

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HIM?

THREE YEARS AGO... DONNY WENT ON A CLUB **18-20** ADVENTURE HOLIDAY TO THE **CURSED EARTH.**

THEY SAID IT WOULD BE SAFE... THE GUIDES WERE EXPERIENCED... THE BUS WAS ARMED...

DONNY NEVER CAME BACK.

CLUB 18-20 LOST AN ADVENTURE PARTY BACK IN '05. THEY CUT THE TOUR FROM THEIR LISTS AFTER THAT.

DID YOU REPORT YOUR SON MISSING AT THE TIME?

YES... THE JUDGE SAID THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE. CITIZENS VENTURED INTO THE CURSED EARTH AT THEIR OWN RISK.

I...I ACCEPTED THAT HE WAS DEAD... UNTIL TODAY. I **SAW** HIM, JUDGE DREDD! MY OWN SON – AND HE DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNISE ME!

NO... NOW THAT I THINK, HE MUST HAVE RECOGNISED SOMETHING... HE-HE LOOKED **FRIGHTENED.**

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS... AT LEAST **SHE** BELIEVES IT.

SHE COULD BE A **LOON** – OR THE GUY SHE SAW COULD BE A DEAD RINGER. IT HAPPENS.

SCRIPT
WAGNER/GRANT
ART
BARRY KITSON
LETTERING
T FRAME

I KNOW. BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING ABOUT THIS ONE.

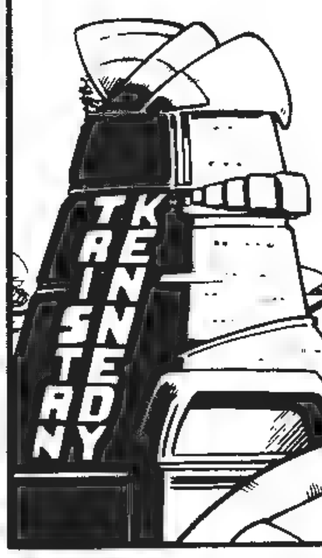
YOU SAID THIS MAN – YOUR SON – WAS CARRYING GROCERIES?

TWO BIG BROWNBAGS. THEY LOOKED VERY HEAVY – BUT THEN DONNY ALWAYS WAS A STRONG BOY.

IF HE WAS WALKING, THAT SUGGESTS HE COULD BE LOCAL. RUN A COMPU-PRINT FROM RECORDS – LET'S START ASKING AROUND.

WORTH SEEING IF WE CAN FIND THIS SUPPOSED DONNY MOOMIN.

ONCE THERE HAD BEEN TWO MEN, **KARLOF SCHULER** AND **DONNY MOOMIN**.



AS MEN, THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE DISSIMILAR. KARLOF SCHULER WAS OLD, **126** TO BE EXACT.

HE HAD BEEN BORN IN 1979, CELEBRATED HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY AT THE DAWN OF THE 21ST CENTURY, BUILT UP A SUBSTANTIAL FORTUNE FROM SHADY MUNITIONS DEALS DURING THE GREAT ATOM WARS AND – THANKS TO A MIXTURE OF AVARICE AND GUILE – MANAGED TO KEEP IT EVEN THROUGH THE DREADFUL **APOCALYPSE** THAT FOLLOWED.

BUT EVEN THE BEST MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY MONEY COULD BUY – AND FREQUENT, ILLICIT RECOURSE TO THE GLAND OF THE STOOKIE – COULD NOT FOREVER HALT THE ONSLAUGHT OF TIME. MEDICS GAVE HIM THREE MONTHS AT THE OUTSIDE.

A WHOLE BODY TRANSPLANT WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM, BUT GOOD, FUNCTIONING CADAVERS WERE UNDERSTANDABLY IN SHORT SUPPLY AND STRICTLY ALLOCATED BY THE JUDGES ON THE BASIS OF PUBLIC USEFULNESS.

AS KARLOF SCHULER HAD NEVER BEEN OF USE TO ANYONE BUT HIMSELF, THAT KIND OF LET HIM OUT. AND THE THOUGHT OF A ROBOT FRAME WAS REPUGNANT TO HIM.

SO IN 2105 SCHULER SET HIS AFFAIRS IN ORDER, LIQUIDISED HIS ASSETS AND ANNOUNCED TO THE CITY THAT HE WAS GOING OFF TO FIND HIS LAST RESTING PLACE.

HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN – AND FRANKLY, NOBODY MISSED HIM.

DONNY MOOMIN WAS A DIFFERENT KETTLE OF FISH.

IN 2105 HE HAD BEEN 19. STRONG, YOUNG, FIT; A CHEERFUL, OUTGOING LAD.

TRAINEE

IN THE SUMMER OF THAT YEAR DONNY HAD INVESTED HIS ENTIRE SAVINGS IN THE HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME —

CLUB 18-20 ADVENTURE

FLOOT

RADLAND EXPRESS

JAUNT TO FLAUNT

FUN OR BUST

YOU REALISE ONCE THROUGH THESE GATES YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

WHATEVER HAPPENS TO YOU OUT THERE, WE CANNOT HELP YOU!

DON'T WORRY! WE'RE ARMED TO THE TEETH, JUDGE.

WE'RE GOING DINOSAUR HUNTING!

AND THAT WAS THE LAST ANYONE IN THE CITY EVER SAW OF DONNY MOOMIN.

SOME 250 KILOMETRES INTO THE CURSED EARTH KARLOF SCHULER'S SHIP MET DONNY MOOMIN'S HOLIDAY PARTY —

THE FIRST SHOT TOOK OUT THE ENTIRE FRONT SECTION AND EFFECTIVELY ENDED ANY RESISTANCE THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

SEVERAL SURVIVORS, MR SCHULER.

UNDAMAGED — HE MUST BE UNDAMAGED!

DONNY MOOMIN WAS CHOSEN —

HE HAS SLIGHT CONCUSSION — OTHERWISE IN PERFECT HEALTH.

VERY WELL. TAKE HIM ABOARD. SEE THE OTHERS ARE SILENCED.

ABOARD SHIP, NINE DAYS LATER, KARLOF SCHULER AND DONNY MOOMIN BECAME ONE.

IF SCHULER FELT ANY GUILT, IT WAS NEGLIGIBLE. NO, IF ANYONE WAS TO BLAME, IT WAS THE JUDGES. **THEY'D** REFUSED HIM THE TRANSPLANT.

HE WAS RICH. HE HAD A **RIGHT** TO LIVE.

HE'D HAD A NEW IDENTITY PREPARED, AN APARTMENT WAITING AND MORE THAN AMPLE FUNDS SALTED AWAY. WITH FINGERPRINTS AND DENTITION SURGICALLY ALTERED, HE WAS READY TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE.

KARLOF SCHULER AND DONNY MOOMIN WERE DEAD. **ROALD JARRICK** WAS BORN.

NOT THAT ROALD DIDN'T HAVE CONTINGENCY PLANS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY – ANOTHER BOLTHOLE, A NEW IDENTITY...

GOING SOMEWHERE, CITIZEN?

FOOLISH.

KRAK!

THE MARK OF THE SURGEON'S SAW WAS THE GIVEAWAY —

BODYSNATCHER.

ROALD JARRICK EASILY CRACKED UNDER INTERROGATION —

THE BODY BELONGS TO YOUR SON, MRS MOOMIN... BUT I'M AFRAID THE BRAIN BELONGS TO ONE KARLOF SCHULER.

OH, THE MONSTER! THE EVIL MONSTER!

I'M SENTENCING YOU TO **LIFE**, SCHULER, WITH AN INSTRUCTION THAT YOU **NEVER** BE RELEASED.

ONE OTHER THING...

TECHNICALLY YOU'RE IN POSSESSION OF STOLEN PROPERTY. IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE THAT IT'S RETURNED TO THE VICTIM'S MOTHER FOR DECENT DISPOSAL.

KARLOF SCHULER IS NOW IN ISO-BLOCK 60. THE INSTRUMENTS SHOW HE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT WHAT HE'S THINKING NO ONE KNOWS.

PROBABLY, IF ANY VESTIGE OF SANITY REMAINS — WHICH IS DOUBTFUL — HE'S WISHING HE'D SETTLED FOR THE ROBOT MODEL BACK IN 2105.

NEXT PROG: **PHANTOM OF THE SHOPPERA!**

I AM THE PHANTOM.

I LIVE AMID THE RAFTERS AND SHADOWS AND DARK CORNERS, WHERE NONE CAN SEE ME – NONE CAN GAZE UPON MY FACE.

BUT I SEE THEM. OH YES. I WATCH THEM ALL THE TIME.

JUDGE DREDD

PHANTOM OF THE SHOPPERA PART ONE

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T FRAME

I HAVE MY FAVOURITE PLACES, MY WATCHING HOLES. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD OF LIGHT BELOW, JUST BEYOND MY GRASP...

AND MY HEART ACHES.

ONCE, ABOUT A YEAR AFTER I BECAME **THE PHANTOM**, THE LONGING BECAME TOO GREAT AND I STOLE INTO A DARKENED SHOP...

CLOAKS

...AND DONNED A DISGUISE TO CONCEAL MY HIDEOUS FEATURES.

EVEN NOW I SOMETIMES GO AMONGST THEM, A FLEETING SHADOW IN THE CONCRETE MAZE OF THE **SHOPPERA**...

BUT IT ONLY MAKES THE LONGING WORSE. SO CLOSE...

...AND YET SO PAINFULLY FAR.

HEY! GET LOST, WEIRDO!

THE PHANTOM! IT'S **THE PHANTOM!**

THE **PHANTOM OF THE SHOPPERA!** I-I **SAW** HIM!

AH, IT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION, WOMAN. AIN'T NO SUCH **THING** AS THE PHANTOM!

BUT I SAW HIM! HE **TOUCHED** ME!

AND SO I'VE LIVED HERE FOR THREE YEARS... TRAPPED IN THE SOLITUDE OF MY SHADOW WORLD — IN THIS PRISON THAT I NEVER DARE LEAVE...

ALAS! PITY A POOR PHANTOM!

IN THE THREE YEARS SINCE THE GIANT SHOPPING COMPLEX WAS COMPLETED, **THE PHANTOM** HAD GROWN INTO AN URBAN LEGEND. THE **S**HOPPERA **T**RADERS' **A**SSOCIATION DID LITTLE TO DISCOURAGE THE RUMOURS. **THE PHANTOM** WAS GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

I-I DID SEE HIM, JUDGE! I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU!

YOU'D BETTER NOT, CITIZEN. YOU SAY HE TOUCHED YOU?

WELL, NOT QUITE — BUT HE WAS GOING TO... HE WAS WEARING A MASK AND A CLOAK. HE LOOKED REALLY WEIRD!

SO WHAT? WHO DOESN'T?

AREN'T YOU GOING TO GO AFTER HIM?

THE WAY I SEE IT, CITIZEN, IF IT **WAS** THIS SUPPOSED PHANTOM, HE'S COMMITTED NO OFFENCE. LOOKING LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO **TOUCH** SOMEONE IS NOT YET A CRIME.

AND IF IT **WASN'T** THE PHANTOM – IF IT WAS JUST YOUR OVERACTIVE IMAGINATION – THEN YOU'RE COMING DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO **WASTING MY TIME.**

NOW GET ON WITH YOUR SHOPPING BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND AND **BOOK** YOU.

B-B-B-BUT –

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, JUSTICE DEPT. PLACES LITTLE CREDENCE IN THE MYTH.

OH JOY!

A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT HAS PIERCED MY DARK DOMAIN.

I AM **IN LOVE!**

IN LOVE WITH A VISION OF UNSURPASSED LOVELINESS WHO HAS COME TO WORK ON THE **UNISEX LINGERIE** COUNTER AT **GRAFFY'S.**

A CREATURE SO FAIR AND GENTLE, WITH SPARKLING EYES AND RAVEN HAIR AND SKIN CREAMY SMOOTH AND FLAWLESS... SO UNLIKE MY OWN RAVAGED FEATURES.

WHICH OF US CAN UNDERSTAND LOVE? CERTAINLY NOT I. BUT I KNOW THAT WHEN MY DARLING SMILES, I SMILE TOO – AND WHEN MY DARLING LAUGHS, IT IS LIKE THE TINKLING OF SWEET BELLS IN MY SOUL.

YET MY JOY IS BLACKENED BY DESPAIR. OH, BITTER FATE THAT MADE ME A MONSTER! THAT BRINGS MY TRUE LOVE FOR ME TO GAZE UPON – BUT NEVER TO BE MINE.

NO! I CANNOT BEAR IT! MY TORTURE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! WE **WILL** BE TOGETHER!

MY LEGS GO WEAK AT THE THOUGHT. MY BEAUTY – HERE – IN OUR DEN AMONGST THE RAFTERS. . .

AH! PARADISE ON EARTH!

MY DESIRE WILL ADMIT NO DELAY! WE MUST BE TOGETHER **NOW!**

THE PHANTOM! **THE PHANTOM OF THE SHOPPERA!**

DARLING! I HAVE COME FOR YOU!

OH MOLEY!

LEAVE HER ALONE, YOU!

GLADLY...

...MY LOVE!

HUH?

WITH MY PRIZE I RETURN TO MY LAIR.

HEELLLPPPPP!

PUT ME DOWN, BLAST YOU!

HOLY CREM! YOU'RE A **ROBOT!**

YOU FIND THIS FACE REPULSIVE NOW. I UNDERSTAND... BUT IN TIME YOU WILL GROW USED TO IT, EVEN AS OUR **LOVE** GROWS.

LOVE? I DON'T LOVE YOU! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR TINY MIND, ROBOT!

I KNOW. BUT IT DOESN'T ALTER MY FEELINGS FOR YOU ONE LITTLE BIT...

...**DARLING.**

NEXT PROG · ***LOVE IN THE RAFTERS!***

JUDGE DREDD

PHANTOM OF THE SHOPPERA PART TWO

NOW CALM DOWN, CITIZEN. TELL ME **EXACTLY** WHAT HAPPENED.

THE-THE **PHANTOM**... HE CAME IN THROUGH THE CEILING, LIKE A SPIDER ON A THREAD. I THOUGHT HE WANTED ME – B-BUT HE PICKED UP ROBERT INSTEAD...

ROBERT?

ROBERT WESTCREAM – HE'S THE NEW **TRAINEE** ON MY COUNTER.

HIS

THE **PHANTOM** OF THE **SHOPPERA**! I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS A **MYTH**! WHY HAVEN'T YOU ARRESTED HIM BEFORE THIS?

HE'S NEVER BROKEN THE LAW...

HER!

UNTIL NOW.

THEIR

I HAVEN'T ASKED YOU, DARLING – WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

ROBERT... ROBERT WESTCREAM.

WESTCREAM... WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME. SO LIKE YOUR SKIN – CREAMY AND, WELL... WEST.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, **WEST**? **SKIN** CAN'T BE **WEST**!

YOURS IS, ROBERT.

YOU'RE **CRACKED**, PHANTOM! **CREM**! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS **HAPPENING** TO ME!

LOOK – I'LL MAKE A DEAL! YOU LET ME OUT OF HERE AND I WON'T TELL A SOUL! OKAY? YOU CAN GO ON BEING THE **PHANTOM** AND I –

NO! THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION!

I COULDN'T **BEAR** TO LOSE YOU NOW. THIS IS JUST THE **BEGINNING** FOR US. WE'RE GOING TO BE TOGETHER FOR ALWAYS.

NO!

YES, ROBERT.

YOU SEE, I WANT YOU TO BE MY **WIFE**.

OH SWEET GRUD!

SCRIPT
WAGNER / GRANT
ART
JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING
TOM FRAME

BUT HARK! EVEN AS MY LOVE AND I SAVOUR THIS MOMENT OF TENDERNESS, I HEAR DANGER APPROACHING FROM BELOW...

ROBERT WESTCREAM!

UP HERE! UP HERE!

MY POOR MISGUIDED DARLING. HE HAS NOT YET LEARNED TO TRUST ME.

P-PUT ME **DOWN!**

HUSH, MY LOVE!

DROKK! THE PHANTOM – HE'S A **ROBOT!**

SPTANGGGG!

YOU UP THERE! THIS IS **JUDGE DREDD!** I'M ORDERING YOU TO HALT!

NO JUDGE'S BULLET WILL STOP ME. THIS IS MY DOMAIN!

HERE IN THE SHADOW WORLD THERE IS NONE SO SWIFT AND SURE AS THE **PHANTOM** OF THE **SHOPPERA**.

WH-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

DREDD TO CONTROL! LOOKS LIKE THE **PHANTOM'S** HEADING FOR THE **DOME**. GET AN **H-WAGON** OVERHEAD!

THE ROOF!

WH-WH-WHAT ARE WE DOING UP HERE?

KISMET, ROBERT.

WHY DO THEY PERSECUTE US, MY DARLING? IS THERE SOMETHING SO **WRONG** ABOUT OUR LOVE?

YES!

BARELY KINDLED – AND ALREADY THEY TRY TO SNUFF IT OUT. PRUDES AND PHILISTINES! CAN THEY NOT SEE WE WERE **MADE** FOR EACH OTHER?

YOU'RE OFF YOUR ROCKER, ROBOT!

AND WHAT IF I AM?

KISS ME, ROBERT!

SMACK

H-WAGON! WE'VE GOT YOUR **PHANTOM** ON VISUAL, DREDD. RIGHT ON THE DOME LIP.

IT APPEARS TO BE **KISSING** THE HOSTAGE.

CAN YOU GET A SHOT AT IT?

NEGATIVE. HOSTAGE IS IN OUR LINE OF FIRE. WE'RE MOVING ROUND TO GET A BETTER ANGLE.

STRANGE HOW FATE HAS BROUGHT US TOGETHER – AS IF THIS ONE TRAGIC MOMENT HAD BEEN PLANNED SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME.

WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I SEE NOW THAT WE CAN NEVER BE TOGETHER, SWEET ROBERT – SWEET **WESTCREAM** –

NOT IN THIS LIFE...

BUT WE CAN MAKE **SURE** WE ARE NEVER SEPARATED AGAIN!

Y-YOU CAN'T M-MEAN –

COME, MY LOVE. CLASP MY HAND. ONE LAST FOND GAZE INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES...

OH MOLEY!

...AND THEN TOGETHER WE WILL STEP INTO **ETERNITY!**

AH, ROBERT! BE NOT SHY!

HELLLLPPPP!

H-WAGON! WE'VE GOT A CLEAR SHOT NOW!

TOO LATE - HE'S **MINE!**

BADAM!

SHRANKK-KA!

ROBERT!

I LOVE YOU

AND SO **THE PHANTOM OF THE SHOPPERA** TAKES HIS FINAL EXIT FROM THE STAGE OF LIFE –

SERIAL NUMBER **13H456GD9** – CONSTRUCTION DROID REPORTED MISSING THREE YEARS AGO BY **VYCOM BUILDING CO.**, PRESUMED STOLEN.

13H45

CIRCUITS MUST'VE GONE HAYWIRE. IT MUST'VE BEEN LIVING UP IN THOSE GIRDERS SINCE THE **SHOPPERA** WAS FINISHED.

IT... IT SAID IT **LOVED** ME. IT WANTED TO **MARRY** ME...

VERY TOUCHING.

BUT **WHY**, JUDGE? WHY **ME**? WHY OUT OF ALL THE **MILLIONS** OF PEOPLE DID IT CHOOSE **ME**?

BEATS ME.

YOU'RE NOTHIN' SPECIAL.

I LOVE YOU

KRUMP!!

THE END.

The Ghosts came to me again tonight...

YOU - ROBOT!

HOLD IT!

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T.FRAME

Time is running out, they said. The forces of evil draw ever closer.

SPANGG!

SPONN!

In four hours the moon will be in conjunction with certain stars ~ they would not tell me which. In four hours, if I am to be saved, I must take my leave of this mortal shell.

And so I have hastily begun my preparations. I have chosen the Guardians and I have sent my minions to fetch them.

JUDGE DREDD

TOMB OF THE JUDGES!

With the Guardians beside me ~ yea! Even the sidewalks of Hell will hold no terror!

TEN MINUTES AFTER AN APB IS PUT OUT ON JUDGE SALINA TRACE HER LAWMASTER IS FOUND —
HAUL IT UP!
HALF EATEN AWAY... IF TRACE IS IN THERE, THERE WON'T BE MUCH TRACE.
SHE'S NOT.
TRANQ DART CARTRIDGE — FOUND IT OVER BEHIND THE ROCK.
JUDGING BY THE TRACKS I'D SAY SHE WAS CHASING ONE OF THEM THROUGH HERE — OTHER CREEP WAS WAITING BY THE ROCK TO NAIL HER.
NOTICE SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOOTPRINTS?
YEAH...ROBOT.
RIGHT.

SHE FELL HERE. SHE'D BE OUT COLD.

SEE - IMPRESSIONS THERE WHERE SHE WAS LIFTED.

THEY CARRIED HER THAT WAY.

THERE -

SCRUB'S BLAST-FLATTENED... MUST'VE HAD A HOVER POD WAITING.

KIDNAP... BUT WHY? WHY SHOULD ANYONE KIDNAP A **JUDGE**?

A HUNDRED REASONS.

NO, I MEAN... WHO'D BE **CRAZY** ENOUGH TO KIDNAP A JUDGE?

DON'T ASK ME - BUT I INTEND TO MAKE SURE THEY LEARN THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS!

I have prepared a tomb in the manner of the ancients.

Deep, dark, hidden ~ safe from the enemies that howl around me like wolves.

None will ever find me there.

SKREET!

SKREET!

SKREET!

SKREET!

SKREET!

SKREET!

I have fashioned three sarcophagi, where my Guardians may stand, alert forever.

They are not dead. Oh no ~ not yet...
UHHHHH
WH-WHAT THE...?
ARE YOU CRAZY - NO!
For has it not always been thus?
SLUMMM
NEXT PROG: SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN!

JUDGE DREDD

TOMB OF THE JUDGES!

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T FRAME

My Ghosts told me the world was created by a giant insect. His name was José. Or was it Steve...? The Ghosts are seldom clear on these matters.

José created the seas and the skies, and the plants and the animals. Then José created man (though not in his own image ~ otherwise we'd all have six legs and antennae). Of course, I found this hard to believe at first, but as the Ghosts spoke to me, patiently explained, I came at last to see the truth...

...that this world is but a shadow... a shadow of a shadow ~ a mirage within a mirage... that only José is, was and always will be. Only José has substance ~ only José can answer the Eternal Question.

And soon now I shall make my journey through the sinister sidewalks and skeds of Hell. And when I reach that hallowed land I shall, by my devotions and denials in this life, have earned the right to stand before him and boldly ask ~

WHY, JOSÉ ? **WHY ?**

Or should that be Steve ?

Time is short now. The moon scuds across the heavens towards its appointed place.

Even now my minions scour the streets in search of the remaining Guardians.

CONTROL – **GOOGAN** HERE! SCRUB THAT FIRE REPORT – LOOKS LIKE JUVES. WE'LL DEAL WITH IT.

PTOO!

PTOO!

Two Guardians to join the one who waits, trapped within the suffocating walls of her sarcophagus...

UHHH?

MESSAGE RECEIVED. REPORT IN WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED.

She wakes now. I can feel her terror. I can sense her ~ screaming, screaming ~ deep within the tomb.
Scream on, my dear! Scream for José ~ and for me!
IEEEEEEEEEEE
AAAAAAA
SWEET LARRY!
CONTROL – WHO'S HANDLING THE TRACE CASE?
DREDD.
PATCH ME THROUGH.
DREDD – ANDERSON.
I HAD A FLASH. JUDGE TRACE – SHE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT SHE'S IN TROUBLE.
I KINDA FIGURED THAT. BE MORE SPECIFIC.
I DON'T KNOW. WAIT...
SHE'S TRAPPED SOMEWHERE...A CAGE...NO! SOME KIND OF...OF COFFIN...
YES! IT'S A TOMB. SHE'S IN A STONE TOMB.
SHE CAN'T TAKE IT! SHE'S SCREAMING – SCREAMING –
SHE'S LOSING HER MIND, DREDD!
TRY TO GET A FIX ON HER.
IT'S CONFUSED – TERROR'S BLURRING EVERYTHING...THE BASIN STREET AREA, SOMEWHERE ROUND THERE!
MIGHT GET A CLEARER IMPRESSION ON THE GROUND. I'LL MEET YOU IN THE BASIN – TEN MINUTES.
ON MY WAY.

SYVER TO DREDD. I'M ON A BACKLOT ON THE POLANSKI SPRAWL.

GOT **GOOGAN** AND **GROSFERG'S** BIKES. SIGNS OF A SCUFFLE — NO SIGN OF THEM.

ALSO FOUND TWO EMPTY **TRANQ DART** CARTRIDGES.

SAME **M.O.** AS **TRACE'S** KIDNAPPERS. LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S **COLLECTING** JUDGES.

The time has come to take my place within the tomb.

The two have come to join the one. They sleep still, my Guardians...

...but soon the drug will fade and they will know the horror that is their fate

My Ghosts come to me again as I am lifted into the casket. Their voices are shrill, keening. It is my death dirge.
The notes fill the chamber and I join with them in one last joyous hymn of supplication to the divine insect...
It remains only to seal the tomb.
DISTRICT
My death will be slow and agonising, for I have prepared a potent poison. It is but a prelude to the tribulations I must face with my trusty Guardians before I gaze upon the radiance of José.
And so I bid farewell to this sordid world. These are the last writings of Theobald Wen.
Should in the eons to come this tomb be discovered, mourn not for me. For I have gone to meet José...
...or is it Steve ?

BASIN STREET

WELL?

DON'T RUSH ME.

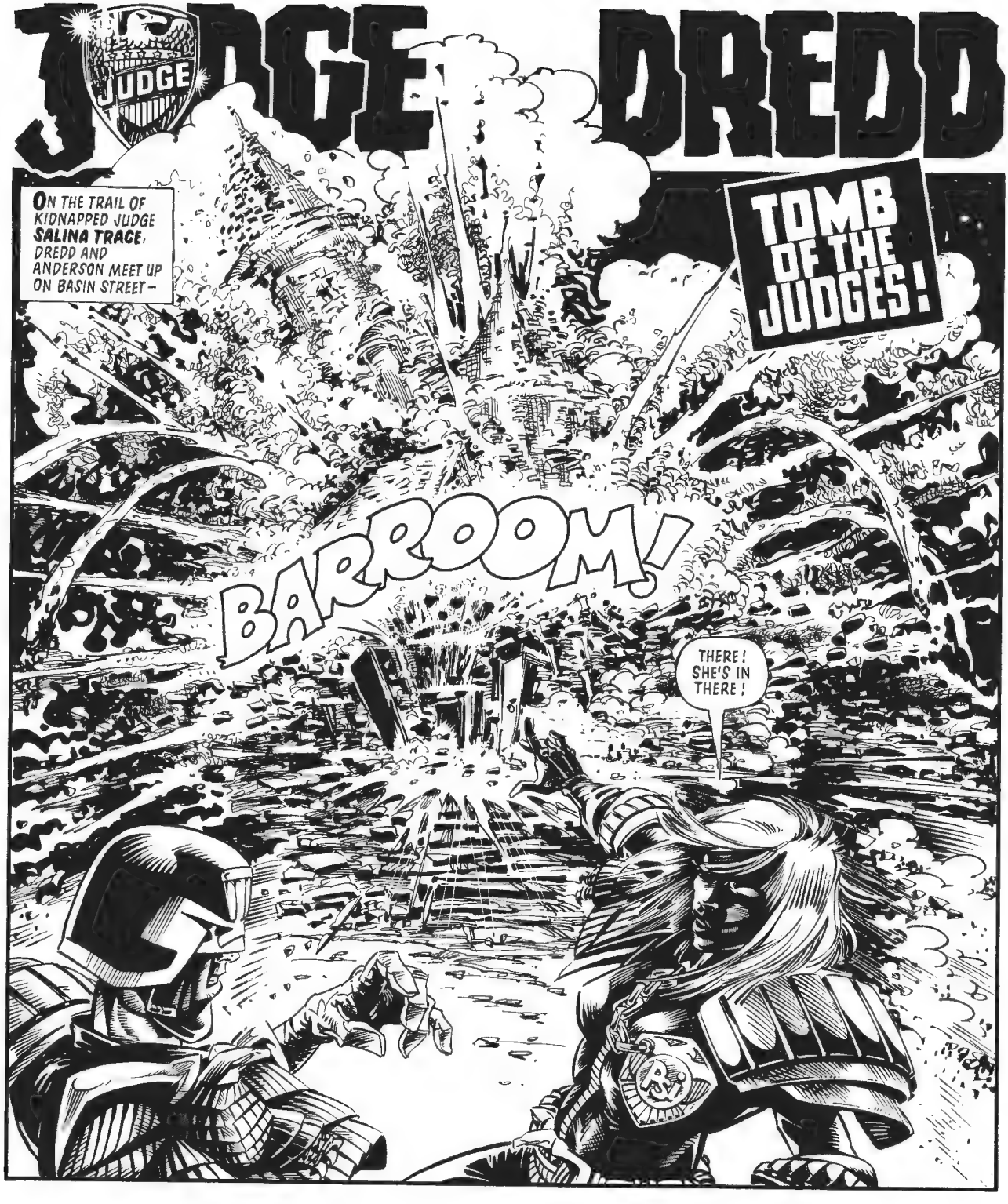
SHE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE... JUST GOT TO ZERO IN...

BAAAD-

-DOOM!

THERE!

NEXT PROG: TRACE OF SANITY!


JUDGE DREDD
TOMB OF THE JUDGES!
ON THE TRAIL OF KIDNAPPED JUDGE SALINA TRACE, DREDD AND ANDERSON MEET UP ON BASIN STREET—
BARROOM!
THERE! SHE'S IN THERE!

CONTROL! I'M ON BASIN STREET – **WEN MANSION'S** JUST BLOWN **SKY HIGH!**

EMERGENCY SQUADS – AND PRONTO!

TRACE IS UNDER THAT, ALL RIGHT–

AND NOT JUST HER...

GOOGAN AND **GROSFERG** – THEY'RE THERE TOO...AND SOMEONE ELSE...

...AN ELDSTER – OLD MAN WEN... WEAK... **DYING**...

POISON! HE'S BEEN **POISONED!**

C'MON! GIMME A HAND!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! STAND BACK!

FUDDA FUDDA!

FUDDA!

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T FRAME

BAZAKAM!
HOLD IT!
IT'S UNDER HERE...THERE'S A HIDDEN CATCH SOMEPLACE...
SNICK!
HANDY BOMB SHELTER.
DON'T THINK IT'S BOMBS THIS JOKER WAS WORRIED ABOUT.
I GET THE IMPRESSION OF... OF SOME KIND OF **INSECT**. AND THERE'S A NAME – **JOSÉ**.
OR...
...COULD BE **STEVE**...

SWEET GRUD ON A BIKE!

YOU RECKON **WEN** HAD **PLANNING PERMISSION** FOR THIS?

THAT'S HIM - **WEN.** HE'S STILL ALIVE...

DROKK! I SEE IT ALL NOW - HE'S A **LOON!** 100 PER CENT CREAM CHEEZ!

HE THINKS HE'S GOING ON SOME JOURNEY THROUGH HELL TO MEET THIS INSECT GOD. **TRACE** - **GOOGAN** AND **GROSFERG** - THEY'RE HIS **GUARDIANS.**

WHERE **ARE** THEY?

THERE - IN THE **SARCOPHAGI!**

UUUNNH—
GOOGAN!
THE OPENING OF THE SARCOPHAGUS TRIPS AN ALARM—
BZZZT
TOMB ROBBERS! TOMB ROBBERS!
AAAH!
GET DOWN!
BLAM!

VZZZZT!

FZAKKAA

GROSFERG! YOU OKAY?

Y-YEAH. WHAT... WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?

TRACE...

TRACE, IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

AAAHHHH

EMERGENCY SQUADS ARRIVE –
AAAH!
AAAH!
AAAH!
TREAT HER GENTLY – PSYCHO UNIT.
BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ONE. HE'S GOING FAST.
AS THE POISON COMPLETES ITS WORK, THEODORE WEN'S EYES FLICKER WEAKLY OPEN FOR THE LAST TIME...
JOSÉ...? JOSÉ...?
WHY, JOSÉ... WHY?
SHUDDUP! I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, CREEP!
"SHUT UP... I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, CREEP..." OF COURSE! OF COURSE! I SEE IT ALL SO CLEARLY NOW! THANK YOU, JOSÉ – THANK YOU!
THUNK!
OR SHOULD I SAY STEVE?
THUNK!

THEODORE WEN DIES FULFILLED...

YOU OUGHTA TRY **THIS** FOR BEDTIME READING – WEN'S JOURNAL...

WHEN IT COMES TO KOOKS THIS GUY WAS IN A CLASS OF HIS OWN. HOW'D HE MANAGE TO STAY LOOSE THIS LONG?

GUESS SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKED HIM.

JOSÉ MAYBE...

YUP... OR STEVE.

COULDA BEEN STEVE.

EPILOGUE:
PROLONGED SENSORY DEPRIVATION CAN DRIVE EVEN A TRAINED JUDGE OVER THE EDGE OF MADNESS. FOR JUDGES **GOOGAN** AND **GROSFERG**, RESCUE HAD COME IN TIME. JUDGE **TRACE** WAS NOT SO FORTUNATE.

AFTER EXTENSIVE TREATMENT JUSTICE DEPT MEDICS RELUCTANTLY DECLARED HER MIND IRRETRIEVABLY **LOST.**

HER BODY WAS OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED FOR **TRANSPLANT.**

SALINA TRACE DIED IN THE **TOMB** OF THE **JUDGES** – BUT THANKS TO HER BODY **JUDGE TOMAS NARY**, WHO LOST HIS OWN THE SAME DAY, CAN ONCE MORE PATROL THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

The End

JUDGE DREDD

BATTLE OF CHESTER DOGG, OCTOBER 8TH, 2108.

chester dogg block

DROP THEM DOGGIES!

AHHH!

KILL!

HELL'S PACKERS, YA SIMPS!

AAGH!

AIEE!

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE HAVE A **MID-AIR RUMBLE**, CHESTER DOGG! I WANT AN H-WAGON – AERIAL UNITS – PRONTO!

DREDD

STOP THIS, YOU MANIACS! THESE ARE INNOCENT JUVES!

YEAH? WELL, **WE** AIN'T! HAW HAW!

WE'RE **HELL'S PACKERS!**

AHH!

PUT ME DOWN!
PUT ME DOWN!

WITH PLEASURE, SIMP!

AAAAAAH!

UHHH!

IT'S MAYHEM UP THERE, CONTROL! WHERE'S THAT WAGON?

BE WITH YOU IN TWO MINUTES!

A LOT OF PEOPLE CAN DIE IN TWO MINUTES — GOTTA TAKE ACTION **NOW!**

AGH!

WHUMPP

YOU - JUVE!

HERE!

I-I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, SIR! I SWEAR IT!
SHUT UP! GET OFF THAT BOARD!
WE-WE WERE JUST AIR-SPUGGING! THEY JUST SWOOPED OUT OF NOWHERE! THEY'RE HELL'S PACKERS!
YEAH-?
WELL, I'LL GIVE 'EM HELL!
AGHH!
GOT TO PICK OFF THE SHOOTERS FIRST-
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BADUUM

PTOW

I'M OUTTA CONTROL!

KERRASH!

EEEEEE!

WHAP!

DROKK! LOST MY LAWGIVER!

YEEHAA! I'S CAUGHT ME A JUDGE!

YOUR MISTAKE – C'M'ERE!

YANK

BUTT OUT, CREEP!

SKRUNCH!

ON SECOND THOUGHTS – I'LL NEED YOU AS A REPLACEMENT WEAPON!

AHH!

AAH!

UNGH!

HERE COMES AN H-WAGON!
WAY TO GO, JUDGE DREDD!
AERIAL UNIT — DAYSTICKS READY!
GO! GO! GO!
STINKIN' CREM! IT'S THE FLYIN' SQUAD!

THEY ARE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S ELITE AERIAL UNIT. THEY HAVE THEIR ORDERS – TAKE PRISONERS IF THEY CAN... BUT DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT IT IF THEY CAN'T!
KRAK
WHAK
CLUNK
DOWN ALL
FACED BY A LEVEL OF BRUTALITY WITH WHICH THEY ARE TOTALLY UNEQUIPPED TO COPE, THE HELL'S PACKERS CUT THEIR LOSSES.
I – I SURRENDER!
NO MORE! PLEASE!
WHAT MAKES THEM THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH IT, DREDD?
DREDD
I DON'T THINK THEY CARE. ONE MOMENT OF GLORY – THAT'S ALL THESE CREEPS ARE LOOKING FOR!
GUESS THEY SHOULD'VE JOINED THE FLYING SQUAD. WE GET ABOUT A DOZEN EVERY DAY!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE **FORENSIC** SQUAD'S DOWN AT THE **HOTPOOL** NOW, JUDGE DREDD.

SPORTPLEX

NAME'S LINDELL JOHN SMOLLETT, AGE 47. MANAGER OF THE SPORTPLEX.

WE'LL CARRY OUT A FULL AUTOPSY AT THE SECTOR HOUSE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR CASE OF **STABBING.**

BLOODSTAINS ON THIS KNIFE MATCH THE VICTIM'S BLOODTYPE. PRINTS ON THE HANDLE BELONG TO **PRUNELLA BELCHARD,** THE MASSEUSE.

THAT'S HER OVER THERE.

VVVZZ

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART McCARTHY/WHITTAKER
LETTERING Tom FRAME

THE WITNESS PART ONE.

ALL RIGHT, BELCHARD, WHY'D YOU DO IT?

ME?

OH DEAR GRUD, IT WASN'T ME! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! **KEEF** DID IT!

KEEF?

I-I DON'T KNOW HIS LAST NAME. HE'S ONE OF THE **SLOSHERS**. HE SHOWED UP THREE OR FOUR WEEKS AGO, I GUESS - BEEN COMING IN MOST NIGHTS EVER SINCE.

SLOSHERS?

CLEANERS. DOWN-AND-OUTS MAINLY. APPARENTLY THIS STEAM'S HELL ON ROBOTS. CHEAPER TO HIRE CASUALS.

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS.

OKAY, CITIZEN, BETTER TAKE IT FROM THE TOP.

YES, SIR.

ONCE OR TWICE A WEEK OLD SMOLLETT COMES IN FOR A RUB-DOWN. HE'S THE BIG BOSS SO HE FIGURES HE OWNS THE JOINT - ME TOO. HE'S ALWAYS GETTIN' FRESH.

'COURSE I DON'T STAND FOR NONE OF IT. I MAY BE A WOMAN BUT I'VE GOT STRONG HANDS, ON ACCOUNT OF BEING A MASSEUSE. I COULD SNAP HIM LIKE A PRETZEL.

YOU WANT A BROKEN ARM, SLIMEBALL?

OH, COME NOW, PRU -

"Keef saw it. He got real angry..."

YA DIRTY OL' MAN! GET YER HAND OFF!

YOU'RE GONNA DIE FOR THAT!
KEEF! PUT THAT KNIFE AWAY!
YOU GOT SOMETHIN' GOING WITH THIS KEEF?
ME? GRUD NO! THE GUY'S A BUM.
THEN HOW COME HE TOOK IT SO PERSONAL?
SEARCH ME.
THERE'S SOMETHING CRAZY ABOUT THE GUY. YOU KNOW, LIKE, CREEPY. IF YOU'D EVER SEEN HIS EYES – SORT OF STARING ALL THE TIME LIKE HE WAS JUST LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.
I MEAN, THIS GUY IS SCAREY.
I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON, PALLY!
A LESSON IN BASIC MANNERS!
"I tried to stop him, but he's big - bigger than me..."
KEEP OUTA THIS, DAMN YOU!
PLEASE... PLEASE...

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

HE... HE DROPPED THE KNIFE AND LEFT.

ANY IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE GONE? WHERE HE HANGS OUT?

NO. I MEAN, THESE GUYS ARE STREET SCUM. I DON'T GET TO KNOW 'EM PERSONAL.

ANYONE ELSE WITNESS THE INCIDENT?

THERE WERE TWO OTHER SLOSHERS. SMOLLETT WAS THE LAST CUSTOMER SO THE SLOSHERS WERE IN. I... I GUESS THEY GOT SCARED AND RAN OFF.

NAMES?

CARLO AND... AND **PINT-SIZE**. THAT'S ALL THEY EVER CALLED HIM – JUST **PINT-SIZE.**

ONE LAST QUESTION – YOU GOT THE BLOODSTAINS WHEN YOU CAME INTO CONTACT WITH THE VICTIM, BUT HOW DID YOUR **PRINTS** GET ON THE KNIFE?

I... I DON'T REMEMBER. I... MUST'VE PICKED IT UP OR SOMETHING. I WAS IN A STATE OF SHOCK...

LIE DETECTOR CONFIRMS ALL POINTS.

WITH THE AID OF A COMPUTER PRUNELLA BELCHARD COMPILED A COMPU-FIT PICTURE OF THE KILLER.
YOU CAN GET CHANGED AND GO NOW, CITIZEN. LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES WITH FORENSIC. YOU GOT A FRIEND YOU CAN STAY WITH?
MY SISTER.
THEN GO THERE. BETTER YOU STAY OUT OF THE WAY TILL HE'S CAUGHT.
MEAN-LOOKING CUSTOMER.
RUN IT THROUGH RECORDS, SEE IF WE'VE GOT ANYTHING ON HIM.
MEANTIME PUT OUT AN APB ON THE CREEP – GIVE IT PRIORITY ONE.
THE REST OF US WILL START ASKING AROUND FOR CARLO AND PINT-SIZE. THEY WERE BOTH WITNESSES – AND THIS KEEF'S SHOWN HE'S NOT AFRAID TO KILL.
HE COULD DO IT AGAIN.
IT WAS COLD TONIGHT, COLD ENOUGH TO CHILL A MAN TO THE MARROW.
THAT WAS GOOD. THEY'D BE IN SHELTER. HE'D HEARD THEM TALKING. HE HAD A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHERE TO FIND THEM.
DERELICT
KEEP OUT

HE HAD TO BE CAREFUL. THE JUDGES WOULD BE LOOKING FOR HIM. THAT DAMNED BELCHARD WOMAN WOULD HAVE TOLD THEM.
HE SHOULD HAVE KILLED HER. HE'D RECTIFY THAT MISTAKE — AFTER HE'D DEALT WITH THE OTHER TWO.
EVENIN', PINT-SIZE.
HUH? WHO —?
DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU GET AWAY, DID YOU? YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO USE THESE GOOD STRONG HANDS OF MINE AGAIN...
GLUUUUU
...THESE GOOD STRONG STRANGLING HANDS. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THEY WERE SO STRONG, WOULD YOU, PINT-SIZE?
P-PLEASE... MISS BELCHARD —
DON'T CALL ME MISS BELCHARD — MY NAME IS KEEF!
OH MOLEY! I-I WON'T TELL A-ANYONE! I PROMISE!
NEXT PROG: PSYCHO!

JUDGE DREDD

MOLLETT, MANAGER OF THE HEFFER SPORTPLEX, HAD BEEN SLAIN. JUDGES WERE SCOURING THE STREETS FOR HIS KILLER, A DOWN-AND-OUT KNOWN AS **KEEF**.

MEANWHILE, IN THE FORENSIC LABS...

DREDD – JUST FINISHED THE **AUTOPSY** ON YOUR SPORTPLEX VICTIM. CAUSE OF DEATH WAS **STRANGULATION**.

THE **STAB** WOUNDS WERE INFLICTED **AFTER** DEATH, PROBABLY IN A SADISTIC FRENZY.

THAT'S NOT THE WAY THE **WITNESS** SAW IT. HOW COULD **PRUNELLA BELCHARD** HAVE **MISSED** A STRANGLING?

UNLIKELY... AND THERE'S MORE. WE MEASURED THE MARKS ON THE VICTIM'S NECK. THE HANDS THAT KILLED **SMOLLETT** BELONGED TO A **WOMAN.**

POWERFUL HANDS – THE HANDS, SAY, OF A PROFESSIONAL **MASSEUSE** – BUT DEFINITELY A **WOMAN'S.**

YOU'RE TELLING ME **PRUNELLA BELCHARD** KILLED SMOLLETT HERSELF?

BUT SHE IDENTIFIED THIS **KEEF.** WE **DOUBLE**-CHECKED HER ON LIE DETECTORS.

THE WITNESS PART TWO

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART B McCARTHY
LETTERING T FRAME

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION I CAN THINK OF...

BELCHARD'S A PSYCHO, A **SPLIT PERSONALITY** – TWO DISTINCT IDENTITIES INHABITING THE **SAME MIND.**

SHE BEAT THE LIE DETECTORS BECAUSE SHE ACTUALLY **BELIEVED** HER STORY. THE KILLING HAPPENED THE WAY SHE DESCRIBED IT... KEEF **DOES** EXIST.

WHAT SHE DOESN'T REALISE IS THAT **SHE IS KEEF.**

DROKK! AND I SET HER LOOSE!

DREDD! SPENCER HERE, UP AT THE OLD GLASSENE PLANT. WE'VE FOUND **PINT-SIZE...**

...STRANGLED, BY THE LOOK OF HIM.

NO SIGN OF HIS ATTACKER.

THAT'S PINT-SIZE ALL RIGHT.

AND GET THIS –

ONE OF THE DOWN-AND-OUTS KNOWS THE OTHER WITNESS, THIS **CARLO.** SAYS HE'S BEEN DOSSING REGULAR AT THE **STACKER** OVER ON ORWELL.

THAT'S CORRECT, SHUR.

ON MY WAY!

VROOM

*IT HAD BEEN NO TROUBLE TO SQUEEZE THE LIFE OUT OF **PINT-SIZE**...NO TROUBLE AT ALL.*

DROKKUR

OH, HE'D STRUGGLED – MORE THAN FAT SMOLLETT.

BUT AGAINST THOSE HANDS – THOSE FINE STRONG HANDS – HE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.

NOW THERE WAS **CARLO** AND THE **BELCHARD** WOMAN. THEY WERE WITNESSES TOO. THEY HAD TO DIE.

PRUNELLA BELCHARD... HE COULDN'T **WAIT** TO GET HIS HANDS AROUND THAT FLABBY NECK!

BUT FIRST, **CARLO**...

GOT A **DRAWER** FOR THE NIGHT?

TWENTY CREDS. SIGN HERE.

RED LIGHT STAYS ON ALL NIGHT. NO DRINK, NO NOISE. STERILISED TOILET TUBE'S ATTACHED TO THE MATTRESS.

WELFARE CHITS ACCEPTED

VEZA MEGACARB

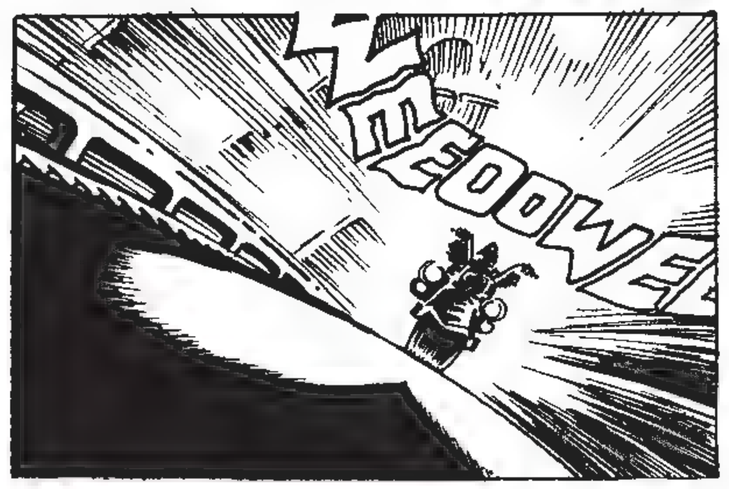
VEND

KEEP YOUR DRAWER LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE. NO LOITERING IN THE 'TWEEN-STACKS.

ALL OUT BY 0730.

YEAH?

AND WE'LL START ON YOU, EH, PALLY?



CARLO HADN'T SLEPT A WINK.

337

ERNIE WOZ ERE

HE SAT SHIVERING IN THE DIM RED GLOW OF HIS DRAWER, TERRIFIED BY THE BRUTAL SCENE HE HAD WITNESSED.

MUTI CHANNEL VIDEO

OPEN UP, CARLO...!

THAT CRAZY **BELCHARD**-!

N-NO! GO AWAY! I DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN'!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE POSITION YOU'RE IN, CARLO. YOU'VE **GOT** TO COME OUT!

NOK!

SKRUNK!

YARP!

SFRANG!

P-P-PLEASE!

DON'T KILL ME-!

GEDDOWN, BELCHARD!

DON'T CALL ME THAT!

SHE'S GOT A GRIP LIKE A GORILLA!

MY NAME IS KEEF!

SORRY, MUSCLES, BUT...I'VE GOT TO DISAPPOINT YOU...!

WAY TO GO, JUDGE!

DON'T KNOW WHAT **YOU'RE** SO HAPPY ABOUT, CREEP. **WITHOLDING INFORMATION** ON A MURDER IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE. IF YOU'D COME FORWARD SOONER YOUR FRIEND **PINT-SIZE** MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE.

THREE YEARS.

IT AIN'T FAIR! I WAS AFRAID!

FEAR IS NO DEFENCE UNDER THE LAW.

VEEP VEEP

I MESSED UP ON THIS ONE, SPENCER.

YOU COULDN'T BE EXPECTED TO SPOT HER FOR A SICKO. NONE OF US DID.

YEAH... ALL THE SAME...

WHEN THE PRISONER RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS, PRUNELLA BELCHARD'S TRUE PERSONALITY WAS ONCE MORE IN CONTROL -

WH-WHERE AM I...?

MED SQUAD

WHY AM I STRAPPED UP-?

OH DEAR GRUD - **KEEF!** IS HE STILL ON THE LOOSE ?

DON'T YOU WORRY -

KEEF'S ON HIS WAY TO THE **PSYCHO CUBES** RIGHT NOW.

FIRST, WE NEED **SNOW**.

OKAY, IT'S MEGA-CITY ONE – THEY **CONTROL** THE WEATHER. BUT IT WOULDN'T BE A **REAL** CHRISTMAS STORY WITHOUT SNOW, WOULD IT? **SO** –

– CUE **FREAK SNOWSTORM** BLOWING IN OVER THE NORTH WALL...

JUDGE DREDD

WEATHER CONTROL! WE GOT A BLIZZARD HERE! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

NEGATIVE AT THIS TIME. SYSTEM MALFUNCTION. WE'LL LET YOU KNOW AS AND WHEN.

RIGHT, LET US NOT DILLY-DALLY. BRING ON THE **VILLAIN** –

MERRY CHRISTMAS! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CHRISTMAS IS A SPECIAL TIME FOR **BILL HUONUT**. A KINDLY, GENEROUS MAN, THERE'S NOTHING BILL LIKES BETTER THAN DRESSING UP AS **SANTA** AND DISTRIBUTING HARMLESS CONFECTIONS TO ALL THE CITY WAIFS –

HO HO HO, SONNY.

HO HO HO, BILL.

HO-HO-**HOLD IT!** DID WE SAY **VILLAIN**?

B-O-R-I-N-G!

WE'VE GOT TO PEP YOU UP A BIT, BILL. HOW ABOUT A GRUESOME STEEL CLAW...?

HUH?

Ping!

AND HOW ABOUT A GLASS PLATE IN HIS HEAD SO YOU CAN SEE HIS BRAIN SLOSHING ABOUT...?

EH?

Ping!

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART C. ROBINSON
LETTERING T. FRAME

SLISH!

SLOSH!

SHEESH!

AND HE WON'T GET FAR WITHOUT A **WEAPON** –

Ping!

MERCY ME! A QUIN-BARRELLED RASTERBLASTER!

NOW LET'S SEE...

FAR FROM BEING A KINDLY, GENEROUS MAN, BILL HUDNUT IS, IN FACT, A **RAVING PSYCHO** –

I **AM**?

AND HE ABSOLUTELY **HATES** CHRISTMAS –

I **DO**?

Ping!

WHAP!

I DO!

GRRRRRRR

WHY AM I WEARIN' THIS STINKIN' SUIT?

RRRIPP!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, KID! DON'T CALL ME SANTA! I **HATE** SANTA!

SANTA! SANTA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I HATE CHRISTMAS!

BLAM! BLAM!

OH!

AAAH!

SHATTA!

CALL THE JUDGES!

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE HAVE A **CITIZEN AMOK.** SHOPPING SPRAWL ON 18TH.

HOLDING POST 5

ON MY WAY!

SO FAR SO GOOD. BUT WAIT-! SOMETHING'S MISSING...

*WHERE'S THE **EMOTION** - THE OLD TUG ON THE HEARTSTRINGS...?*

*WHERE'S THE **LOVE INTEREST**?*

*INTRO **JULIET BOUVIER** - TALL, SLIM, BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL...*

NO. SCRUB THAT. STEREOTYPE.

Ping!

Ping!

Ping!

*INTRO **JULIET BOO** - SHORT, SPLIT ENDS AND SPOTS - BUT WITH A GOOD HEART, BRIM FULL OF LOVE FOR BILL HUDNUT...*

SHE AND BILL HAVE ARRANGED TO MEET UP AT THE SPRAWL FOR SOME LATE NIGHT XMAS SHOPPING...

GRAHH!

B-BILL?

JULIET...?

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? Y-YOUR ARM—

YOUR **HEAD**—

I CAN SEE YOUR BRAIN... SORT OF... SLOSHING ABOUT.

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! SUDDENLY THINGS STARTED **P-PINGING** AND... AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I WAS... **DIFFERENT!**

YES! THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME!

OH, BILL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? WE-WE CAN'T GET MARRIED WITH YOUR **BRAIN** SHOWING!

I COULD WEAR A VEIL...

AND TO THINK IT SHOULD HAPPEN SO CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS!

CHRISTMAS?

DON'T **MENTION** THAT WORD TO ME! I **HATE** CHRISTMAS!

FADAM! FADAM!

FADADA!

AAH!

B-B-**BILL**...

A POIGNANT MOMENT. CAN THEIR LOVE SURVIVE THIS UNEXPECTED CRISIS?

ENTER DREDD...

CLEAR THE WAY!

...**BEARING** FESTIVE CHEER...

YOU **DEAF**, CITIZEN?

YOU PEOPLE WITH YOUR SMILES AND YOUR HAPPY FACES! YOU MAKE ME SICK! DO ANY OF YOU **KNOW** WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A **RAVING PSYCHO?**

I DO!

JOHN CARLISLE RAVING PSYCHOS

FADAM!

SHADDUP!

BADAM!

AGGH!

BILL!

DROP IT OR DIE, CREEP!

NO!

JULIET, SWEET JULIET – SPLIT OF ENDS BUT TRUE OF HEART – STAGGERS TOWARDS HER MAN...

YOU'RE BLOCKING MY LINE OF FIRE, WOMAN!

OH, BILL!

PLEASE DON'T DIE! I...I LOVE YOU!

YOU...LOVE ME? EVEN...EVEN AFTER ALL I'VE DONE?

YOU COULDN'T HELP YOURSELF. SOMETHING HAPPENED TO US TONIGHT. SOMETHING WE... WE DON'T UNDERSTAND...

AND BESIDES...IT-IT'S THE SEASON FOR FORGIVING. AFTER ALL, IT'S... CHRISTMAS.

I TOLD YOU, DON'T MENTION THAT WORD!

FADAM! FADAM!

CRUMP! P! P!

AAAHHH!

CRRUMPPP!

NAMES WERE **BILL HUDNUT** AND **JULIET BOUVIER**. LIVED NEXT DOOR TO EACH OTHER IN **SID VICIOUS**. DUE TO BE MARRIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHY SHOULD HE SUDDENLY GO OFF THE RAILS? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

A LOT OF THINGS DON'T MAKE SENSE – LIKE WHERE HE GOT THE **CLAW** AND WHO TURNED HIS HEAD INTO A **FISH TANK**–

AND WHY SHE DOESN'T LOOK ANYTHING **LIKE** JULIET BOUVIER.

LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU FIND OUT THE ANSWERS.

CONTROL! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET SOME ACTION ON THIS **WEATHER**?

AND SO, AS TOO OFTEN HAPPENS, LOVE ENDS IN TRAGEDY.

HOWEVER, THIS BEING A **CHRISTMAS STORY**, WE MAY TAKE CERTAIN LIBERTIES TO ENSURE A HAPPY ENDING –

THAT IS WHY, ON THE WAY TO THE MORGUE, BILL AND JULIET MIRACULOUSLY RETURN TO LIFE...

Ping!

Ping!

TOTALLY UNNOTICED BY THE ATTENDANT JUDGE, THEY TURN INTO VAPOUR CLOUDS AND SEEP OUT THROUGH A CHINK IN THE DOORS...

OUTSIDE, ANOTHER MIRACLE – THEY REFORM IN THEIR ORIGINAL PERSONALITIES...

AND IF THAT ISN'T MIRACULOUS ENOUGH FOR YOU, JUSTICE DEPT. FORGET THEY EVER EXISTED. THEY RETURN TO THEIR FORMER LIVES AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY THEY ARE JOINED IN MUNICIPAL MATRIMONY.

AND THEY LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

JUDGE DREDD SPENDS THE REST OF THAT PATROL DISPENSING GOODWILL AMONGST THE CITIZENRY –

JUDGE DREDD! I WANNA CONFESS!

NOT TONIGHT, SONNY.

Pat! Pat!

AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO **YOU**, TOO.

DREDD

HO HO HO!

AKA PLAZA

A CHILD'S SCREAMS ECHO THROUGH A CITY ALLEY –

AAAAAA

THROW AWAY ZONE

LITTER

BEWARE BLOCK WATCH SCHEME

MEGA MAIL

CUTE

ROXY

LIVE CINEMA

FESTIVAL of FAT
4 BLOAT-BUSTERS!
BLIMP FORCE II
OBESE AND A GENTLEMAN
BAD BELLY BLUES
TUMMY QUAKE

JUVE IN DISTRESS.

NAPIER NOODLES

McSHAN TRANSP

AKA BOOKS

AAAAAA... A... A...

DREDD

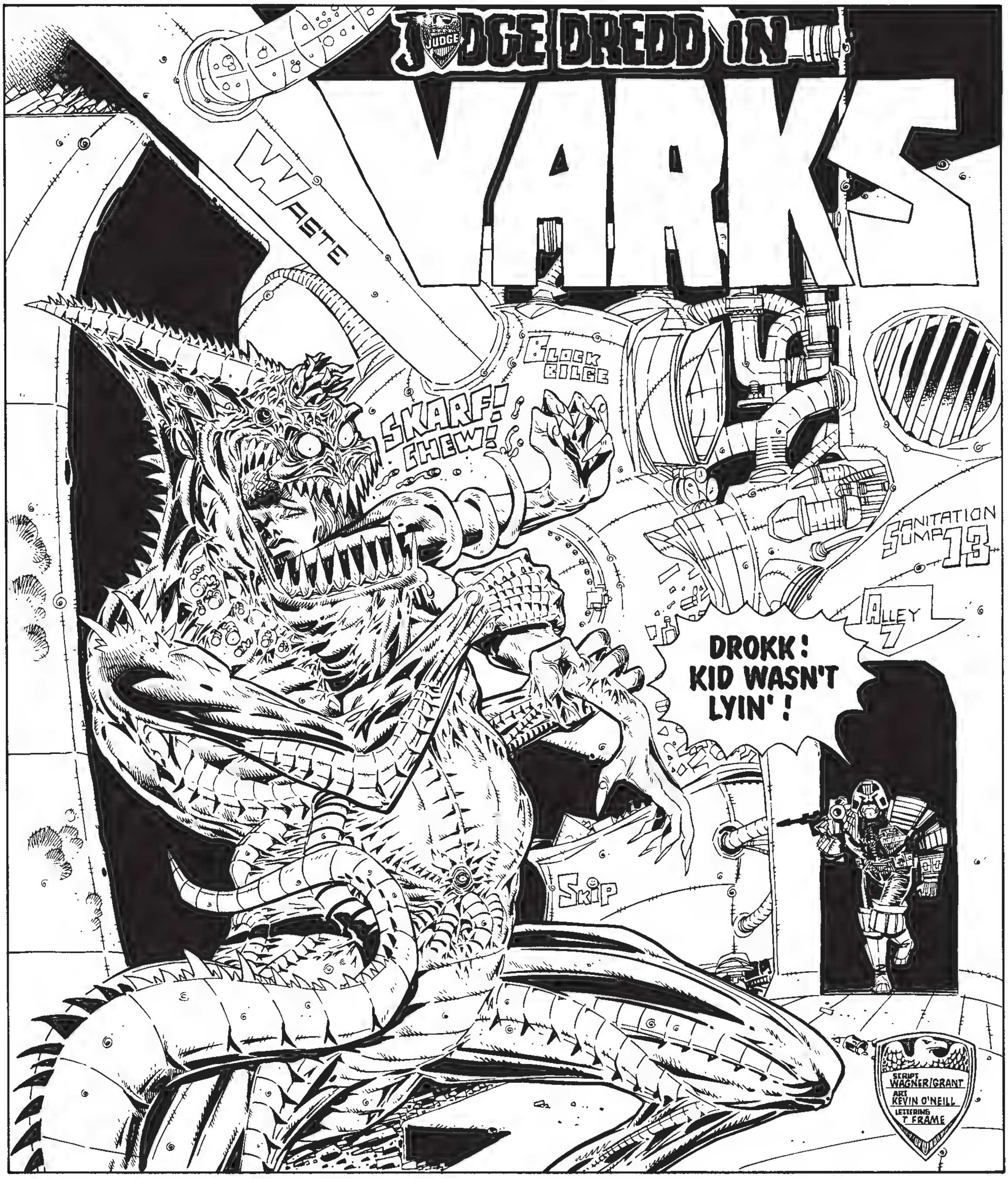
AN-AN A-A-ALIEN –

AN ALIEN'S EATING MY MUMMY!

WAIT HERE!

JUDGE DREDD IN

DROKK



BLAM

BADAM!

VARK! VARK!

BADAM!

NO ENTRY

CONTROL! YOU GOT A CHILD IN SHOCK, NEAR BASEMENT EXIT OF **THE FRANKIE BLOCK**. MED TEAM REQUIRED, PRIORITY ONE.

YOU'LL FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF THE GIRL'S MOTHER BEHIND THE RECLAM BINS.

AM NOW IN BLOCK SUB-BASEMENT, PURSUING UNKNOWN FLESH-EATING ANIMAL, PROBABLY ALIEN.

UP

DANGER

STOKE

VARK-ARRK!

UP

INFO

IT HAD BEEN THE HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME FOR **SIGOURNEY BEAN** AND THE BOYS – THREE WEEKS ON PROXIMA-PROXIMA.

BASKING ON THE CRYSTAL BEACHES –

ROMPING IN THE SOFT, BLACK SURF –

AND AT NIGHT DINING IN THE LO-GRAV OPULENCE OF THE PROXIMA BEACH LOTEL... AND ALL COURTESY OF THAT COMPETITION SHE'D FILLED IN ON THE **FLAKE-O** PACK!

HOT

JAWS

EVEN THAT LITTLE INCIDENT ON THE SECOND DAY HADN'T SPOILED THINGS –

KEEP OUT

NO TOURISTS STAY OUT

FUN THIS WAY

MUM! MUM!

W-WE GOT LOST IN THE BRUSH! IT WAS AWFUL DARK – AN' SOMETHIN' G-**GOT** US!

LOOK, MUM! IT MADE ME BLEED!

I ♥ ME

FOOD

I HOPE THESE LADS OF YOURS DIDN'T WANDER OFF THE PATH, MRS BEAN.

WHAT?

OH NO! OF COURSE NOT!

OBEY

KEEP OUT

TOUR GUIDE

SMILE

FUN ☺ SUN

BETTER NOT HAVE! THERE'S A BIG **VARKERY** IN THERE. THOSE CRITTURS CAN BE DANGEROUS – THAT'S WHY IT'S FENCED OFF!

YOUNG FRANKIES ROOL

OLD FRANKIES ROOL

FIRE TUBE

NO KRANKIE-GO FRANKIE

JOB. RUMOUR RING MG-24 8900

WHY EARN LETS BURN

WEG FRANKIE WOZ HERE

CRIPPLE CORNER

INVALID

WHEEL CHAIR RADS RULE

BLOCK WAR VETS RING

BYE CRUEL WOL

FRANKIE 4 FRANK

KNEE PAD SHINE

10

I'M ON THE BLOCK STAIRWELL. CONTROL-LEVEL TEN. THIS THING CAN **MOVE**, EVEN WITH A BULLET IN IT!

12

11

VAARK!

STOOLIE SERVICE GIVE UP THE GUILTY

WE JUDGE JUVES NO TOLL

SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE IT'S GOING, TOO!

SHE COULD REMEMBER THE EXACT MOMENT SHE FIRST SUSPECTED SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

IT WAS ON THE FLIGHT HOME —

WHAT TIME DO WE :VARK: TO THE MEG, MUM?

13

HI HI HI

WHAT DID YOU SAY, ANTHONY?

I SAID— WHAT TIME DO WE GET BACK TO THE MEG?

NO YOU DIDN'T. YOU SAID **VARK**—"WHAT TIME DO WE **VARK** TO THE MEG?"

DO IT

DID I? :VARK!:

THERE! YOU SAID IT AGAIN! YOU HEARD HIM, DIDN'T YOU— MALCOLM? NORRIS?

YES, MUM. :VARK!:

ME :VARK!:

LIVE NOW PAY LATER

VIEW

FUN IT

UKE

FAT COPS

OH, BOYS! YOU'RE JUST PLAYING GAMES!

$

CASH

SPEN

IT WASN'T TILL THEY GOT HOME THAT THE FIRST PHYSICAL CHANGES BEGAN TO MANIFEST –
A SLIGHT BULGING OF THE EYES... AN ELONGATION OF THE JAW... A BARELY NOTICEABLE TWISTING OF THE LIMBS...
AND WHEN THEIR SKIN BEGAN TO HARDEN INTO DRY, HORNY SCALE, SHE KNEW IT WAS TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON.
MARX TOYS
REF : VARK
"VARK... A VAMPIRE-LIKE REPTILIAN FROM PLANET PROXIMA-PROXIMA. REPLICATES BY INJECTING ITS OWN CELLS INTO SELECTED HOST ANIMAL; THE CELLS GRADUALLY MULTIPLY AND TAKE OVER HOST BODY, UNTIL METAMORPHOSIS IS COMPLETE. THE HOST BECOMES THE VARK."
ONCE VARK CELLULAR GROWTH IS ROOTED IN HOST-BODY, THERE IS NO KNOWN CURE.
NO! NOT THE BOYS! NOT MY BOYS!
FACED WITH THIS AWFUL FACT, SHE DID WHAT ANY OTHER NORMAL, LOVING MOTHER WOULD DO... SHE WENT MAD.
WHAT A LOAD OF RUBBISH! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY BOYS! NOTHING AT ALL!
VARK VARK VARK VARK VARK VARK

SHE REFUSED TO NOTICE WHEN THEIR SKIN **SPLIT** AND THE LITTLE WRIGGLING **TENTACLES** APPEARED, WAVING LIKE WORMS.

SHE TRIED NOT TO LOOK AT THE EXTRA PUS-FILLED **EYES** THAT STARED AND WINKED AT HER.

AND SHE DIDN'T BAT AN EYELID WHEN THE **FORKED TAILS** EXPLODED FROM THEIR TROUSERS.

VARK!

OF COURSE, SHE DIDN'T GO OUT MUCH ANY MORE – ONLY TO BUY THE MEAT FROM HER BLACK MARKET FLESHER – AND SHE NEVER, **NEVER** ALLOWED THE BOYS PAST THE DOOR.

WELL, YOU NEVER KNEW **WHAT** THEY MIGHT CATCH!

BOYS! **DINNER!**

VARK! VARK-ARKARK!

DAMIEN! WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN?

DAMIEN BEAN – YOU'VE BEEN **OUT!** AFTER EVERYTHING I SAID!

AND YOU'RE HURT! WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING?

1313A S.BEAN

DROKK!

VARK!

VARK!

VARK!

I'M NO MUG

VARK!

VARK!

THESE **YOUR** PETS, CITIZEN?

PETS? WHERE? WE'VE NO PETS...

HAVE WE, BOYS?

VARK!

VARK!

VARK!

IT TAKES SOME TIME FOR DREDD TO PIECE TOGETHER THE FULL STORY –

YOU'RE SICK, CITIZEN BEAN. I'M SENDING YOU TO THE PSYCHO-CUBES FOR TREATMENT.

B-BUT MY BOYS! WHO'LL LOOK AFTER MY BOYS?

PSYCHO UNIT

N-UT

LARRY COFFIN

CAUTI

THISWAY UP

LOCK

DON'T WORRY. I'LL SEE THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF.

WHAT BEATS ME IS – WHY DIDN'T THEY EAT **HER**?

DON'T BE DUMB...

HANDLE WITH FEAR

SHE'S THEIR MOTHER!

THE VARK END.

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T. FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

ON THE SUPERSLAB.

MEGA-CITY ONE.

THE CITY IS A **LIVING** THING. A VAST MONSTROSITY OF GLASS AND 'CRETE AND STEEL, SPRAWLING LIKE SOME **ALIEN GROWTH** ON THE FACE OF AMERICA. COLD AND HARD AND UNFEELING – YET PULSING WITH **LIFE**.

AND AS THE CITY LIVES, SO THE **MEGA-CITY 500** IS ITS MAIN **ARTERY**. MORE THAN 1000 KAYS OF NON-STOP, 12-LANE SUPERSLAB RUNNING THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ORGANISM, BISECTING IT NORTH TO SOUTH, FEEDING EACH LIMB AND BRANCH ALONG THE WAY...

...AND OF COURSE, ALSO BEARING **DISEASE**.

IN THE CITY, THE DISEASE IS **CRIME**...

...AND THE **CURE** IS **JUDGE DREDD**.

VEHICLE REGISTERED TO ONE **HELMUT PARKER**, CONVICTED RACKETEER. NO OUTSTANDING WARRANTS AT THIS TIME.

PARKER... KIND OF OUT OF HIS TERRITORY. WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING SO FAR UP-SLAB?

BOSS! JUDGE LOOKING US OVER – IT'S **DREDD!**

HE CAN'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP TO! TAKE IT EASY! FACE FRONT – STAY COOL!

BUT A JUDGE'S EYE IS TRAINED TO NOTICE... THE TELL-TALE BULGE OF CONCEALED WEAPONS... THE NERVOUS, SWEAT-BEADED FACES...

HE'S PULLING BACK!

TOLD YOU HE WOULD. WE'RE IN THE CLEAR.

CONTROL! IT'S PARKER ALL RIGHT – TWO OF HIS MUSCLES. THEY'RE ARMED.

WANT TO PICK THEM UP?

NOT YET. THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING – I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT.

MAINTAINING DISCREET SURVEILLANCE. WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED.

PFFFTT!

TRACER DART!

THUK!

Bleep! Bleep!

OUT OF SIGHT, DREDD FOLLOWS THE LIMO NORTH ALONG THE GREAT ARTERY, WHERE THE LIGHTS NEVER DIM AND THE TRAFFIC NEVER STOPS.

ALL ALONG THE ROUTE OTHER JUDGES ARE WARNED: "KEEP WELL BACK. DO NOT MOLEST."

AND THEN –

Bleep! Bleep! Bleep!

THEY'RE **SLOWING**, CONTROL!

MB 64

EAT'S 500 M

PARKING

I SEE 'EM – NOW BOARDING DRIVE-ON MOPAD NUMBER TY12IFS301.

MOPAD'S REGISTERED TO ONE **P.W. MANCINI** – RECOGNISE HIM?

SURE – **PINI MANCINI**, THE MOBSTER. SINCE WHEN DOES MANCINI DO BUSINESS WITH PARKER? LAST I HEARD THEY WERE AT WAR.

WHEN SCUM LIKE THAT GET TOGETHER, I WANT TO KNOW **WHY**.

BIKE TO AUTOMATIC!

WELL, WELL! NOT JUST PARKER AND MANCINI – **SPOKANE CHARLIE** AND THE **WONGS**, TOO. A REGULAR MOB CONVENTION.

THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH FIGHTING BETWEEN US. IT'S TIME WE GOT SMART – CARVED UP THE **500** FAIR AN' SQUARE, SO EVERYBODY GETS THEIR BIT AN' NOBODY GETS KILLED.

PARKER HERE'LL CONTROL GAMBLING, UMPTY, VI, PROTECTION – EVERYTHING NORTH TO JUNCTION 1040.

FROM THERE TO THE URBANOX FLYTHROUGH, THAT'S **MY** MOB'S.

WONG, YOU AND YOUR FAMILY TAKE OVER FROM THE FLYTHROUGH, ALL THE WAY TO JUNCTION 800.

CHARLIE – YOU'VE GOT THE REST AS FAR AS THE CENTRAL SPIRAL.

SOUNDS ALL RIGHT TO WONG.

IF WE TRUST EACH OTHER.

WHICH I DON'T – NOT AN INCH – NONE OF YOU!

CREEP'S THINK THEY CAN CARVE UP THE SUPERSLAB LIKE A SLICE OF CAKE... A COSY LITTLE CRIMINAL CARTEL.

NOT IN MY CITY!

BOSS! WE GOT A **JUDGE** ON BOARD!

I MIGHT'VE KNOWN! YOU SET US UP, MANCINI!

YOU GOT ME WRONG!

BADAM!

BADAM!

AAAHH!

CRASHH!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS! **THIS IS THE LAW!**

DON'T TRY IT, PARKER! IT'S NOT WORTH IT!

NEITHER'S THE CUBES, DREDD, AND YOU GOT ME ON A **MURDER** RAP.

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES — **AAAHHH!**

AAH!
AAGH!
ANYMORE FOR ANYMORE?
NOT ME! I WANT NO PART OF THIS!
DREDD'S PRISONERS ARE TAKEN OFF AT THE NEAREST PARKING BAY –
YOU CAN'T ARREST US, DREDD! WE'RE NOT ARMED! WE'VE DONE NOTHING!
CONSPIRACY.
WE NOT CONSPIRE! WE AGREE TO NOTHING!
YOU WERE **HERE**. IN MY BOOK, THAT'S ENOUGH. **TAKE 'EM AWAY!**
AND SO ONE DISEASE HAS BEEN WIPED OUT... BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE INFECTION FLOWING ALONG THE GREAT MEGA-CITY ARTERY, WHERE THE LIGHTS NEVER DIM AND THE TRAFFIC NEVER STOPS... AND THE BATTLE NEVER ENDS.
SEVEN DEAD. MANCINI AND PARKER AMONG THEM.
CREEPS GOT TOO BIG FOR THEMSELVES. THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN –
SUPER SLAB
MAX
500 MEGA
MEDIC
YOU CAN'T CARVE UP AN ARTERY WITHOUT SPILLING A LITTLE BLOOD.
NEXT PROG:
SLICK DICKENS!
LAST EXIT

He got to Diamon Row just before midnight, and parked his scarlet '08 E-type Quadroturb in the shadows a minute's run from his target.

As always on a job, he was dressed immaculately. Tonight he'd chosen the gold-lamé overjack with the deep rear vents. To complement it he wore the pink ruff shirt and skintight PVC hiphuggers.

Mock-croc Yucci boots and a Goola designer carribag completed his ensemble.

The stakes were high on this one. A cool ten mil in untraceable crystals. Slick Dickens wanted to go in looking his best.

KLIK

Slick paused in the gloom opposite his target, his steel-gray eyes flicking right and left, checking. Good. The coast was clear.

DEBOERS

CHANK!

JUDGE DREDD

The elegant exterior belied the taut musculature that rippled beneath. Slick worked out every day at Jim's Gym; he liked to keep himself in shape. The way he lived, he *had* to.

Besides, he enjoyed the company of the guys.

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART S. DILLON
LETTERING T. FRAME

The climb took him a mere eight seconds. The hi-security skylite yielded immediately to his practised hands.

Inside, he paused to reset his coiffe. He had allowed it to become slightly mussed. He made a mental note to change his hair spray. Normal strength just wasn't working; on a job like this, he needed Firm Hold.

The safe was a Yale 347. He'd known right from the start there'd be only one way into it... Hi-ex. That meant tripping the alarm. No way round it.

He shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly and patted the hard wedge of the Pierre Cardew lase-blaze he wore in its quick-release holster beneath his musk-scented armpit.

Danger was no stranger to Slick Dickens.

KABOOM

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT VICINITY DIAMON ROW! WE HAVE AN INTRUDER ALERT, DE BOERS GEMS.

DREDD HERE! RESPONDING!

The crystals shimmered with a light as deep and mysterious as the Nuclear Impactor that had forged them, casting it out in a thousand glittering rainbow shards.
A little half smile played on Slick's lips as he swept them into his bag. They'd look good on Leslie.
With the sound of the alarm ringing in his ears, two security droids burst in – and died where they stood!
ALERT! ALEZZZZZTT! BZZZT!
It took him mere seconds to reach the ground. In another time, in another place, Slick Dickens could have been a world-class trackstar.
In yet another time, in yet another place, he could have been a monkey. But Slick didn't think of that. This was no time for philosophy.
Two clean shots – and two of Mega-City's finest went down like so much meat.
YOU! DROP IT!
TURN ROUND SLOW, CREEP. I WANT TO SEE WHAT A JUDGE-KILLER LOOKS LIKE!

DROKK! SLICK DICKENS!

Faster than the eye could follow, his tungsten-steel Ninja comb flew from Slick's hand.

AAAH!

He followed through with a spinning Thai boxer kick.

UUUNHH!

A cold sneer twisted the debonair thief's mouth as he watched the lawman claw for his fallen weapon.

YOU'LL DIE BY YOUR OWN GUN, LAWMAN!

JUST TRY AND TAKE IT!

YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU? BUT I KNOW YOUR LITTLE SECRETS — I KNOW ONLY A JUDGE'S **OWN** HAND CAN FIRE HIS LAWGIVER!

GRUD! HE'S TOO STRONG!

AAGH!
MEGA-CITY'S FINEST, HUH? YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO MESS WITH ME...
I'M SLICK DICKENS – EASY RIDER!
VROOM!
CUBES 10-20
VISITOR! ON YOUR FEET, KAPUT!
YOU WRITE THIS?
SLICK DICKENS
BY TRUMAN KAPUT
Y-YES, JUDGE DREDD.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL IT THE WAY IT **REALLY** HAPPENED?

I WAS JUST USING A LITTLE LITERARY LICENCE.

I'LL SAY!

HEEELLLPPP!

CONTROL! WE GOT SOME CLOWN ON A ROPE, DE BOERS BUILDING IN DIAMON ROW!

MY CUFFLINK'S CAUGHT IN THE ROPE! I CAN'T MOVE!

BLAM

SNAP

CRUMP

WHAT HAVE WE HERE...? BURGLARY TOOLS... HI-EXPLOSIVE... REPLICA PISTOL...

BUT - YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! I'M A NOVELIST!

WELL, YOU CAN WRITE OFF THE NEXT FIVE YEARS!

NEXT PROG: **THEY SHOOT DEEJAYS, DON'T THEY?**

GOOD EVENING, MEGA-CITY! YOU'RE LISTENING TO **RADIO RADIO RADIO**. THIS IS **COOL JOHNNY COOL** WITH YOUR ALL-DAY, ALL-NIGHT, TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR, NEVER-STOP **RAPATTACK!**

WHEEEE-OOO! YOU LUCKY PEOPLE! THAT'S RIGHT! STAY WITH ME 'COS I'LL BE STAYIN' WITH YOU FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. AN' THE **NEXT** TWENTY-FOUR... AN' THE **NEXT** TWENTY-FOUR...

RADIO RA

JUDGE DREDD

LIKE, IT'S INFINITE LOOP TIME, CHILDREN! SO LET'S GET DOWN AND SHOOGLE THAT BOOGLE AN' SHAKE THAT CAKE WITH THIS WEEK'S NUMBER TWO —

OH, BUT I'M FORGETTIN' MYSELF! FIRST ON THE LINE IT'S **PHONE-IN TIME!**

THEY SHOOT DEEJAYS, DON'T THEY?
(OR AT LEAST THEY OUGHT TO!)

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART B. KITSON
LETTERING T. FRAME

HI THERE, CALLER! YOU'RE THROUGH TO COOL JOHNNY COOL — AN' I'M TALKIN' **PERSONAL**! SO GO AHEAD, BABY — STATE YOUR CASE OR SHUT YOUR FACE!

I'M GOING CRAZY, COOL JOHNNY! ALL I EVER HEAR IS YOUR VOICE! RANTING ON AND ON! WHY DON'T YOU EVER SHUT UP?

I'M GOING CRAZY, COOL JOHNNY! ALL I EVER HEAR IS YOUR VOICE! RANTING ON AND ON! WHY DON'T YOU EVER SHUT UP?

HERESY! I SAY HERESY, BABY! YOU CAN'T CAN THE COOL MAN! I MEAN, MY CITY LOVES ME! SHE **NEEEEDS** ME!

I GOT ANOTHER SOLUTION, GEEK! YOU DON'T LIKE IT, WHY DON'T YA JUST **SWITCH OFF**?

I CAN'T! **I CAN'T!**

...SHE **NEEDS** ME! I GOT ANOTHER SOLUTION, GEEK! YOU DON'T LIKE IT, WHY DON'T YA JUST **SWITCH OFF**? I CAN'T! **I CAN'T!**

I HAD AN OPERATION, YOU SEE — AN **IMPLANT** IN MY BRAIN! IT PICKS UP YOUR SIGNALS — ALL THE TIME! YOU'RE DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND!

WHAT'S THAT, GEEK? SEEMS WE GOT AN ECHO PROBLEM HERE! MIND SWITCHIN' OFF YOUR RADIO?

I CAN'T! **I CAN'T!**

I'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF MY HEAD, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! I'M COMING FOR YOU! YOU'RE **DEAD**, YOU HEAR? I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON ICE, COOL JOHNNY COOL!

...I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON ICE, COOL JOHNNY COOL!

ALL DEATH THREATS ARE ROUTINELY PASSED TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT —

VOICE PRINT'S NOT ON FILE. THE CALL WAS MADE FROM A BOOTH ON BLUTER STREET. WE'RE CHECKING THE RECORDS OF ALL AREA RESIDENTS NOW.

HERE WE GO!

CUTH HARTLEY, APARTMENT 12C, FRANCES BATH BLOCK. HAD A **NEURAL REGULATOR** INSERTED IN HIS BRAIN ON NOVEMBER NINE. BEEN COMPLAINING ABOUT RADIO INTERFERENCE EVER SINCE — SPECIFICALLY THE RADIO RADIO RADIO STATION.

FILE 1171-11

A JUDGE IS IMMEDIATELY DESPATCHED TO HARTLEY'S APARTMENT —

KERRASH!

NO JOY, CONTROL! YOUR BIRD HAS FLOWN. GOT ONE THING, THOUGH —

CUTH HARTLEY DEATH WARRANT

EMPTY CARTRIDGE BOX — .45 CALIBRE.

LOOKS LIKE THIS CREEP MEANS BUSINESS!

CARTRIDGES

THEY'D TOLD CUTH HARTLEY THE OPERATION WOULD SOLVE EVERYTHING. NO MORE HEADACHES, NO MORE BLACKOUTS, NO MORE INCONTINENCE. OH, IT'D STOPPED THAT ALL RIGHT.

BUT IN ITS PLACE HE HAD NON-STOP, ROUND-THE-CLOCK COOL JOHNNY COOL –
THIS ONE'S FOR ALL YOU LOVERS OUT THERE. SO LIE BACK, HOLD EACH OTHER TIGHT AN' LET THE SWEET BALM FROM THE COOL MAN WASH ALL OVER YOU. OH! IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, LET'S EAT, BABY!
WHEN HE HAD AWAKENED AFTER THE OPERATION, THE STATION HAD BEEN THERE. IN FACT, IT WAS RADIO RADIO RADIO THAT WOKE HIM –
ALL RIGHT, FLABFIGHTERS!
COME ON – GET UP, GET DOWN, GET UP AGAIN! SHOOGLE YOUR BOOGLE AN' SHAKE YOUR CAKE! IT'S EXERCISE TIME WITH COOL JOHNNY COOL!
HE TRIED TO SWITCH IT OFF, BUT IT WAS NO USE. THE BEDSIDE CONTROLS DIDN'T SEEM TO FUNCTION –
LET'S TRIM THOSE THIGHS DOWN TO SIZE! HUP-TWO! HUP-TWO! HUP-TWO! THAT'S MILITARY STYLE, BABY!
IT WAS SOME MINUTES BEFORE HE REALISED – RADIO RADIO RADIO WAS COMING TO HIM DIRECT!
I GOT A REQUEST HERE FROM MRS DONNY SCHWARTZ WHO SAYS SHE JUST HAD A LEG AMPUTATED AN' NEEDS A LITTLE OF THE COOL TREATMENT TO GET HER BACK ON HER FOOT AGAIN! THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, BABY!
YES. THE IMPLANT DOES SEEM TO BE PICKING UP A RADIO STATION.

IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES. JUST TRY TO IGNORE IT. IT'LL GO AWAY IN A LITTLE WHILE.

BUT IT DIDN'T. IT WENT ON, DAY AFTER DAY, WEEK AFTER WEEK. HE COULD HAVE HAD ANOTHER OPERATION, OF COURSE, IF HE'D HAD ANOTHER FIFTY THOU. BUT HE HADN'T.

AN' HERE IS THE NEWS! COOL JOHNNY COOL WAS TODAY VOTED MEGA-CITY ONE'S COOOO-LEST DEEJAY!

YES, PEOPLES, I HAVE VOTED MYSELF NUMERO UNO COOLO – THE SMOOTHEST JOCK IN TOWN!

STOP IT! STOP IT! GET OUT OF MY HEAD, DAMN YOU!

AND NOW IT HAD COME TO THIS – THE ONLY WAY TO SHUT UP THAT MAD RAPPER, AND PRESERVE HIS OWN SANITY –

RADIO

STOP

MURDER!

AN' NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR – DON'T GET THE BLUES, HEAR MY NEWS – BUY YOUR U-S FROM NELLY HUGHES! THAT'S RIGHT! THE NELLY HUGHES MEMORIAL U-SHOP IS GIVIN' AWAY A FREE PAIR OF Y-S WITH EVERY TWO U-S BOUGHT!

SO ZIP ON DOWN TO YOUR NEAREST NELLY'S FOR THE BEST BUY IN TOWN!

NOW CHECK YOUR EARS, PEOPLE! IT'S SOUNDS TIME AGAIN. HERE COMES THE NUMBER SEVEN CHARTSHOOTER FROM VINNY AND THE VOMS – "LOVE-SICK OVER YOU".

COOL? I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED AS YOUR BODYGUARD.

WOW! LIKE, YOU MEAN THE DEATH-THREAT GEEK IS **SERIOUS**?

OH WOW! THE CITY'S COOLEST DEEJAY IN DEADLY DANGE! AN' THE CITY'S ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST LAWMAN IS SENT TO PROTECT HIS CAKESHAKIN' BACON!

COOL AN' DREDD! DREDD AN' COOL! WHAT A TEAM!

GIMME SKIN, JOE!

GET THIS STRAIGHT, COOL — I'M HERE BECAUSE THE LAW'S THE LAW, NOT BECAUSE I WANT TO BE!

IF CUTH HARTLEY'S HAD YOUR VERBAL GARBAGE PLAYIN' IN HIS HEAD FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS, FRANKLY HE'S GOT MY SYMPATHY.

SO SIT DOWN BEFORE I BOOK YOU FOR **FAMILIARITY!**

HEY! WOW! HEAVY DISCIPLINE, BABY! DOUBLE CRUEL, DOUBLE COOL! **LOVE YA!**

ONLY ONE SECURITY DROID ON THE DOOR. I'LL SLIP PAST HIM IN THAT TOUR PARTY.

RADIO RADIO RADIO TOUR STARTS HERE!

CONTROL TO DREDD! SPY-IN-THE-SKY'S PICKED UP HARTLEY. HE'S IN THE BUILDING!

LET HIM COME. I'LL TAKE HIM HERE.

HEY, PEOPLE! COME CLOSER! THAT'S NIII-IICE! THE ICEMAN'S GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU. GET YOUR PEN AN' PAD READY, 'COS I WANT YOU TO WRITE THIS DOWN...

THE MESSAGE READS...

COME ON! GET DOWN! GET IN! GET UNDER!

SHAKE IT, BABY! SHAKE IT!

YOU BALLOON! I'LL SHAKE IT ALL RIGHT!

CUTH HARTLEY! DROP IT!

J-JUDGE DREDD!

YOU HEAR ME, GROOVERS? THAT'S A ROYAL COMMAND FROM THE KING OF COOL! DO YA LOVE ME? YOU **KNOW** YOU DO!

PLEASE, JUDGE! FOR MERCY'S SAKE, LET ME KILL HIM!

NO CAN DO! LAST CHANCE, HARTLEY!

I CAN'T! I JUST CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE!

OH PEOPLES! COOL JOHNNY LOVES YOU, TOO!

BLAM!

AAAGH!

CUTH HARTLEY, YOU HAVE COMMITTED A SERIOUS OFFENCE. HOWEVER, IN VIEW OF THE SEVERE PROVOCATION YOU HAVE BEEN PLACED UNDER, I'M PREPARED TO BE LENIENT.

THREE YEARS!

AND THERE'S AN ADDED BONUS. YOU'LL FIND RADIO WAVES WILL NOT PENETRATE AN ISO-CUBE.

Y-YOU MEAN IT? OH, **THANK** YOU!

FORGET THE MERCY! GIVE ME TEN YEARS – TWENTY! **LIFE!**

HEY, PEOPLE! YOU STILL OUT THERE? YOU STILL WITH ME? I'VE BEEN WORRYING ABOUT YOU!

...I'VE BEEN WORRYING ABOUT YOU!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ME**, LOUDMOUTH! I'M GONNA BE JUST FINE!

NEXT PROG: **THE TAXIDERMIST!**

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART KENNEDY/FARMER
LETTERING FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

RAP RAP RAP!

RAPRAPRAP!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING!

WHAT TIME OF NIGHT IS THIS, I ASK?

THREE IN THE MORNING – AND THE BACK DOOR TOO! TSK! SOME FUNNY BUSINESS HERE!

BUGSKI 2.0

RESYK

RAR! RAR! RAR!

WHOEVER IT IS, GO AWAY! WE'RE CLOSED!

CRAAK!

D-D-D-DON GIOVANNI!

BRING 'EM IN!

IT'S-A MA BOY, **PAXO**. HE'S-A DEAD! KILLED IN A SHOOTOUT WIT' DA **GEEK STREET MOB!**

THESE ARE DA CRUMBS THAT DID IT, **JOE** AN' **MOE GEEK**.

YOU REMEMBER YOU COME-A TO ME ONCE, SARDINI. YOU ASK-A DA FAVOUR? I SAY OKAY, BUT ONE DAY I COME-A TO YOU, ASK-A DA FAVOUR IN RETURN...?

Y-YES, GODFATHER, I REMEMBER.

WELL, THIS IS IT, SARDINI.

YOU MEAN, YOU WANT ME TO **DISPOSE** OF THE BODIES?

NO, SARDINI— **I WANT YOU TO STUFF THEM!**

THE TAXIDERMIST

PART 1

YOU STUFF 'EM A-GOOD NOW! YOU DO-A ME A NICE LITTLE SCENE, EH?
THE GEEK-A BOYS, THEY'RE A-STANDIN' THERE LOOKIN' MEAN, SPITTA GUNS A-SPITTIN'!
AN'-A MA BOY, PAXO, HE'S A-FIGHTIN' LIKE A FURY! ONE-TWO-THREE SLUG A-SPLATTIN' INTO HIM, BUT HE'S A-SHRUGGIN' 'EM OFF AN' GIVIN' DEM GEEK-A BOYS HELL!
BUT DON GIOVANNI, DAT WASN'T DA WAY IT HAPPENED!
HEY, SHUTTA YA FACE! WHAFOR YA TALKA LIKE THAT?
WHAK!
ANYWAY, IT'S FOR HIS MOMMA! AIN'T YA GOTTA NO RESPECT?
I...I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, GODFATHER. YOU HAVE MY DEEPEST SYMPATHIES, B-BELIEVE ME. B-B-BUT THE LAW BEING WHAT IT IS AND WITHOUT DEATH CERTIFICATES OR DOCUMENTATION OF ANY KIND... WELL, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...
...I...I...
YOU WANNA END UP IN A TIN, SARDINI?
ER, FRIDAY LUNCHTIME BE OKAY?
THURSDAY, SARDINI — HAVE 'EM READY!
Y-YES, GODFATHER! WHATEVER YOU SAY!
SLAM!
OH MY LIFE! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

THE SHOOTING HAD TAKEN PLACE AT THE **BLOATED CORPSE**, A SEEDY DOCKLAND LOW-SPOT –

TWO **GEEK STREET MOB HEAVIES** SHOT DEAD, ALONG WITH THE BARMAN AND FOUR CUSTOMERS.

BLOATED CORPSE

BAR

FIGGIS DG

LOOKS LIKE A RIVAL MOB HIT THE GEEKS, DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE ANY WITNESSES.

GENTS

GOOD LUCK BEER

YEAH, BUT HERE'S THE **WEIRD** BIT –

FORENSIC

JUDGING BY THESE BLOOD STAINS THERE WERE ANOTHER **THREE** BODIES – ONE BY THE DOOR, TWO OVER AT THE GEEK TABLE.

YOU CAN SEE THE SMEARS WHERE THEY WERE DRAGGED ACROSS THE FLOOR.

KILLERS MUST'VE TAKEN SOME CASUALTIES TOO – REMOVED THE BODIES TO COVER THEIR TRACKS.

CARRY ON HERE.

I'LL HAUL IN **JOE, MOE** AND **CURLY** GEEK – LET'S FIND OUT EXACTLY **WHO'S** GOT IT IN FOR THEM.

GOOD MORNING, MADAM, HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
JOE'S DINER
TAXIDERMI
STIFF HAUL
IT'S MY GULLIVER... I'D LIKE HIM MOUNTED.
JUST THE HEAD, MADAM?
HEAD AND SHOULDERS, PLEASE. ON A MOCKWOOD PLAQUE – FOR THE WALL.
MRS PHILPOT HAD HER MOTHER DONE THAT WAY. IT LOOKED EVER SO...SO...
TASTEFUL?
YES. TASTEFUL.
STAN
THEY DO SAY THE FULL-FIGURE IS GOING TO BE ALL THE RAGE THIS SEASON. ALL THE TOP PEOPLE ARE BEING DONE THAT WAY.
REALLY?
WELL...PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT...YES! THE FULL-FIGURE, THEN!
VERY WISE, MADAM. ANY PARTICULAR POSE?
YES. DO HIM PICKING HIS NOSE. IT'S HOW I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM.
IN MEGA-CITY ONE IT IS LEGAL – UPON PAYMENT OF THE APPROPRIATE RESYK RELEASE FEE – TO HAVE A NEAR AND DEAR ONE PROFESSIONALLY STUFFED...
STICK HIM IN THE FRIDGE, BILLY. I'LL GUT HIM WITH THAT BATCH ON FRIDAY.
YOP
GULLIVER STRAVELS

I'VE GOT MRS DAVIS'S SKIN HERE.

DO THE FITTING YOURSELF TODAY, ROY. I'VE...

I'VE GOT THINGS ON MY MIND.

JACOB SARDINI CLOSES UP SHOP EARLY THAT DAY...

'NIGHT, BOSS.

DEAR, DEAR... WHAT A QUANDARY!

IF I'M FOUND OUT, I'LL GO TO THE CUBES FOR SURE...

FREEZER 1

AND IF I REFUSE... TSK! IT DOESN'T BEAR THINKING ABOUT!

AH, WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH IT, OLD SARDINE...

NEXT PROG: **THE RIGHT STUFFING!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE TAXIDERMIST

©PART 2

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART KENNEDY/FARMER
LETTERING FRAME

JACOB SARDINI HAS STUFFED SO MANY PEOPLE THAT THE PROCESS HAS BECOME ALMOST AUTOMATIC. HE'S BEEN DOING IT FOR THIRTY YEARS NOW, EVER SINCE **HUMAN TAXIDERMY** WAS FIRST LEGALISED.

ALL THE SAME, HE TAKES SPECIAL CARE THIS NIGHT. THE BODIES HE'S STUFFING BELONG TO **PAXO LAMBRETTA**, SON OF THE **DON** – AND HIS KILLERS, **JOE** AND **MOE GEEK**.

THE BODIES ARE FIRST STRIPPED, WASHED AND BLOW-DRIED –

FILISHAVE

IT IS HERE THAT THE FIRST ART OF THE TAXIDERMIST IS DISPLAYED –

ONE DEFT SLICE FROM GROIN TO CHIN. A RAZOR LINE SO STRAIGHT AND CLEAN THAT, FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, ONLY A KNOWING EYE COULD TELL IT IS THERE.

IT IS THE **SKINNING** THAT REQUIRE MOST SKILL. IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS **JACOB SARDINI** WON **AWARDS** FO HIS TALENT WITH THE BLADE. . . **THREE** SOCIETY **SPEED-SKINNING** TROPHIES AND ONCE, BACK IN '82 – THE APEX OF HIS COMPETITIVE CAREER – A **BRONZE MEDAL** IN TH **OLYMPIC GAMES**.

THE HANDS ARE OLD NOW, BUT THEY HAVE LOST LITTLE OF THEIR CRAFT.

–THEN PLUNGED INTO **MOULDING SHELLS**.

ONLY THE SKIN AND TEETH ARE RETAINED. ALL EXTRANEOUS MATTER IS THE LEGAL PROPERTY OF **RESYK**. IT IS BINNED AND SEALED TO AWAIT WEEKLY COLLECTION.

RESYK

EIGHT MINUTES AT 50 DEGREES CENTIGRADE. NO MORE, NO LESS.

THEN ON TO THE **GUTTING TABLE**...

THE SKINS ARE THEN HUNG, SCRAPED, WASHED AND SPRAYED WITH A PLASTEEN-BASED PRESERVATIVE.

WHILE THE SKINS DRY, THE **BODY MOULDS** ARE INJECTED WITH A FAST-SETTING STYRENE FOAM.

MANY OF THE BIG **STUFF SHOPS** USE MACHINES TO FIT THE SKINS. SARDINI STILL PREFERS TO DO THE JOB BY HAND. HE PRIDES HIMSELF ON THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

ACE HIGH-DIVE TEAM

THE CUTS ARE REJOINED WITH A SYNTHETIC SKIN GROUT, WHICH FORMS AN INVISIBLE JOIN WHEN DRY.

2 Zippy's NO-C-KRAK

TONGUE, LIPS AND NAILS ARE CAREFULLY HAND-MOULDED WITH PUTTY... TEETH AND GLASS EYES ARE GLUED IN. HAIR AND LASHES ADD THE FINAL TOUCH.

IT IS NEARLY ONE A.M. WHEN JACOB SARDINI FINISHES..

THERE...

THE **GODFATHER** WILL BE PLEASED!

FOUR A.M. THE PREVIOUS DAY —

CURLY GEEK, DREDD.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, DREDD?

SHUT UP. SIT DOWN. I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS.

WHERE ARE YOUR BROTHERS?

JOE AN' **MOE**? HOW THE DEVIL DO I KNOW? OUT NIGHTSPOTTIN', PROB'LY –

WHAT NIGHTSPOT?

I DUNNO... THE **CANKER CLUB**, **MURKIES**, THE **BLOATED CORPSE**...

BLOATED CORPSE?

CONTROL – THOSE **BLOODSTAINS** IN THE BLOATED CORPSE MATCH UP WITH **BLOODTYPES** OF **JOSEPH** AND **MOSEPH GEEK?**

JUST A SEC...

THAT'S AN AFFIRMATIVE.

WOULD ANYONE HAVE BEEN WITH YOUR BROTHERS, CURLY?

JUST THEIR BODYGUARDS, **LARRY** AND **TRIG** –

HEY, LISTEN! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JOE AN' MOE?

LAWRENCE STRANGE AND **TRIGGER ROGERS** WERE **GUNNED DOWN** TONIGHT IN THE **BLOATED CORPSE**.

WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOUR BROTHERS WERE **ALSO** SLAIN AND THEIR BODIES REMOVED.

I WANT TO KNOW WHO DID IT!

JOE AND MOE – **DEAD**...

WHY THOSE DIRTY – !

DIRTY **WHO**, GEEK?

I – NOBODY! I'M TELLIN' YOU NOTHIN', DREDD!

OKAY, THAT'S YOUR LOSS. WE'LL GET THE WORD SOON ENOUGH THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE.

IN THE MEANTIME YOU'RE DOING **THREE YEARS** FOR **WITHOLDING INFORMATION.**

GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE MANSION OF GANGLAND **GODFATHER** GIOVANNI LAMBRETTA –

GIOVANNI –!

YOU LOOK TERRIBLE. WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

PAXO! WHERE IS MY PAXO?

HE...THERE'S BEEN AN... AN ACCIDENT, MAMA.

PAXO'S...

NO!

NO!

WE WENT TO GETTA THEM **GEEKS.** THERE...THERE WAZZA GUN-A FIGHT. PAXO...HE-HE TOOK-A THREE SLUGS.

HE WAS...DEAD BEFORE HE HITTA DA GROUN'...

SOB!

HE LOOKA REAL MESS, MAMA... SO I'M-A HAVIN' HIM FIXED UP FOR YOU. YOU'RE GONNA LIKE HIM.

MIKEY! SCOOTER! GET-A YOUR ARTILLERY!

SURE THING, POP!

WHAT ARE YOU—?

NO, GIOVANNI! NOT THEM TOO!

WHAT-A MUST BE, MAMA, MUST-A BE.

WE HAFTA STAY UNNERCOVER FOR A WHILE, TILL THE **WAR** IS OVER. WE BE BACK WHENNA LAST GEEK IS-A DEAD.

AN' DON' WORRY ABOUT-A PAXO. I HAVE HIM SENT ROUND THURSDAY.

OVER THE FOLLOWING HOURS NEWS GRADUALLY FILTERS IN TO JUSTICE DEPT THROUGH A NETWORK OF PAID INFORMERS—

THE **LAMBRETTA FAMILY** WASTED THE GEEKS. WORD IS DON GIOVANNI'S SON **PAXO** GOT BLOWED AWAY TOO.

THE LAMBRETTAS HAVE GONE TO GROUND WITH THEIR TORPEDOS. THERE'S GONNA BE A **WAR.**

THE **DON'S** REAL MAD. HE CAN'T WAIT FOR REVENGE. IT'S GONNA BE **TONIGHT.**

WE'VE GOT MRS LAMBRETTA. SHE REFUSES TO SAY A WORD.

STILL NO SIGN OF GIOVANNI?

NEGATIVE.

OKAY, LOCK HER UP.

TIME WE MOVED ON THE **GEEKS.**

AT THE GEEK CLUB—
JUDGES COMIN'! DITCH YOUR WEAPONS!
GEEK CLUB
TOMAHAWKS
DANCE 'N' BUDJIT
WHAT IF IT'S A TRICK? WHAT IF IT'S THE LAMBRETTAS?
SHOULD'VE DROPPED IT, CREEP!
BAM
KRAA
SHH!
SEARCH THEM! IF THEY'RE PACKIN', BOOK 'EM! IF THEY'RE NOT, TAKE 'EM INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY.
DREDD
YOU'RE SURE THE LAMBRETTAS ARE GOING TO SHOW?
BY THE NUMBER OF WEAPONS, THE GEEKS SEEM TO THINK SO.
WHEN THEY DO, WE'LL BE WAITING!
NEXT PROG: SLAUGHTER ON GEEK STREET!

THE TAXIDERMIST
PART 3
THIS IS WATCHING BAY 212. WE HAVE SIX DARK HOVERLIMOS HEADING SOUTH ON BRANDO OVERPASS.
GEEK CLUB
NOW TURNING INTO GEEK STREET. HEADING YOUR WAY.
HEINIS
A LONE FIGURE STRIDES FROM THE SLEAZY CLUB AT THE HEAD OF GEEK STREET...
AND THE APPROACHING LIMOS WHISPER TO A HALT.
GIOVANNI LAMBRETTA! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD. YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE UNDER ARREST!
YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE TO THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND SURRENDER.
WE GOTTA DA SCORE TO SETTLE WITH DA GEEKS, JUDGE...
RUN HIM DOWN!
HIGH EXPLOSIVE!
BLAAM!
SPTAANG
JUDGE DREDD
CRUNCHHHH
SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART KENNEDY/FARMER
LETTERING FRAME

FROM BOTH SIDES OF GEEK STREET JUSTICE DEPT EMPLACEMENTS OPEN UP –
BLOW 'EM AWAY!
'S BAR
KBLAM!
BRRATTTT!
ZZRAK!

MIKEY... SCOOTER... DEAD!
WHAT AM I GONNA TELL-A MAMA...?
I KILL THAT FASCIST! PIG DREDD!
THAT'S WHAT I'M-A GONNA SAY!
SO MUCH FOR THE WAR.
ONLY THREE OF THE LAMBRETTA TORPEDOES MANAGE TO SURRENDER -
CLEAN-UP SQUAD TO GEEK STREET!

JACOB SARDINI WORKS TILL 4 A.M. THAT MORNING BEFORE HE IS SATISFIED...

THE FINAL ART OF TAXIDERMY LIES IN THE **POSING**. AN ARRANGEMENT OF THIS COMPLEXITY REQUIRES ALL HIS SKILL...

THE STYRENE FOAM THAT FILLS THE SKINS OF **PAXO LAMBRETTA** AND **JOSEPH** AND **MOSEPH GEEK** IS FULLY BENDABLE —

THERE... THE GUN ARM JUST SO...

SARDINI IS PARTICULARLY HAPPY WITH THE EFFECT OF THE BULLET IMPACTS...

...AND THE FALLING MOE GEEK AND CHAIR... ACTION STUFFING AT ITS BEST!

THE **DON WILL** BE PLEASED!

AND SO TO BED...

YOU SHOULD SEE THE JOB I MADE OF DON GIOVANNI'S BOY, LOTTE. A WORK OF ART! YES, THE BEST NIGHT'S STUFFING I'VE DONE SINCE THE OLYMPICS...
YOU REMEMBER, LOTTE, MY BRONZE MEDAL ARRANGEMENT – "EXPLOSION IN A BUS-Q"?
BRONZE! SHOULD HAVE BEEN GOLD! THOSE DAMNED GERMANS – CATCHING THE OFFICIALS' EYE WITH THEIR "BIRTH OF ADOLF HITLER"...
TSK!
AH, WELL, THIS IS ONE ARRANGEMENT THE PUBLIC WON'T SEE!
LET'S HOPE THE DON COLLECTS IT FIRST THING. IF THE JUDGES SHOULD FIND IT HERE... TSK!
Peck!
GOODNIGHT, DEAR.
WHILE SETTING HIS MORNING VID ALARM, SARDINI CHANCES TO HEAR A NEWSFLASH –
...ONLY THREE MEMBERS OF THE THIRTY-SEVEN STRONG LAMBRETTA MOB SURVIVED THE SHOOT-OUT.
AMONG THOSE SLAIN WERE DON GIOVANNI HIMSELF AND HIS TWO SONS.
MRS VESPA LAMBRETTA, HAS ALSO BEEN TAKEN INTO CUSTODY AND IS EXPECTED TO BE SENTENCED LATER TODAY.
THE DON! DEAD!
OF THE BODIES OF PAXO LAMBRETTA AND THE GEEK BROTHERS, MISSING SINCE TUESDAY, THERE IS STILL NO SIGN.
OH MY LIFE! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
NEXT PROG · UNSTUFFING PAXO!

JUDGE DREDD

THE TAXIDERMIST

©PART 4

IN THIRTY YEARS OF HUMAN TAXIDERMY **JACOB SARDINI** HAS NEVER HAD TO **UNSTUFF** A CLIENT.

UNTIL TONIGHT.

SKINNING A MAN TWICE! **TSK!**

NO DEFT ARTIST'S TOUCH NOW. HIS MOVEMENTS ARE NERVOUS, HURRIED. JACOB SARDINI IS A FRIGHTENED MAN.

I CAN MELT THE STYRENE BACK INTO THE VAT. THE SKINS AND CLOTHES WILL FIT IN THE GRINDER.

AS HE WORKS, HE CURSES HIS LUCK. WHY DID HE EVER ASK A FAVOUR FROM DON GIOVANNI LAMBRETTA...?

IT HAD BEEN SO LONG AGO HE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN. BACK WHEN HE FIRST OPENED THE SHOP...

IT WAS THE **DON** WHO'D CONVINCED SOME OF THE CITY'S TOP PEOPLE TO HAVE THEMSELVES STUFFED BY SARDINI. IT HAD MADE HIS NAME.

WHY DID DON GIOVANNI HAVE TO GET HIMSELF KILLED?

WHY DID HE HAVE TO BRING HIS SON TO ME?

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART KENNEDY/FARMER
LETTERING FRAME

STILL, EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT. ONCE HE'D GOT RID OF THE EVIDENCE, WHO'D **KNOW** HE'D HANDLED ILLEGAL BODIES?

SKANKK-K-K-K

DON'T BREAK DOWN ON ME NOW! **WORK, ROT YOU! WORK!**

WHUNK! WHUNK!

DAMNED MACHINE! AND I'VE STILL GOT THE SKINS!

THE RESYK BINS...

NO! TOO RISKY.

THINK, SARDINI! **THINK!**

RESYK

THE **PUBLIC GRINDER** DOWN ON THE MALL... YES, IT'LL HAVE TO BE THAT!

THE PARCEL BURNS IN HIS HANDS LIKE A HOT COAL AND IT IS ALL HE CAN DO TO STOP HIMSELF RUNNING THE LAST FEW STEPS.

WATCHA GOT IN THE PARCEL ?
N-NOTHING !
THEN YOU WON'T MISS IT !
GIVE ME THAT !
HOLD IT THERE !
JUDGE ! RUN !

THWACK

MY GRUD! THIS IS THE **END** FOR ME!

YOURS, CITIZEN?

Y-Y-Y-YES, SIR.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO WALK THE STREETS AT NIGHT CARRYING VALUABLES.

IT-IT'S NOTHING IMPORTANT, SIR. JUST GARBAGE. I-I WAS BRINGING IT TO THE GRINDER.

YEAH?

YOU STILL OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER. CREEPS IN THIS CITY WILL STEAL ANYTHING.
GRIIINNNGG
PUBL
GRIN
GET OFF HOME NOW.
Y-YES, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!
AND SO IT IS THAT JACOB SARDINI HAS A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE AND LIVES TO STUFF AGAIN...
...AND THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING BODIES OF PAXO LAMBRETTA AND THE GEEK BROTHERS REMAINS HIS SECRET FOREVER...
PUBLIC GRINDER
NSST CURP CURP WHIRR! WH! W!
THE END.
NEXT PROG: BE STILL, MY BEATING HEART!

THE BEATING HEART PT 1

JUDGE DREDD

CAUSE OF DEATH, SEVERE BLOW TO THE FRONT OF THE SKULL. THE HEART WAS REMOVED AFTER-WARDS.

WHOEVER DID IT, IT WASN'T ORGANLEGGERS. THIS IS THE WORK OF A BUTCHER, NOT A SURGEON.

YOU FEEL UP TO ANSWERING QUESTIONS, CITIZEN KRUPPS?

N... NO...

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO.

WHAT RELATION WERE YOU TO THE DECEASED?

BRAD... BRAD'S MY BOYFRIEND. I... I HADN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE YESTERDAY - HE DIDN'T ANSWER MY CALLS... SO... SO I CAME ROUND...

I... I FOUND HIM LYING THERE... AND-AND- OH, MY GOD!

GO EASY ON HER, DREDD. LIE DETECTOR SAYS SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

I'VE GOT TO GET THE FACTS.

TRUE

FALSE

YOU KNOW ANYONE WITH ANY GRUDGE AGAINST YOUR BOYFRIEND? ANY REASON TO HATE HIM?

NO! EVERYBODY LIKED BRAD. HE WAS THE NICEST, KINDEST MAN YOU COULD EVER HOPE TO MEET.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR OTHER BOYFRIENDS?

THERE'S NO-ONE ELSE! BRAD'S THE ONLY MAN I'VE EVER BEEN OUT WITH. WE LOVED EACH OTHER. WE WERE GOING TO BE - *SOB!* - MARRIED!

MURDER WEAPON MUST HAVE BEEN A BUZZ SAW, BUT NO SIGN OF IT. ONLY **PRINTS** IN THE APARTMENT BELONG TO BRADWELL DODDLE AND KARINE KRUPPS.
I'VE CHECKED WITH THE NEIGHBOUR. THE RAKUSSENS NEXT DOOR REMEMBER HEARING A SAW YESTERDAY EVENING. THEY THOUGHT DODDLE WAS DOING SOME D-I-Y.
AND NOBODY SAW ANYTHING?
NEGATIVE.
GREAT!
EARL LACEWING LOVED KARINE KRUPPS.
LAUNDERAMA
HE HAD LOVED HER FROM THE MOMENT HE FIRST SET EYES ON HER IN THE LAUNDERAMA THAT DAY – THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE HAD EVER SEEN.
STRAWBERRY!
FABRIC CONDITIONER
RULES
HE WISHED HE WAS BRAVE ENOUGH TO RUSH UP TO HER, TO TAKE HER IN HIS ARMS, SWEEP HER OFF HER FEET, MAKE HER HIS FOREVER.
BUT HOW **COULD** HE? EARL THE WEED! THE SHRINKING VIOLET! TOO SHY TO SPEAK TO ANY GIRL WITHOUT STAMMERING LIKE AN IDIOT!
HOW COULD HE SPEAK TO THIS **GODDESS**? A GIRL LIKE HER WOULD JUST LAUGH IN HIS FACE!
SO HE WATCHED HER, LOST IN SILENT, SURREPTITIOUS WORSHIP – AND WHEN SHE LEFT SHE DREW HIM AFTER HER LIKE A LOVESICK ZOMBIE.

HE FOLLOWED HER ALL THE WAY HOME, CAREFUL TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT – FRIGHTENED SHE MIGHT SEE HIM, MIGHT SUSPECT THE PASSION THAT SEETHED IN HIS UNWORTHY BREAST.

NEXT DAY HE WAITED FOR HER. AND THE DAY AFTER THAT. AND EVERY DAY. EARL BECAME A WEED OBSESSED. WHERE SHE WENT, HE WENT. HER CONSTANT SHADOW.

BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH! WHAT DID SHE DO WHEN HE WASN'T THERE – WHEN HER DOOR CLOSED BEHIND HER AND SHUT HIM OUT?

HE HAD TO KNOW! HE HAD TO BE WITH HER ALWAYS!

AND THAT WAS WHY, ONE DAY WHEN HE KNEW THAT KARINE WOULD BE AT THE SHOPPERAMY, EARL PICKED THE LOCK ON HER APARTMENT DOOR –

AND PLANTED A NUMBER OF SOPHISTICATED MONITORING DEVICES, BOTH VIDEO AND AUDIO, SO TINY ONLY AN EXPERT EYE COULD DETECT THEM.

THAT NIGHT – AND THE MANY THAT FOLLOWED – WERE THE HAPPIEST OF EARL LACEWING'S MISERABLE, LONELY EXISTENCE.

HE WATCHED AS SHE ATE, AS SHE SAT QUIETLY VIDDING, AS SHE SLEPT, HER LOVELY ANGEL'S FACE SERENE IN REPOSE.

HE SHARED EVERY DELIGHTFUL MOMENT WITH HER. HIS KARINE – HIS SWEET KARINE!

AND THEN CAME BRAD -
BRADWELL DODDLE. SIX FOOT TALL, RUGGED, A HANDSOME HUNK - EVERYTHING EARL WAS NOT.
AND EARL WATCHED HIS WORLD FALL APART...
I LOVE YOU, KARINE. MY HEART BELONGS TO YOU. WILL YOU MARRY ME?
OH, BRAD, YES! YES!
NO, KARINE! YOU'RE MINE! IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S NOT FAIR!
THIS WAS THE MOMENT WHEN EARL'S UNHEALTHY OBSESSION TURNED INTO FULL-BLOWN PSYCHOSIS -
YOU'RE DEAD, BRAD DODDLE!

EARL FOLLOWED BRAD HOME TO HIS APARTMENT AND CARRIED OUT HIS THREAT. HE LEFT, CARRYING A TROPHY OF HIS ACT OF JEALOUS RAGE.

517

HE SWITCHED ON THE MONITOR AND CHUCKLED QUIETLY AS HE SAW HER PHONING BRAD AND GETTING NO REPLY.

TOO BAD, MY DARLING — OL' BRAD'S **HEART'S** JUST NOT **IN IT** ANYMORE!

HE'D WON! NO-ONE WOULD EVER TAKE KARINE AWAY FROM HIM AGAIN!

HAHAHAHA

AND THEN...

B-DUM

...THE HEART BEGAN TO BEAT.

B-DUM B-DUM B-DUM

NEXT PROG:
HEART STOPPER!

INSANE WIMP EARL LACEWING HAS CUT OUT LOVE RIVAL BRAD DODDLE'S HEART AND TAKEN IT HOME IN A BISCUIT TIN. BUT THERE –

B-DUM...
B-DUM...
B-DUM...

IT-IT'S **BEATING!**

B-DUM!
B-DUM!
B-DUM!

IT **CAN'T** BE!

B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM

JUDGE DREDD

THE BEATING HEART PART TWO.

B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! STOP IT! STOP IT!

B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM

STOP!

THANK GRUD!

B-DUM

B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM

NOOOOO

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T. FRAME

MEANWHILE, DREDD CHECKS OUT THE APARTMENT OF KARINE KRUPPS, THE MURDER VICTIM'S GIRLFRIEND AND OBJECT OF EARL LACEWING'S WARPED AFFECTIONS –

YOU LIVE HERE ALONE, CITIZEN?

YES, FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS – EVER SINCE MY PARENTS RAN AWAY.

YOU KNOW YOUR APARTMENT'S **BUGGED**?

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

MINIATURE AUDIO/VIDEO MONITOR – NOT JUSTICE DEPT ISSUE EITHER.

ANY IDEA WHO'D WANT TO SPY ON YOU?

NO.

WHAT ABOUT THE DECEASED?

BRAD? NO! HE WASN'T LIKE THAT.

NOBODY'S LIKE THAT, CITIZEN – UNTIL WE CATCH THEM.

YET NO MONITORING EQUIPMENT HAD BEEN FOUND IN BRADWELL DODDLE'S APARTMENT –

SO YOUR BOYFRIEND'S HEART GETS CUT OUT. THEN WE FIND SOMEONE'S RUNNING A FULL-SCALE PEEP ON YOU. FIVE'LL GET YOU TEN THERE'S A CONNECTION.

CONTROL – GET A TEK SQUAD DOWN HERE!

EARL LACEWING STOLE FROM HIS APARTMENT. HE HAD TO GET RID OF THE INFERNAL THING – TAKE IT FAR AWAY AND DUMP IT.
B-DUM
B-DUM
AND AS IF TO THWART HIM, IN THE PACKAGE BENEATH HIS ARM THE HEART CONTINUED TO BEAT. LOUDER AND LOUDER!
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
SHUDDUP, DAMN YOU! EVERYBODY'S GOING TO HEAR!
B-DUM
HE LEFT IT ON A BENCH IN BARNARD PLAZA AND RAN ALL THE WAY HOME.
B-DUM
HE'D MADE SURE THERE WERE NO PRINTS ON IT – NOTHING TO CONNECT HIM TO IT.
LET SOME OTHER SUCKER FIND IT. LET IT BE THEIR PROBLEM!
THANK GRUD!
SLAM!
RAP!
RAP!

HEY, MISTER! YOU LEFT THIS ONNA BENCH! I FOLLOWED YA BACK, BRUNG IT!

GEEZ, YOU SURE CAN RUN!

N-NO! TAKE IT AWAY! I DON'T WANT IT!

B-DUM B-DUM

YOU SURE? THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' VALUABLE. LET'S JUS' TAKE A LOOK!

N-NO! STOP!

I FORGOT! I **DO** WANT IT!

HERE! TAKE THIS! GO ON – GO AWAY NOW!

SLAM!

OH, GRUD!

B-DUM B-DUM B-DUM B-DUM

WE FOUND A TOTAL OF EIGHT BUGS – EVERY ROOM WAS COVERED.

STANDARD MARK 14S. NO WAY OF TRACING THEM. THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN ANY BUG SHOP.

DEN

ANY CHANCE OF PINPOINTING THE MONITOR?

UNLIKELY. BUGS ARE POWERED FOR A FIVE KAY RADIUS. EVEN ALLOWING FOR BLOCK DEFLECTION, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT SEVERAL **MILLION** PEOPLE.

PITY. MY GUESS IS THE CREEP WHO'S WATCHING THIS APARTMENT ALSO MURDERED BRADWELL DODDLE. HE'S GOT SOME SORT OF FIXATION ON KARINE KRUPPS – PROBABLY SAW DODDLE AS A LOVE RIVAL.
A PSYCHO?
IF HE WASN'T TO BEGIN WITH, HE IS **NOW**. AND THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT ON HIM IS THE KRUPPS GIRL.
LET'S PLANT SOME BUGS OF OUR OWN. CREEP MIGHT JUST BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO COME BACK.
HE LOCKED IT IN A CHEST AND COVERED IT WITH PILLOWS AND SLUMBIBAGS – BUT **STILL** THE HEART KEPT BEATING...
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
ALL THAT DAY AND ALL THAT NIGHT IT NEVER STOPPED, ITS STEADY, INSISTENT THROB REVERBERATING ROUND THE APARTMENT.
B-DUM
B-DUM
THERE WAS NO HIDING FROM IT – NO ESCAPING IT – NO SHUTTING IT OUT...
B-DUM
B-D
STOP IT!
STOP IT!
AND THEN, JUST AS HE THOUGHT HE WOULD GO MAD, THE ANSWER CAME TO HIM IN A FLASH OF BLINDING CLARITY –
OF COURSE!
OF COURSE!
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DU

B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM
CONTROL TO DREDD! YOUR KRUPPS WOMAN HAS GOT A VISITOR. MALE, WHITE, MID-THIRTIES – CARRYING A BISCUIT TIN. HE LOOKS AGITATED.
ON MY WAY!
YES...?
KARINE...
TH-THIS IS FOR YOU...TAKE IT! PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!
B-BUT WHY? WHAT IS IT? WHO ARE YOU?
BRAD'S DOING IT TO GET BACK AT ME, YOU SEE? HE PLEDGED IT TO YOU! HE PROMISED IT WOULD BE YOURS FOREVER! THAT'S WHY HE WON'T STOP! THAT'S WHY HE'S TORTURING ME!

HERE – TAKE IT!
PLEASE, KARINE, TAKE IT.
UHHH! UHHH! UHHH!
YOU KNOW, KARINE, IT'S REALLY GREAT TO BE TALKING TO YOU AT LAST. I WAS ALWAYS TOO SHY. BUT NOW WE'RE GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER IT SEEMS THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD.
UHHH! UHHH! UHHH!
CONTROL! BETTER GET A COUPLE OF PSYCHO CUBES READY. I'VE LOCATED BRADWELL DODDLE'S HEART!
IT-IT JUST WOULDN'T STOP BEATING, YOU SEE. THROB THROB THROB! BADOOM BADOOM! IT'S BEATING NOW! CAN'T YOU HEAR IT?
NO.
FORENSIC
BUT THEN, I'M NOT CRAZY.
TAKE HIM AWAY!
THE END.

JAXON WAS A STRANGELY CHILDLIKE PERSON. ALTHOUGH THE **BIGGEST POP-STAR** OF HIS GENERATION, HE HAD ABOUT HIM A NAIVETY – AN ALMOST **UNEARTHLY INNOCENCE** – AS IF HE DIDN'T REALLY **BELONG** TO THE HUMAN RACE.

LIKE PETER PAN, THE BOY WHO NEVER GREW UP, HE BUILT HIS OWN FANTASY WORLD – HIS OWN NEVER NEVER LAND – AROUND HIM.

HE LIVED ALL ALONE IN THIS MANSION, SURROUNDED BY MANNIKINS AND ANIMALS. BY DAY HE RODE HIS OWN PERSONAL **FAIRGROUND**. AT NIGHT, HE SLEPT IN AN **OXYGEN TENT.**

ON SUNDAYS, HE DRANK FRUIT JUICES AND DANCED.

THESE ARE THE BONES OF JOHN HURT, AN **ACTOR** WHO PLAYED THE ELEPHANT MAN. JAXON PICKED **THEM** UP FOR A SONG!

THIS WAS HIS MOST PRIZED POSSESSION – THE ACTUAL BONES OF JOHN MERRICK, **THE ELEPHANT MAN**. JAXON DONATED OVER A **BILLION DOLLARS** TO A BRIT-CIT HOSPITAL BEFORE THEY FINALLY PARTED WITH THEM.

THEY SAY HE SINGLEHANDEDLY PROPPED UP THEIR **NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE** FOR A **DECADE**.

HURT

AT LAST, IN 1995, HE DECIDED TO REMOVE HIMSELF ENTIRELY FROM THE WORLD. HE PLACED HIMSELF IN **SUSPENDED ANIMATION**, WITH STRICT INSTRUCTIONS THAT HE WAS NOT TO BE REVIVED UNTIL THE YEAR **2109**.

THAT IS WHY WE, AS HIS LAWYERS, ARE HERE TODAY.

JUDGE DREDD

ALL RIGHT. BRING HIM OUT OF IT!

REMOVING CRYOGENIC GASES.

THERMALS RISING.

RESTARTING BODILY PROCESSES.

HE'S GO.

AMAZING, ISN'T IT, LEMMON? FROZEN FOR OVER A CENTURY AND HERE HE IS, ALIVE AND WELL AND READY TO TAKE UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF!

THE COMEBACK

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART GARY LEACH
LETTERING T. FRAME

JAXON PRINCE, I AM ORWELL BILK, SENIOR PARTNER OF **BILK, BILK AND SUMBDY**. ON BEHALF OF MEGA-CITY ONE, LET ME BID YOU WELCOME TO THE 22ND CENTURY!

NUUUUHH!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

BRAINCELL DETERIORATION. ONLY TO BE EXPECTED. 20TH CENTURY CRYOGENICS WERE PRETTY PRIMITIVE.

HOW BAD IS IT?

HARD TO TELL. OFFHAND, I'D GIVE HIM A MENTAL AGE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN A **CHIMPANZEE** AND A **MUNCE PLANT**!

RILLUUH! RILLUUH!

HE'S HAVING SOME SORT OF **SEIZURE!**

RILLUH!

WAIT! IT'S NOT A SEIZURE – I THINK HE'S...

HE'S... **DANCING!**

RILLUHH! RILLUHH!

WHAT'S HE SAYING? GORILLA...? GODZILLA...?

I'VE GOT IT – **THRILLER!**

OH MY GOD!

THIS IS DISASTROUS, MR BILK! HIS COMEBACK CONCERT THIS AFTERNOON – WE'LL HAVE TO **CANCEL** IT!

RILLLUUHH!

WE **CAN'T**! IT'S STIPULATED IN HIS INSTRUCTIONS. IF WE PULL HIM OUT NOW, BILK, BILK AND SUMBDY WILL FORFEIT **MILLIONS** IN LEGAL FEES!

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT – HE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO ON WITH THE SHOW!

RILLUH! RILLUH! RILLUH!

LEIGH

THE COMEBACK CONCERT HAS BEEN SOLD OUT FOR MONTHS. BY 20.00 HOURS, THE VAST AUDITORIUM IS PACKED –
I TOLD YOU TO STAY IN YOUR SEAT, PUNK!
JAXON LIVES AGAIN
CHONK!
JAX-ON!
JAX-ON!
KEEP A TIGHT REIN ON THEM. THEY'RE READY TO BOIL OVER ANY TIME!
COME ON, JAX – SHAPE UP! YOU REMEMBER ALL YOUR HITS, DON'T YOU? THEY'RE ALL COMING BACK TO YOU NOW, KID, AREN'T THEY?
OH MY GOD! THEY'LL SLAUGHTER US!
JAX-ON!
JAX-ON!
JAX-ON!
THEN THE CURTAINS PART – A HUSH FALLS OVER THE AUDIENCE – AND THE BAND POWERS INTO THE OPENING CHORDS OF HIS BEST KNOWN NUMBER...
DEEP WITHIN WHAT'S LEFT OF THE POPSTAR'S BRAIN, A DIM GLIMMER OF MEMORY SPARKS... AND HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO A SHAMBLING PARODY OF HIS GREATEST HIT –
RILLUUHH!
RILLUUHH!
DROKK! HE HASN'T IMPROVED ANY!
BRAIN DETERIORATION!
CLINT
RILLUUHH!

FOR A LONG, PREGNANT MOMENT JUDGES STAND READY, WAITING TO POUNCE ON THE FIRST OUTBURST OF ANGER...

AND THEN –

JRILLUUHHHH!

HOORAAAY, JAXON!

YAAY! YAAY!

RILLUUH!

SHOOGLE THAT BOOGLE, JAXEY!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THEY LIKE HIM! THEY REALLY **LIKE** HIM!

RILLUU!

RILLUH

RILLUH!

THAT'S THE **WORST** THING THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED!

EXCITED BEYOND FEVER PITCH, THE FANS LOSE CONTROL AND CHARGE THE STAGE –

RILLUHH!

RILLUUH!

KEEP 'EM BACK!

BOK

CRACK!

TOUCH ME, JAXON – **AAAGH!**

LET'S NOT PUSSYFOOT AROUND –

HIT 'EM WITH THE **RIOT FOAM!**

KROMFF!

AAGGG

WOMP!

THE FOAM SETS ROCK-HARD WITHIN SECONDS –
THAT JUST ABOUT WRAPS UP THIS CONCERT!
RILLCUH!
YEAH? SOMEBODY WANT TO TELL JAX THAT?
RILLUH!
RILLMMFFF!
AND THUS IS A STAR RE-BORN. A SINGER WITH THE CLASS – THE TALENT – THE SHEER CHARISMA – TO SPAN THE CENTURIES.
JAXON PRINCE – WE SALUTE YOU!
THE END.

A PACKING CASE HAS ARRIVED AT THE HOME OF CITIZEN **GARFIELD BROSE** –

SOME THINGS LEFT TO ME IN UNCLE OMAR'S WILL...

THIS TIME

AN OLD LAMP... HMM. POLISH IT UP, COULD BE WORTH A FEW CREDS.

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

I AM THE GENIE OF THE LAMP! WHAT IS YOUR WISH, O MASTER?

A-A **GENIE?**

A **GENIE!**

WHEEE-**HOOO!** MY LUCK'S IN AT LAST! THANK YOU, UNCLE OMAR! A **THOUSAND** THANK YOUS!

CAN WE CUT THE SHENANIGANS AND GET ON WITH IT? WHAT DO YOU **WANT**, BUSTER?

UH...UH... **RICHES!** YES, MONEY! MAKE ME SO RICH I NEVER HAVE TO WANT FOR ANYTHING AGAIN!

SO BE IT!

AND...
SNAP!
OH, BOY! TALK ABOUT OPULENCE! WHAT A PAD!
YOU WILL ALSO FIND THE SUM OF ONE BILLION CREDITS HAS BEEN DEPOSITED IN YOUR WELFARE ACCOUNT.
1000,0
00,000
A BILLION! OH, CREM, THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
INDEED!
COMPUTER'S THROWN UP SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE, DREDD.
CITIZEN GARFIELD BROSE, YOUR TYPICAL WELFARE VET. THIS MORNING HIS ACCOUNT SUDDENLY SHOWS A BALANCE OF ONE BILLION.
VERY SUSPICIOUS. I'LL CHECK HIM OUT.
I-I KNOW THIS IS HARD TO BELIEVE, JUDGE DREDD, BUT-BUT I'VE FOUND A GENIE. HE GAVE ME EVERYTHING.
OH, YEAH...
HE'S IN THIS LAMP HERE. WANT ME TO SUMMON HIM?
THIS IS SOMETHING I'LL HAVE TO CHECK OUT IN PERSON, CITIZEN. WAIT THERE, I'M COMING OVER.
GET A PSYCHO CUBE WARMED UP. THIS BOZO SOUNDS WELL GONE.

HE-HE DOESN'T BELIEVE ME! WHAT'M I GOING TO DO? HE'LL THROW ME IN THE CUBES! M-MAYBE IT'S ILLEGAL TO HAVE A GENIE...!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS!
JUDGE DREDD'S ON HIS WAY HERE! GET RID OF HIM!
ANY PARTICULAR PLACE, O MASTER?
ANYWHERE! AS FAR AWAY AS YOU CAN!
AS YOU WISH, O MASTER!
WHAT THE-?
INSTANTANEOUSLY, ON THE FAR EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE-
!

BRRMMM!
WHAP
GRUD!
WHERE THE HELL AM I ?
DREDD IS GONE. NOW THINK CAREFULLY, FOR YOU HAVE ONLY ONE WISH LEFT.
ONE? BUT YOU NEVER SAID –
THREE WISHES IS TRADITIONAL, I BELIEVE.
CREM! WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?
IT IS ONLY 40 MINUTES BEFORE DREDD'S DISAPPEARANCE IS ROUTINELY NOTED BY JUSTICE DEPT'S OPERATIONS COMPUTER –
NO REPLY TO OUR RADIO MESSAGES. CONTROL IS GETTING WORRIED.

HIS LAST CALL WAS ON THIS GARFIELD BROSE...YOU RECKON HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?
A BILLION CREDS CAN BUY A LOT OF DEAD JUDGES. LET'S BUST HIM!
BRACER
AND SO IT IS THAT WHILE GARFIELD BROSE SITS PONDERING HIS FUTURE –
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN... HAPPINESS...POWER ...ETERNAL LIFE... HOLY ANNA! IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE!
– HIS FUTURE IS DECIDED FOR HIM!
GARFIELD BROSE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
CRASHHH
GRUD!
THEY'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT DREDD! I'M DONE FOR –
GENIE! GET ME OUT OF HERE – SOMEPLACE THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!
AS YOU WISH, O MASTER!
INSTANTANEOUSLY, ON THE FAR EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE –
AH, CITIZEN BROSE! MAY I ASSUME YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?
NO! NOT HERE, YOU IDIOT! TAKE ME SOMEPLACE ELSE!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR THREE WISHES!

LET'S SEE, I'VE GOT YOU DOWN FOR KIDNAP AND GBH, NOT TO MENTION YOUR DOUBTFUL ACQUISITION OF ONE BILLION CREDITS...
YOU SURE MESSED THIS ONE UP, PAL!
OH, CREM!
AND YOU CAN WIPE THAT SMIRK OFF YOUR FACE, CREEP. YOU'RE IN THIS AS WELL.
I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS.
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY. IT'S NO EXCUSE UNDER THE LAW.
NOW DO YOU WANT YOUR LAMP RUBBED WITH A HIGH-EX OR DO I GET MY THREE WISHES?
MOMENTS LATER, BACK IN THE CITY –
DREDD!
WISH TWO: YOU – BROSE – 20 YEARS, ISO-BLOCK 5. BEGONE!
AND FOR YOUR THIRD WISH, O MASTER?
THREE YEARS, CREEP. NO! IN YOUR CASE BETTER MAKE IT LIFE.
YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND.
WHICH IS HOW GARFIELD BROSE AND HIS GENIE COME TO BE ENJOYING THE DUBIOUS PLEASURE OF ADJOINING CUBES –
BAH!
SHEESH!
AND JUDGE DREDD PROVES THAT MAGIC IS NO DEFENCE FROM THE LAW.
NEXT PROG: DREDD UNMASKED!

JUDGE DREDD

THE SHOOTING PARTY

NIGHT. MEGA-CITY ONE'S EXCLUSIVE **GOLEM HEIGHTS** AREA—

WELCOME TO ANOTHER **SHOOTING PARTY,** GENTLEMEN.

IN THE PAST WE'VE ENJOYED SOME EXCELLENT SPORT. I DARESAY YOU ALL REMEMBER **WILD MAN NIJINSKI,** THE WRESTLER. WHAT A DANCE **HE** LED *US*!

AND OF COURSE **REGINA POTTS,** THE GYMNAST— AND THAT RATHER FEARSOME MUTANT CHAP WE HAD LAST YEAR — I BELIEVE YOU BAGGED HIM, SHAZAM...

GAME BLIGHTER. TOOK THREE ROUNDS TO BRING HIM DOWN.

BUT THIS YEAR, IT BEING OUR **TENTH ANNUAL SHOOTING PARTY,** I'VE ARRANGED SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, GENTLEMEN—

THE MOST DANGEROUS QUARRY OF ALL...***JUDGE DREDD!***

WE HEARD THERE WAS SOME RICH MAN'S SHOOTING PARTY GOING ON. NOW I KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT...

HUMBER MAXWELL, THE MEDIA MAGNATE – **OMAR SHAZAM**, VID STAR – **R. BRANSOM PICKLES**, SLUG KING – **SELBY GUMMER**, BILLIONAIRE POLITICIAN – **I KNOW YOU ALL!**

CWIPES, HUMBER! ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WISE?

VOTE WHIMP VOTE GUMMER

RELAX. HE'S UNARMED. HE CAN'T CALL FOR HELP – MY ROBOTS REMOVED HIS COMMS GEAR WHEN THEY CAUGHT HIM. HE'S **OURS**, GENTLEMEN, AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT EXCEPT WE FOUR.

MAKE HIM TAKE OFF HIS HELMET. I WANT TO SEE HIS **FACE!**

SO DO WE ALL, BRANSOM. AND THAT WILL BE THE **WINNER'S** PRIZE.

YOU HAVE TWO MINUTES, JUDGE DREDD – THEN THE **SHOOTING PARTY** BEGINS!

SHLANGG!

SO THIS IS HOW BORED LITTLE RICH MEN GET THEIR KICKS, HUH?

THERE SEEMS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO PLAY ALONG WITH YOU CREEPS, BUT I WARN YOU – YOU'RE COMMITTING A SERIOUS CRIME HERE. NOT ONE OF YOU WILL ESCAPE PUNISHMENT.

LOOKS LIKE A JUNGLE. PROBABLY MAXWELL'S CONSERVATORY.

THUNK!

WALLS ARE **TOUGHENED TRANSPARENE** – TAKE **HI-EX** TO DENT IT.

TRANSPARENE'S OPAQUE FROM OUTSIDE – NO HOPE OF GETTING A MESSAGE OFF EITHER.
SO BE IT!
'MOST DANGEROUS QUARRY OF ALL', EH? THEY DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!
STAY CLOSE TOGETHER. HE MIGHT TRY TO PULL AN AMBUSH.
WITH WHAT? YOU SAID HE WAS UNARMED –
AAH!
WHIPPP
GUMMER!
OMAR!

H-HE'S OVER THERE!

I'LL THROW 'EM OFF THE TRAIL HERE.

GRUD ON A BIKE! PIRANHAS!

PROPER LITTLE PLEASURE GARDEN!

STILL...
GUMMY AND OMAR – DEAD! THIS IS CRAZY, HUMBER! WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU PICK DREDD –?
SHHH! QUIET!
THERE HE IS!
HE'S MINE!
CLICK
KPOWW!
BADAMM!
GOOD SHOOTING!
NOW LET'S GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE!
I SAY!

WHAPPP!

URGH!

ARRRGH! PIRANHA!

NOOO! HELP ME! HEL-

DREDD!

TAKE IT EASY. IT'S ALL OVER.

YOUR **TRACER** MUST BE FAULTY - IT STOPPED TRANSMITTING. THE **TIP-OFF** SAID IT WAS SOMEPLACE ON THE **HEIGHTS**, SO WE JUST KEPT SEARCHING.

LUCKY WE FOUND YOU AT ALL - THIS IS THE **SEVENTEENTH** MANSION WE'VE BUSTED.

YEAH, WELL NEXT TIME I SET MYSELF UP AS A **TARGET**, AT LEAST MAKE SURE THE HARDWARE **WORKS**!

SORRY WE MISSED IT. LOOKED LIKE SOME PARTY.

BUFFET AN' EVERYTHING.

THE END.

NEXT PROG · **NAVEL MANOEUVRES!**

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE HEART OF MEGA-CITY ONE STANDS A WALLED MONASTERY, WHEREIN DWELL THE BROTHERS OF THE **UNSEEING EYE**.

NOT CONTENT WITH THE TRADITIONAL VOW OF SILENCE, THEY HAVE ALSO SWORN A VOW OF **BLINDNESS**.

THIS BETTER ALLOWS THEM TO SHUT OUT THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD AND DEVOTE THEMSELVES TO CONTEMPLATION OF THE **GREAT NAVEL**.

IT ALSO ENTAILS NO SMALL AMOUNT OF PAIN.

OW!

IT ALSO MAKES CONTACT WITH JUSTICE DEPT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.

GET A LOAD OF THIS VID-SCREEN, DREDD.

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERING T FRAME

IT'S ONE OF THOSE KOOKS FROM UP AT THE MONASTERY.

RECKON HE'S TRYING TO **TELL** US SOMETHING?

I'M HEADING UP THAT WAY. I'LL CHECK IT OUT.

NAVEL MANOEUVRES

RAP! RAP! RAP!

COMING!

NOW WHERE'S THAT DOOR – **OW!**

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU **DEAF** AS WELL?

RAP RAP RAP!

SPLATTT!

WE GOT A CALL. YOU KOOKS GOT A **PROBLEM** HERE?

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! DON'T ALL ANSWER AT ONCE!

LET'S MAKE THIS SIMPLE. **NOD** FOR **YES**, **SHAKE** FOR **NO**.

NOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? HAS THERE BEEN A CRIME COMMITTED?
SHAKE
SHAKE
SHAKE
ETC.
AN ACCIDENT? SOMEBODY HURT?
NOD
NOD
NOD
ETC.
ALL RIGHT, SHOW ME WHERE—
WHAPP!
BONK!
GRUP!
I'LL FIND IT MYSELF. YOU BETTER FOLLOW ME.
THUNK!
BOP!

OW!

BONK!

THOK!

HELL!

TRIP!

IN THE CHAPEL—

SO THIS IS THE PROBLEM!

CONTROL! BETTER GET A MED-SQUAD DOWN HERE - MONK STUCK IN A BELLYBUTTON.

DREDD

DON'T SUPPOSE ANY OF YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED?

THE MED-SQUAD ARRIVES—

LOOKS LIKE HE TRIPPED, TOOK A FLIER...

CAN'T GET MUCH FURTHER UP YOUR NAVEL THAN THAT.

A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

HEAD'S WEDGED SOLID. HAVE TO CUT.
WHEEEEEEEEE
KOOKS DON'T LIKE IT – THEY'RE GOING WILD!
KEEP BACK THERE! IF WE DON'T CUT, BROTHER BONEHEAD HERE'LL SUFFOCATE!
ZZZEEEEEEEE
AS THE SAW BITES DEEP INTO THE SACRED NAVEL THE BROTHERS GAZE UP IN BLIND TERROR, AS IF EXPECTING THE FIRMAMENT TO FALL IN UPON THEM.
AND THEN... NOTHING.
WHERE IS IT, THEN?
SHHH! SILENCE, BROTHER!

SILENCE, NOTHING!

FOR THIRTEEN **YEARS** I'VE STUMBLED AROUND IN A BLINDFOLD AND KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT 'COS I WAS TOLD WHEN THE GREAT NAVEL BURST ASUNDER THE WORLD WOULD END!

WELL, **WHY HASN'T IT ENDED?**

PATIENCE, BROTHER. IT WILL HAPPEN.

NOT IN OUR LIFETIMES, BROTHER! WE'VE BEEN CONNED!

SILENCE!

YOU KNOW, BROTHER, I'VE NEVER LIKED YOU – AT LEAST, I THINK IT WAS YOU.

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THIS FOR A **LONG** TIME ONLY I COULD NEVER SEE TO GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

BOKK!

WHAPP!

THUD!

GONGG!

ZOK!

SHHH! SILENCE!

STICK THAT IN YOUR UNSEEING EYE!

DREDD

TAP!

TAP!

LOOKS LIKE IT'S NOT GOING TO BE A WASTED VISIT AFTER ALL...!

THE BLESSED END!

JUDGE DREDD

NIGHT OF THE RIPPER.

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING T FRAME

CLOUDS HANG LOW OVER THE MEGA-CITY, BLOTTING OUT MOON AND STARS... A NIGHT SO BLACK THAT EVEN THE CITY LIGHTS HAVE DIFFICULTY PENETRATING IT.

HE STUMBLES THROUGH THE ALLEY, HIS MIND CONFUSED, AS IF IN A STATE OF SHOCK.

HE REMEMBERS A COBBLED STREET... A CHILL MIST DRIFTING UP FROM THE RIVER...

A DARK FLIGHT OF STAIRS... A CREAKING DOOR... A GLINT OF SLASHING STEEL...

AND THEN THE SCREAM, AND HE IS RUNNING, RUNNING...

AND FOOTSTEPS POUND BEHIND HIM!

THEN SUDDENLY A RAINBOW FLASH...

AND THEN HIS NIGHTMARE BEGINS. A MAN POINTS SOMETHING AT HIM — WHITE HEAT SEARS ACROSS HIS HAND —

AAAH!

YOU WON'T NEED THAT, MY FRIEND!

SO... AT LONG LAST WE WILL LEARN WHO YOU REALLY WERE!

WELCOME TO THE 22ND CENTURY... **JACK THE RIPPER!**

HE LUNGES. THERE IS A STRUGGLE, THE LAS-KNIFE IS TURNED. THE MAN SCREAMS—

NOW HE IS HERE, IN A PLACE HE DOES NOT KNOW, A WORLD HE CANNOT EVEN **BEGIN** TO COMPREHEND...

HEY! THAT GUY'S COVERED IN BLOOD!

SAY, PAL, YOU OKAY?

GET AWAY FROM ME!

AAAAH!

GUY-GUY SLASHED ME WITH A LAS-KNIFE!

GEEK IN A CAPE— HE WENT THAT WAY!

TRAIL OF BLOOD COMIN' DOWN THE ALLEY — I'LL TAIL IT BACK.

YOU GET AFTER HIM, LUSK.

THE BLOOD-TRAIL LEADS TO A HOUSE NEARBY—

DOCTOR CONROY SHARD... AND THIS SEEMS TO BE HIS JOURNAL...

SAYS HE WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH A **TIME TRANSPORTER.**

I know the exact time and location of his final attack. Tonight, with the aid of my machine, I can bring him here — and solve the greatest mystery in criminal history... The true identity of JACK THE RIPPER!

DREDD TO LUSK! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, OUR ASSAILANT'S **JACK THE RIPPER!**

YEAH? WELL, HE'S TORN IT THIS TIME — HE'S HEADING DOWN INTO THE **'DUST ZONE!**

ON MY WAY!

HIS INSTINCT IS TO HIDE — TO SECRETE HIMSELF IN SOME DARK CORNER AND WAIT UNTIL IT ALL FADES AWAY...

YES — A DREAM, THAT'S WHAT IT IS, A FEVERED DREAM. HE WILL WAKE UP SOON AND FIND HIMSELF BACK IN THE FAMILIAR MAZE OF WHITECHAPEL —

71

HOLD IT, CREEP!

I SAID HOLD IT!

ADAM!

UUUHHH!

I WINGED HIM, DREDD! HE'S TURNING INTO EDDOWES LANE!

I SEE HIM!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, RIPPER!

SPTANG!

KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE ONLY A **DREAM**! I'LL WAKE UP AND YOU'LL BE GONE!

YOU'LL BE GONE, CHUMP! DROP THAT LAS-KNIFE!

THAT'S A **CHEM** TANK!

KABOOM!

DREDD

ANY IDENTIFICATION CARRIED BY THE RIPPER IS DESTROYED IN THE FLAMES.

GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO HE WAS NOW.

YEAH, BUT WE CLEARED UP **ONE** MYSTERY —

WHY JACK THE RIPPER NEVER KILLED AGAIN!

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

THE INTERROGATION

ROWDY YATES CONAPTS, 0300 HOURS –

CRASH!

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING T. FRAME

THE **SJS** – SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD, THE JUDGES WHO JUDGE JUDGES...

SHOULDN'T YOU BE ON PATROL, DREDD?

YOU ALWAYS SLEEP WITH YOUR HELMET ON?

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS –?

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

10,000 CREDITS

DON'T EVEN **THINK** IT, DREDD!

SJS! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

RAYMOND

A HUNDRED THOU... POCKET-MONEY, JOE?

IT'S A **PLANT** AND YOU KNOW IT, SPIEGL!

LIE DETECTOR SAYS HE'S LYING!

YOU'RE **UNDER ARREST**, DREDD – THE CHARGE IS **CORRUPTION**.

SPIEGL

THIS COULD TURN INTO A LONG NIGHT, JOE. WHY DON'T YOU **TALK** AND MAKE IT EASY ON ALL OF US!

FLAKE OFF!

SUIT YOURSELF.

***SJS HQ**, A GRIM, GREY SLAB WITH NO OUTSIDE SIGN TO ADVERTISE ITS GRIM, GREY PURPOSE...*

WE'LL START WITH THE STRIP SEARCH. YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, SPIEGL, BUT **SOMEBODY'S** GOING TO PAY FOR THIS.

STOMACH CHECK. DRINK THIS.

KRABSTER – GET THIS ANALYSED.

NOTHING IN HIS CLOTHES.

HE'S READY, DE GAULLE.

WELL, WELL. MY OLD FRIEND JOE DREDD. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE... OH, MUST BE THE **EXECUTIONER** CASE.

YOU THOUGHT I WAS THE VIGILANTE – PULLED ME IN, GAVE ME THE **THIRD DEGREE**.

REMEMBER – I *SAID* ONE DAY I'D RETURN THE FAVOUR...?

WELL, NOW'S MY CHANCE!

THE STRIP SEARCH IS AN INVALUABLE INTERROGATION AID. IT HUMILIATES A PRISONER, BREAKS DOWN HIS WILL TO RESIST.

DREDD KNOWS THE PROCEDURE – HE'S CARRIED OUT THOUSANDS HIMSELF.

NO SENSE IN USING NORMAL INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES ON YOU.

STRAP HIM IN – WIRE HIM UP.

NOW, ONE LAST TIME, JOE – WHERE'D YOU GET IT?

WHAT'S YOUR GAME, SPIEGL? THIS SOME SORT OF PLOT TO **FRAME** ME?

I THOUGHT WE'D CLEANED UP THE **SJS** WHEN WE GOT RID OF **CAL**.

VZZZ

SO YOU THINK THERE'S A PLOT AGAINST YOU, EH, JOE? WHAT'S THE MATTER — GOT A **GUILTY CONSCIENCE**? COMMITTED A FEW **OTHER** CRIMES?

THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT, JOE? A JUDGE DOESN'T JUST GO A BIT ROTTEN — HE GOES ROTTEN TO THE CORE!

WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE IS ILLEGAL, SPIEGL!

ANSWER THE QUESTIONS!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, SPIEGL!

WHAT'S GOING ON — A **COUP**, IS THAT IT? **SJS** AIMING TO TAKE OVER AND I'VE BEEN SCHEDULED FOR THE DROP?

WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME OUT IN THE OPEN AND JUST PUT A **BULLET** IN MY HEAD?

THIS IS GETTING US **NOWHERE**. LET'S GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO LOOSEN HIM UP.

COME ON, JOE, YOU KNOW WE'RE GONNA NAIL YOU SOONER OR LATER! **CONFESS!**

DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU DID IT OR NOT - ANYTHING'LL DO! WE'LL GO EASY ON YOU - A NICE **LIGHT** SENTENCE, JOE. JUST TELL US!

TELL US! TELL US! TELL US!

ZZZZZZ

HE'S OUT COLD AGAIN.

OKAY, GUESS WE CAN WRAP IT UP.

TAKE HIM TO MED-BAY. GIVE HIM THIS CHIT WHEN HE COMES ROUND.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD
RANDOM PHYSICAL ABUSE TEST:
JUDGE: J. DREDD
PASS ☑ **FAIL** ☐
EXAMINING JUDGE:
S. Spiegl

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART BRENDAN McCARTHY
LETTERING T. FRAME

SOMEBODY SHOULDA TOLD THE CREEP – WE ONLY WANTED A **PINT.**

THE BLOOD DONOR

IMPORTANT NOTICE

CITIZEN HOB BEARDLY,
OWING TO HEAVY CASUALTIES IN THE PRESENT COLONY WAR, EIGHT MILLION PINTS OF BLOOD ARE URGENTLY REQUIRED. YOU ARE ONE OF THE PATRIOTIC CITIZENS CHOSEN TO DONATE. YOUR *DONATION STATION* IS SECTOR 6 CIVIC HALL. REPORT AT 1135 HOURS WEDNESDAY. FAILURE TO COMPLY CONSTITUTES A CRIME.

Suwer
CHIEF JU

NOTICE: FAILURE TO READ THIS NOTICE IS A CRIME

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR?

THEY-THEY WANT MY BLOOD.

I WONDER WHY THEY CHOSE YOU AND NOT ME? MY BLOOD'S EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS YOURS.

B-BUT I DON'T **WANT** TO GIVE BLOOD!

THE THOUGHT OF THE NEEDLE GOING IN – ALL MY INSIDES PUMPING OUT – **UHH!**

I **CAN'T!** IT'S **HORRIBLE!**

DON'T BE SUCH A BIG BABY. IT'S THAT...

...OR THE **CUBES!**

McCARTHY 87

AND SO, WITH NO LITTLE TREPIDATION, HOB BEARDLY FINDS HIMSELF LINING UP AT THE CIVIC HALL –

SEE THAT FREIGHTER? IT'S HOVVING THE BLOOD STRAIGHT TO THE SPACEPORT. REAL BIG EMERGENCY, I HEAR.

OH GOLLY!

THAT'S SOMETHIN', EH, BUDDY? SLOSHIN' ABOUT UP IN THOSE NETS! THOUSANDS OF **PLASTI-PINTS** OF RICH RED **BLOOD!**

I THINK I'M GOING TO BE **SICK!**

QUIET IN LINE THERE! WHO SAID YOU COULD **TALK**?

YOU! THE NERVOUS NELLY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

I-I'M FRIGHTENED. I-I DON'T LIKE BLOOD. IT MAKES ME ILL.

MAKES YOU ILL, DOES IT? AW, DIDDUMS...

AND HOW DO YOU THINK THE BOYS IN THE COLONIES ARE FEELING? THEY'RE **DYING** FOR YOU, PAL!

NOW WAIT YOUR TURN AND SHUT UP!

WAY I HEARD IT, JUSTICE DEPT'S **SELLIN'** THE BLOOD AT FORTY CREDS A PINT. HELL, IT AIN'T EVEN **OUR** COLONY!

HOB BEARDLY MAKES IT INTO THE STATION... PAST THE ROWS OF BURBLING TUBES AND CRIMSON BAGS...
PAST THE NEEDLE-SHARP NEEDLES, JAB-JAB-JABBING, SUCKING. SUCKING OUT. SUCKING.
BLOOD
RED BLOOD SPURTING! JAB-SPURT!
JAB-SPURT!
NEEDLE-SHARP NEEDLES!
TUBES SUCK-SUCKING!
LIFE BLOOD FLOWING!
NO! I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!
YOU! GET BACK UNDER THAT NEEDLE!
NEVER!
YOU'LL NEVER GET MY BLOOD!
WE GOT A RUNNER!
I SEE HIM!
A PINT OF YOU BELONGS TO US, CREEP! GET BACK HERE!
HEY! THAT'S MY POD!
Hoverbeam Repair

YOU'RE ONLY MAKING THINGS **WORSE** FOR YOURSELF!
Hoverbeam Raper
I DON'T **CARE!** I'LL RUN AWAY — GO TO THE CURSED EARTH! NOBODY'S TAKING MY BLOOD! IT'S **MINE!**
LOOK OUT!
OH MOLEY!
KERSPLATT

DRENCHH!

CRANG

SMART! REAL SMART!

IT WOULD'VE BEEN A LOT **SIMPLER** JUST TO GIVE THE **PINT**, CREEP! THAT'S THREE THOUSAND PLASTI-PINTS OF GOOD BLOOD YOU'VE **WASTED**.

AT CURRENT VALUES THAT'S GOING TO RUN YOU UP **NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND** CREDS.

B-BUT I HAVEN'T GOT THAT KIND OF MONEY!

TOUGH.

LOCK HIM UP. PINT A WEEK TILL HE'S PAID IT BACK!

NOOOOOOO

the End

CONTROL TO DREDD! THERE'S BEEN A MASS **BREAKOUT** AT **DEVIL'S ISLAND.**

ONE OF THE PRISONERS WAS **RANDOLPH WHITELY** – AKA **WHITEY.**

HE'S NOW HOLED UP AT THE MUNCE-CO PLANT HE'S TAKEN **HOSTAGES.** HE'S THREATENING TO KILL THEM UNLESS **YOU** SHOW

YOU PUT HIM ON THE ISLAND TEN YEARS AGO. LOOKS LIKE HE PLANS TO SETTLE THE SCORE

ON MY WAY

JUDGE DREDD

10 YEARS ON.

TEN YEARS... HE COULD HARDLY REMEMBER HIM. THERE'D BEEN A LOT OF PERPS UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE THEN.

THERE'D BEEN A WAR – 400 MILLION DEAD. THERE'D BEEN PLAGUES – DISASTERS – FIRES AND FLOODS.

THE CITY HAD TREMBLED AT THE VISITATIONS OF JUDGE DEATH AND NOSFERATU, OF CAPTAIN SKANK AND ORLOK THE ASSASSIN.

WHO THE HELL WAS **WHITEY ?**

MEGA

WHERE IS HE? I'M GETTIN' SICK OF WAITIN'! DO I GOTTA START **WASTIN'** THESE PEOPLE?

TEN YEARS...TEN YEARS ON DEVIL'S ISLAND... THE NOISE, THE DIRT, THE FUMES...TRAPPED IN HELL WITH FREEDOM ONLY A SUICIDE RUN AWAY.

HE REMEMBERED DREDD ALL RIGHT. THROUGH THOSE TEN LONG YEARS IT WAS THE ONE THING THAT HAD KEPT HIM GOING – HIS HATRED FOR THE MAN WHO HAD PUT HIM THERE.

TAKE IT EASY, WHITEY! HE'S **COMING!**

MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE HIM COME **FASTER!**

THERE! **NOW** DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

YOU GOT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE REST OF THESE SUCKERS START JOININ' HIM!

1

BLAM

I'M HERE, WHITEY! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT **YOU**, DREDD! IN HERE, UNARMED!

NOW!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO IT, DREDD? A JUDGE'S LIFE IS WORTH MORE THAN SOME CRUMMY HOSTAGES!

WE START THINKING THAT WAY AND WE'RE NOT WORTH A DAMN THING, EDISON. OUR PRIME DUTY IS TO PROTECT THE CITIZENS.

DREDD

PAR

IF **ANYBODY** SHOOTS THEM, IT'S GOING TO BE **ME**.

I'M HERE, WHITEY. SEND THE HOSTAGES DOWN.

I'M NOT PLAYING SILLY GAMES –

NOT YET! THE HOOK – GRAB HOLD!

I SAID **DO IT!**

MINCE A MUNCE

I'VE BEEN WAITING **TEN YEARS** FOR THIS, DREDD!

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT'S **LIKE**? CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT I'VE **SUFFERED**? DAY AFTER DAY ON THE EDGE OF GOING **CRAZY**, BUT ALWAYS HANGING ON 'COS I KNEW, SOONER OR LATER, I'D **GET** MY CHANCE!

NOW **YOU'RE** HANGING ON, DREDD.

WELL, I CAN'T GIVE YOU DEVIL'S ISLAND, BUT I **CAN** GIVE YOU— **MUNCEBURGERS!**

LISTEN TO THOSE GRINDERS! YOUR ARMS GETTING **TIRED** YET? FINGERS STARTIN' TO **SLIP**...?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME, WHITEY... JUDGE KILLER, WEREN'T YOU-?

HI-YA!

THOUGHT EDISON WOULD'VE GOT A SNIPER IN HERE BY NOW. CAN'T... HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...

'LEAST I CAN TAKE THE CREEP WITH ME—

HERE—YOU MIGHT AS WELL ADD **MY** BADGE TO YOUR COLLECTION—

GEEEE!

I'M GOING -!

DREDD -!

I'M ALL RIGHT. GRINDERS **JAMMED** ON THE CREEP.

TEN YEARS NEVER TAUGHT HIM VERY MUCH. GUESS HE'S LEARNED HIS LESSON NOW...

CRIME DOESN'T PAY.

THE END

WHEN IT'S TOUGH OUT THERE PATROLLING THE STREETS —

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME

WHEN THE ROAD IS LONG AND CRIME NEVER SEEMS TO SLEEP —

WHEN THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT REACHES ITS VIOLENT PEAK, THAT'S WHEN A JUDGE REACHES FOR HIS —

BERKIE

CHUNK, CREEPS?

GEE, JUDGE, REAL DECENT OF YOU!

DON'T MIND IF I DO!

CHOK!

BERKIE! EIGHT LARGE, LARGE MOCK-CHOC CHUNKS!

CHOCOLATE FOR TOUGH GUYS.

BERKIE

JUDGE DREDD IN... WHAT IF..... THE JUDGES DID THE ADS?

USE OF JUDGES ON ADVERTISING OR PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. WHICH IS A PITY, BECAUSE WE'RE MISSING SCENES LIKE THESE...

THIS IS THE MAN WHO GOT INTO MUNCE JUST WHEN THE SMART MONEY WAS GETTING **OUT**...

THE MAN WHO STAKED EVERYTHING ON THE TURN OF A CARD.

AND LOST.

THIS IS THE MAN WHO TRIED TO SHOOT HIMSELF – AND COULDN'T EVEN GET A GUN THAT WORKED.

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT! PLEASE – SOMEBODY – **HELP ME! PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY!**

Cam. Kenedy 87

CREEP WITH A GUN! GOT TO TAKE HIM –

BLAM

MEATWAGEN

JUSTICE DEPT – BECAUSE EVERY MAN NEEDS SOMETHING HE CAN RELY ON!

VISUALISATION: CAM KENNEDY.

DUH CRIBE ID LIBE – DUH SZEDDESS ID **DEB!**

STOP!

DEATH

ALL **STUFFED UP**, JUDGE DEATH? HERE – YOU NEED ONE OF **THESE!**

DUBES?

Tombs

TOMBS!

THAT'S BETTER!

DEATH

YESSS – MY THANKSSS! NOW, ASSS I WASSS SSAYING –

THE CRIME ISS LIFE – THE SSSENTENCE ISS DEATHHHH!

AAAH

TOMBS – HELP YOU BEREAVE MORE EASILY!

FLESHY MENTHOL FLAVOUR

Tombs®

FLESHY MENTHOL FLAVOUR MEDICATED SWEETS

Tombs® help you bereave more easily

5007626

VISUALISATION: KEVIN O'NEILL

ILLEGALLY PARKED VEHICLE! WHAT ACTION, ROOKIE?

UH...CALL THE POUND, GET IT TOWED AWAY. FINE THE PERPETRATORS.

NO PARKING

THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, ROOKIE, BUT HERE IN MEGA-CITY ONE WE BELIEVE IN **INSTANT JUSTICE!**

BAD PARKING!

CRASH!

BAD PARKING!

SHATTER

OH, NO! THEY'VE GOT **MICHAEL!**

NOT MICHAEL ANY MORE, DEAR!

GARBAGE FOR COLLECTION
BY ORDER OF
JUSTICE DEPT.

RENNOPOD SIX — WHAT'S YOURS CALLED?

VISUALISATION: ROBIN SMITH.

VISUALISATION IAN GIBSON

THE MANAGEMENT ACCEPTS NO RESPONSIBILITY.

I BET YOU'RE WONDERIN' HOW I KNEW

RECOGNISE THAT TATTOO?

THAT'S OUR SUSPECT, ALL RIGHT!

I'M TELLING YOU, DREDD, THESE UNDERCOVER JOBS ARE GETTING RIDICULOUS!

NUDO-MAT

DRYERS

MEGA-CITY NUDO-MATS
NATURAL PLACES TO BE!

JUDGE DREDD

SO YOU WANT TO BE A JUDGE...?

MEGA-CITY ONE'S **ACADEMY OF LAW**, WHERE A RECRUITMENT LECTURE IS UNDERWAY –

FILE IN. TAKE THE SEATS ALLOCATED TO YOU.

SILENCE! ANY PARENT OR APPLICANT CAUGHT TALKING WILL FACE IMMEDIATE DISQUALFICATION!

MY NAME IS MULLANEY, PRE-CADET SUPERVISOR. I'LL BE SHOWING A SHORT INDUCTION FILM BEFORE DISTRIBUTING APPLICATION FORMS

MULLANEY TUTOR

THIS IS **MEGA-CITY ONE**. HOME OF OVER 420 MILLION PEOPLE, EACH ONE A POTENTIAL PERPETRATOR OF CRIMINAL ACTS – OR "**PERP**".

SERGE WAGNER
E GRANT
ART
P HARDY
LETTERING
T FRAME

HERE IS A TYPICAL GROUP OF CITIZENS. CAN **YOU** SPOT THE POTENTIAL PERPS AMONG THEM?

THAT'S RIGHT – THEY'RE **ALL** POTENTIAL PERPS. STATISTICALLY, **97·7 PER CENT** OF CITIZENS COMMIT AT LEAST **ONE INDICTABLE OFFENCE** EVERY YEAR!

TO POLICE THIS VAST SEETHING MASS OF CRIMINAL TENDENCIES OUR **JUDGE SYSTEM** HAS EVOLVED.

LOOK, DAD! JUDGE DREDD!

YOU – **MOUTH!** YOU WERE WARNED **OUT!**

"A JUDGE'S LIFE IS HARD AND DANGEROUS HE IS VESTED WITH THE POWER OF **INSTANT JUSTICE**. HE MUST BE CAPABLE OF MAKING **INSTANT DECISIONS**.
I'M DRUNK! I LIVES!
"**WHICH** LITTLE OLD LADY IS THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC? **WHICH** THE INNOCENT VICTIM?"
AGGHHH!
"A JUDGE MUST BE RIGHT EVERY TIME
"A JUDGE HAS AT HIS DISPOSAL THE MOST POWERFUL **ARSENAL** EVER AVAILABLE TO ANY LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER HE MUST BE AN EXPERT IN ITS USE
WEST SIDE JUVES
"THE **LAWMASTER** BIKE
WEST SIDE JUVES
"THE **LAWGIVER** HANDGUN WITH ITS SIX TYPES OF BULLET"
HI-EX!
EAST SIDE JUV
VADOOM
EAST SIDE JUV

"A JUDGE ATTRACTS TROUBLE HE IS ALWAYS A TARGET HE MUST BE ALERT AT ALL TIMES"
DREDD
A JUDGE MUST TOTALLY DEVOTE HIMSELF TO JUSTICE AND THE RULE OF LAW
A JUDGE HAS NO LIFE OF HIS OWN HE DOES NOT INDULGE IN SOCIAL CONTACT HE HAS NO INCOME AND NO PERSONAL PROPERTY BEYOND THAT REQUIRED TO CARRY OUT HIS DUTY
IF YOUR CHILD IS SELECTED DO NOT EXPECT AN EASY TIME. A CADET'S TRAINING LASTS FIFTEEN YEARS
ONE IN SEVEN CADETS WILL DIE IN TRAINING ANOTHER FOUR IN SEVEN WILL BE WEEDED OUT BEFORE GRADUATION
IN THE UNLIKELY EVENT THAT YOUR CHILD EVENTUALLY DOES EARN THE FULL EAGLE BADGE, EXPECT NO FAVOURS FAMILY LOYALTY IS ACTIVELY DISCOURAGED. THERE WILL BE NO DUTIFUL SON OR DAUGHTER TO LOOK AFTER YOU IN OLD AGE TO THEM YOU WILL NO LONGER BE PARENTS – BUT POTENTIAL PERPS.
IF, AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE HEARD, YOU DECIDE YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE IN COMING HERE – THAT YOUR CHILD IS NOT UP TO THE RIGOROUS STANDARDS DEMANDED – YOU MAY LEAVE NOW –
UPON PAYMENT OF A ONE HUNDRED CRED FINE AT THE DOOR.

OH, DEAR. PERHAPS WE OUT TO THINK ABOUT THIS AGAIN
COME ON, TANYA
BUT, DAD, I WANNA BE A RUTHLESS KILLING MACHINE!
SHHH!
IT'S NOT THAT JIMMY COULDN'T DO IT, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT HE'S A VERY SENSIT VE BOY HE NEEDS HIS MOTHER
NOT NTERESTED MOVE ALONG
EXIT 2
EXIT 2
EXIT 2
YOU FIVE FILL IN THESE APPLICATION FORMS. YOU MAY CONFER WITH YOUR PARENTS.
YOU WILL BE NOTIFIED IN DUE COURSE WHETHER YOUR APPLICATION HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU OTHERS... HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A JUDGE ?

BONUS STORY

I, BEAST

Script: John Wagner & Alan Grant
Artist: Cam Kennedy
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally Published in *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1985

JUDGE DREDD

A STORMY NIGHT. A TRAVELLING **BESTIARY** WENDS ITS WAY ACROSS A STRETCH OF MEGA-CITY WASTELAND EN ROUTE TO ITS NEXT SITE...

DR. BOB'S ANIMAL BESTIARY

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING
T FRAME

DOCTOR BOB! HOLD IT! WE GOT TROUBLE!

CAGE DOOR MUSTA SPRUNG WHEN WE HIT A BUMP!

OH MY GOD...

THE BEAST IS LOOSE!

JUDGE DREDD ON PATROL -

HE STOPS TO CHECK OUT THE SCATTERED GROUPS OF DOWN-AND-OUTS WHO HAVE COME TO INHABIT THIS BOMBED-OUT WILDERNESS.

I.D.s !

DRANG ! WHY CANTCHA LEAVE US ALONE ?

BUT THIS IS STILL MEGA-CITY ONE, AND THE **LAW** MUST BE OBEYED.

CONTROL ! GOT THREE VAGRANTS, NO IDENTIFICATION. AWAITING PICK-UP.

HITCH 'EM UP, DREDD. BUSY NIGHT. COULD BE AN HOUR BEFORE THE **VAG-WAG** GETS THERE.

AAHHHHHH HHHHHH

YOU CREEPS STAY PUT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

VROOM!

NEARBY, THE BODY OF ANOTHER VAGRANT —

NECK BROKEN — THROAT RIPPED OUT. LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF SOME ANIMAL...

FUNNY THOUGH. THOSE BITE MARKS COULD ALMOST BE **HUMAN.**

GOOD LUCK BEER

SKRAAA

DROKK!

GRAAA

URGH!

SKREEEEEEE

BIKE CANNON - FIRE!

BADAM

KRAEEEEEEE

BRM

CEASE FIRING! IT'S GONE!

DREDD

THAT WAS STICKY FOR A MOMENT. GET ANY **MAKE** ON IT, COMPUTER ?

DISTINCTLY HUMANOID FORM. NO SPECIFIC DATA ON RECORD BANKS.

CONTROL! GOT SOME KIND OF CREATURE ON THE LOOSE – PROBABLY HUMANOID. DEFINITELY DANGEROUS. REQUEST BACK-UP FOR ZONE SEARCH.

REGRET NO UNIT AVAILABLE AT THIS TIME. WILL SEND AS AND WHEN.

GREAT! YOU CAN NEVER FIND A JUDGE WHEN YOU WANT ONE!

THE DRIVING RAIN HAD WASHED AWAY ANY TRAIL –

A TRAVELLING BESTIARY...COULD BE I'LL FIND SOME ANSWERS THERE.

JUDGE COMIN', DOCTOR BOB!

LEAVE THE TALKING TO ME.

DOCTOR BOB AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!

SAVE THE SERVICE – I WANT SOME ANSWERS.

YOU LOST ANY **LIVESTOCK** TONIGHT?

NO, SIR! NOT A ONE!

YOU SURE?

WOULD I LIE TO YOU?

THIS LIE DETECTOR SAYS YES.

YOU'RE ALREADY IN SERIOUS TROUBLE, PAL. DON'T MAKE IT WORSE FOR YOURSELF. I WANT THE **TRUTH** – AND I WANT IT **NOW!**

ULP!

*THE CREATURE LURCHES THROUGH THE DRIVING RAIN, DRAWN TOWARDS THE LIGHTS OF THE **BESTIARY** –*

*ITS BODY IS THAT OF A MAN... BUT IN ITS BRAIN BURNS THE **BLACK HATRED** OF A **BEAST** –*

IT REMEMBERS...

*...IT WAS ON A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS THAT IT **FORFEITED** ITS **HUMANITY!***

GRAAAAAHH!

HOLD THAT CHAIN TIGHT, IGOR! I CAN'T GET THE **HYPO** IN!

THERE! IT'S GOING UNDER NOW!

THE **KERALIAN DRAGON** IS ONE OF THE MOST **SAVAGE** CREATURES IN THE GALAXY, IGOR. IT IS TOTALLY UNTAMEABLE – A BEAST DRIVEN ONLY BY ITS **INSATIABLE LUST** FOR **BLOOD**!

WEEEE

BUT IT HAS ONE OTHER INTERESTING QUALITY – ITS **BRAIN.**

ITS BRAIN...?

YES! STRANGELY, IT IS ALMOST EXACTLY THE SAME SIZE AS A **HUMAN** BRAIN!

WE'LL PUT THIS IN HERE FOR SAFE-KEEPING.

RIGHT! YOU HOP UP ON THE OTHER TABLE, WOULD YOU?

ICE DRAWER

WH-WHAT'RE YA DOIN', DOC?

I'M GOING TO REMOVE **YOUR** BRAIN AND IMPLANT IT IN THE SKULL OF THE **DRAGON** – THUS RENDERING IT TOTALLY **OBEDIENT** TO MY COMMAND.

I'M STRAPPING YOU DOWN SO YOU WON'T THRASH ABOUT DURING THE OPERATION.

OP-OP-**OPERATION**?

P-PLEASE, DOC... I DON' WANNA LOSE MY BRAIN...

NOW LET'S NOT BE **CHILDISH** ABOUT THIS, IGOR.

BESIDES, DON'T THINK OF IT AS LOSING A BRAIN - MORE LIKE **GAINING** A NICE NEW **BODY!**

RRRR

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT - YOU PUT YOUR ASSISTANT'S BRAIN INTO THE DRAGON'S BODY?

YES! AND VERY SUCCESSFULLY, TOO!

IGOR!

COME AND MEET JUDGE DREDD.

PLEEZE A MEECHAA, JUDGGGE.

A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH HIS SPEECH, BUT WE'RE WORKING ON IT, AREN'T WE, IGOR?

BUT IF IGOR DIDN'T DO THE KILLING, THEN -

WELL, YOU SEE, I HAD THE **DRAGON'S BRAIN** LEFT OVER - AND **IGOR'S BODY...**

MY DOK! YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT'S A MAN OUT THERE WITH THE **BRAIN** OF A **KERALIAN DRAGON**?

*HE HAD CALLED IT "**MANBEAST**". IT HAD BECOME AN EVEN BIGGER ATTRACTION THAN THE KERALIAN DRAGON ITSELF...*

GRR

A SICK PARODY OF A HUMAN BEING THAT LUSTED ONLY AFTER BLOOD.
HE'D LIKE TO TEAR US ALL TO PIECES!
NOW HE WAS FREE – AND THE BESTIARY HAD DRAWN HIM BACK...
...TO SEEK REVENGE.
ISO-CUBES OR PSYCHO-CUBES – I'M NOT SURE WHICH, CREEP, BUT YOU'RE GOING AWAY FOR A LONG TIME.
NEVER!
ONE MORE STEP AND IT'S KNEE-POPPIN' TIME!
OH NO!
DROKK! THE BEAST!

BLAMM

THE THING WON'T LIE DOWN!

HEADSHOT!

EEEEEEEEEEEE

THEN THE BRAIN OF THE KERALIAN DRAGON IS STILLED FOREVER.

DOCC! DOCC!

HE'S DEAD, IGOR.

NOO! DON'T GO 'WAYYY! YOU !GORR PALLL!

SOME PAL!

C'MON - LET'S SEE IF WE CAN ARRANGE A **BODY TRANSPLANT** FOR YOU. IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO.

WHY DOCC BOBB DO BAD THINGGG A IGOR? WE WASS **PALLL**.

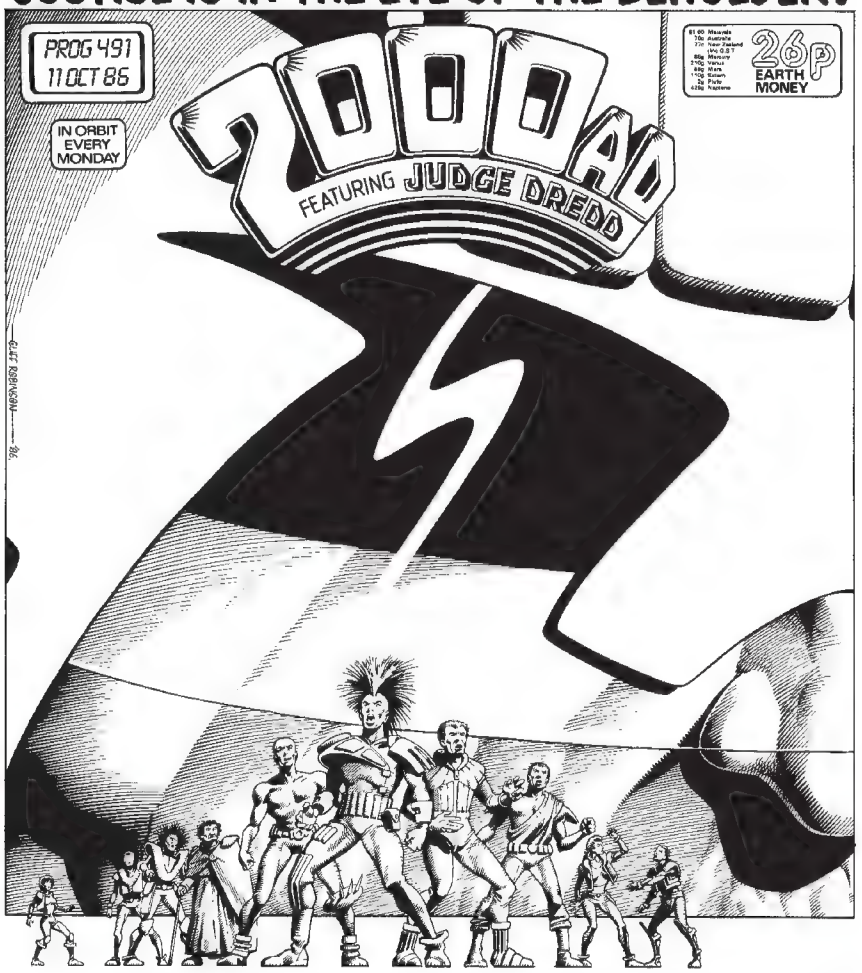
SEARCH ME, IGOR.

I GUESS THERE'S A **BEAST** IN EVERY MAN.

THE END.

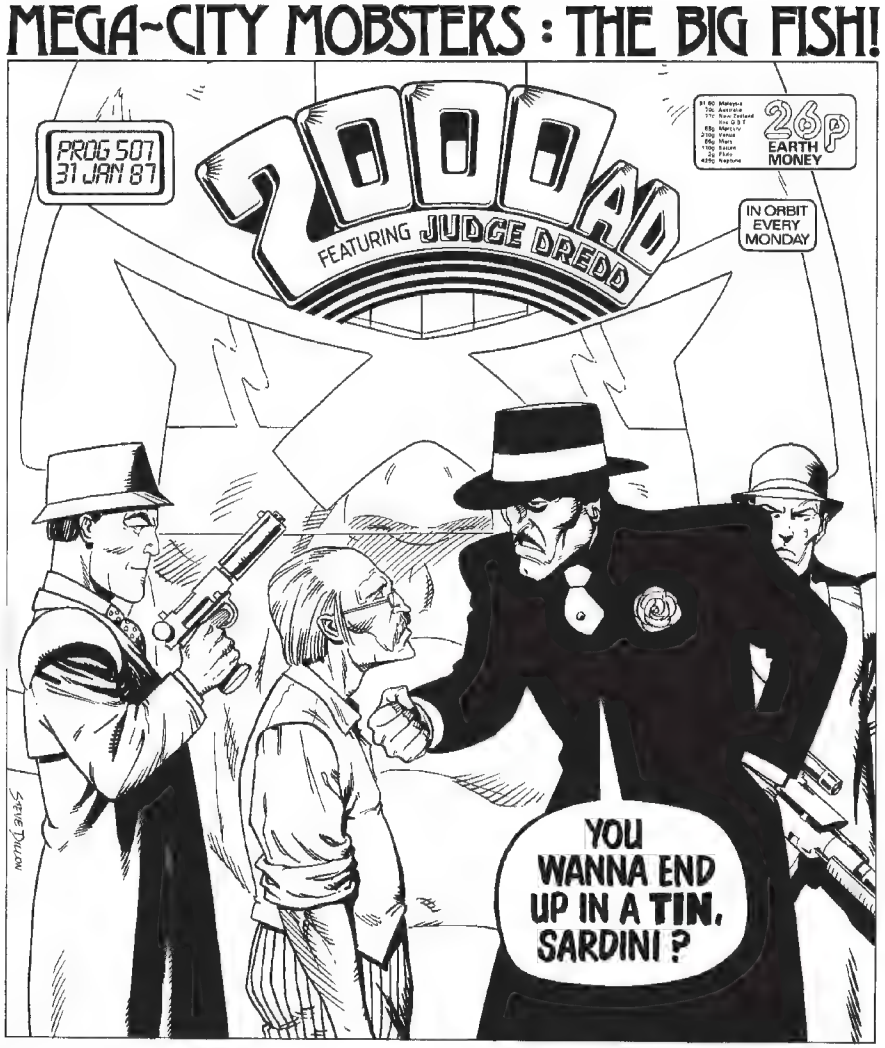
2000 AD Prog 476: Cover by **Ian Gibson**

JUSTICE IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER!



2000 AD Prog 491: Cover by **Cliff Robinson**

2000 AD Prog 503: Cover by **Kevin O'Neil**



2000 AD Prog 507: Cover by **Steve Dillon**

2000 AD Prog 514: Cover by **Steve Dillon**

2000 AD Prog 517: Cover by **Brendan McCarthy**

WRITERS

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star *Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant**'s prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning and the Carnival of Doom* and he is currently writing a feature length animation for a German company.

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

ARTISTS

Jeff Anderson has illustrated *Judge Dredd, One-Offs* and *Tharg's Future Shocks* for *2000 AD*.

Johnny Red penciller **John Cooper** was already a fan-favourite at *Battle* comic before he made the move to *Starlord*, where he illustrated *Time Quake*. Later (with the absorption of *Starlord* into the Galaxy's Greatest Comic) he came to *2000 AD*, where he illustrated several *Future Shocks* as well as *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors, Bad Company, Judge Dredd, Harlem Heroes, Ro-Busters, Rogue Trooper* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis.

Mark Farmer has illustrated several *Future Shocks*, plus *Judge Anderson* and *Sláine* stories, as well as providing spot illustrations for *D. R. & Quinch's Agony Page*. Beyond *2000 AD*, he has illustrated Marvel's *Excalibur* and *The Incredible Hulk*.

One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad, Star Wars, X-Men Unlimited*, plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

Paul Hardy illustrated *Judge Dredd* and *Tales of Mega-City One* for *2000 AD*.

John Higgins is a multi-talented *2000 AD* artist and writer; as well as scripting a *Future Shock* and *Judge Dredd*, Higgins has illustrated *Chopper, Freaks, One-Offs, Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*, and on Vertigo's *Animal Man, Hellblazer* and *Pride and Joy*.

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular *2000 AD* artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator Kenny Who? and the Taxidermist. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham, Judge Dredd, Tharg the Mighty, Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s*.
His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton, Batman, Lobo, Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars*.

Garry Leach is a highly-respected artist who has pencilled *Dan Dare, Judge Dredd, Tharg's Future Shocks* and The V.C.'s. His career beyond *2000 AD* is highly notable for his work on the legendary *Miracleman*, which he effectively co-created with Alan Moore, but also includes *Axel Pressbutton, Deadline* and *Global Frequency*.

Barry Kitson is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* artist, whose pencils have graced *Judge Anderson, Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd*'s appearances in both the Daily Star and in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where Kitson co-created the deadly martial artist Stan Lee!

Brendan McCarthy was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *ABC Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog*, and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.
McCarthy's non-*2000 AD* work includes *Skin* in *Crisis, Strange Days, Paradox!, Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*, where he co-created the popular character Rogan Gosh.

As well as drawing a great deal of *Rogue Trooper*, **Jose Ortiz** also illustrated *Future Shocks, Invasion!* and *M.A.C.H. 1*

Kim Raymond illustrated various *2000 AD* strips including *Future Shocks, Judge Anderson, Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog*, and *Time Twisters*.

Cliff Robinson is one of *2000 AD*'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as *Future Shocks, Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

Aside from his own co-created *Bad City Blue*, **Robin Smith** has illustrated *Future Shocks, Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, One-Offs, Rogue Trooper, Strontium Dog, Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. He is also the illustrator of Paradox Press's *Green Candles*, and is co-creator of *The Bogie Man* with John Wagner and Alan Grant.

Ron Smith drew many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale "The Day The Law Died." His other work for *2000 AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

Torquemada

R.